SELECTION OF HYMNS,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

THE REPORTED AN

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DR. WATTS' PSALMS AND HYMNS,

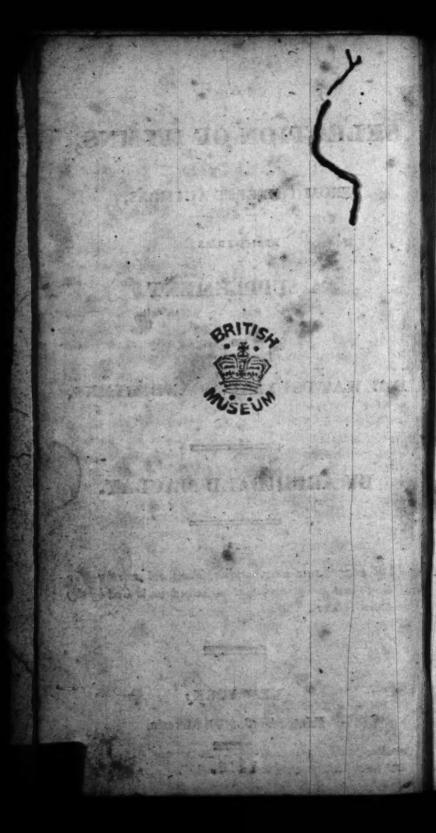
BY ARCHIBALD MACLAY.

They ming a new song, anying, Time art swelly for thou must blain, and hast redament us to God by the blood.—Rev. v. 9.

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Ir will be admitted, by all real Christians, that it is not only a duty, but also an invaluable privilege, to celebrate, with gratitude of heart and joyful lips, the praises of the Lord. Exhortations to engage in this delightful exercise abound in the sacred Scriptures: "Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely for the upright. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another; in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord: giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the Church of God this part of divine worship is admirably suited to produce the most beneficial effects. It is calculated to remove languor, to warm and elevate the mind, and to excite and strengthen every devout affection. To sing with grace in the heart the praises of the Lord God, and of the Lamb, corresponds with the joyful exercise of the ransomed around the throne; and is the commencement, on earth, of that melody which shall fill the regions of bliss, through the endless ages of eternity.

To assist the redeemed of the Lord in the matter of their songs, is the principal design of submitting to the public the following volume of Hymns, intended as a supplement to the inimi-

table productions of Dr. Watts.

The hymns in this volume, which consist of upwards of eight hundred, have been selected, to the best of my judgment, from the most approved

withors and selections. I have endeavoured to scertain the author of each hymn; but in several instances I have been unsuccessful.

This work is arranged, principally in alphasetical order. The hymns on Divine Revulation, which to me appeared, for various readons, as most proper, I have placed at the commencement of the volume. The first alphabetical order contains the Perfections of God; the second, the Characters and Titles of Christ; the third, the General Subjects.

neral Subjects.
In this volume, though chiefly designed for solutions will be found a great variety of bjects which are adapted to comfort the christ, to awaken the sinner, and to lead the inquisition of the Lamb of God. I have attempted introduce a variety of hymns on particular the conspecific subjects—and on public occa-

on the whole, it is presumed, that, to those are attached to sound doctrine and experial religion, and who love to contemplate t in his person and work, and in all his charm, offices, and relations, this Selection will both acceptable and beneficial.



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SELECTION OF HYMNS.

IVINE REVELATION, THE SOURCE OF TRUE RALISION.

HYMN 1. C. M.

The word a System of knowledge and joy.

Psalm cxix. 105.

HOW precious is the book divine, By inspiration giv'n!

Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine

To guide our souls to heav n

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts

In this dark vale of tears;

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears

This lamp thro all the tedious night

Of life shall guide our way

Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.

HYMN 2. L. M. Scott.

ible indited and preserved by God the Spirit

TERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath The eracles of truth inspir'd; And kings and holy seers of old With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.

- 2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r, Their lips with heav'nly science flow'd; Their hands a thousand wonders wrough Which bore the signature of God.
- 5 With gladsome hearts they spread the new Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood; And to a num'rous seeking crowd Mark'd out the path to his abode.
- 4 The pow'rs of earth and hell in vain Against the sacred word combine; Thy Providence thro' ev'ry age Securely guards the work divine.
- Thee, its great author, source of light, Thee, its preserver, we adore;
 And humbly ask a ray from thee, Its hidden wonders to explore.

HYMN 3. C. M. Steele. -Excellency of the Bible—Ps. cxix. 97.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines!

 For ever be thy name ador'd

 For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
 And yields a sweet repast,
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heav'nly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound!

My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

7 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

HYMN 4. L. M. Kelly.

How sweet are thy words to my taste!

Psalm cxix. 103.

I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode:
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern The image of my absent Lord: From thine instructive page I learn The joys his presence will afford.

3 In thee I read my title clear To mansions that will ne'er decay. My Lord! O when will he appear And bear his pris'ner far away!

- 4 Then shall I need thy light no more, For thine to clearer light will yield; When I have reach'd the heav nly shore, The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.
- When 'midst the throng celestial plac'd,
 The bright Original I see,
 From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
 Sweet book! I ve no more need of thee.

HYMN 5. 8s. 7s. Newton. Precious Bible.—Psalm xix. 10.

- PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword;
 Let the world account me poor—
 Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
 On a dying Christ I feed—
 He is meat and drink indeed!

HYMN 6. C. M. Dr. S. Stennet.
The Riches of God's Word.

- 1 LET avarice, from shore to shore,
 Her fav'rite god pursue;
 Thy word, O Lord, we value more
 Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here, mines of knowledge, love, and joy, Are open'd to our sight;

The purest gold without alloy, And gems divinely bright.

These sacred leaves unfold;
And here, the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here, light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here, promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest, And all our wants supply'd: Nought we can ask to make us blest Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find!

HYMN 7. 8s. K——.
New Jerusalem, 230. Locke 49.

All in All; or, the Testimony concerning Jesus, the Soul of Prophecy.—Rev. xix. 10.

The glory supreme of the land,
Which shows how a sinner's redeem'd,
And brought to Jehovah's right hand:
With pleasure we freely confess
The Bible all books doth outshine;
But Jesus, his person and grace,
Affords it that lustre divine.

- 2 In every prophetical book,
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
 With joy we behold, as we look,
 The wonderful Saviour reveal'd.
 His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.
- 3 The first gracious promise to man
 A blessed prediction appears;
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears:
 How cheering the truth must have been,
 That Jesus, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead!
- Was prophecy, after its kind:
 In types, there, the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
 The altar, the lamb, and the priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.
- Which shines in prediction's rich train,
 The sweetest to Jesus belong,
 And point out his sufferings and reign:
 Sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sung,
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.

May Jesus more precious become!
His word be a lamp to our feet,
While we in this wilderness roam,
Till brought in his presence to meet!
Then, then we will gaze on thy face,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King!
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praises eternally sing.

HYMN 8. L. M. Beddome. The Usefulness of the Scriptures.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right;
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts:
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favour'd lands who have this word, Ye saints, who feel its saving power,— Unite your tongues to praise the Lord, And his distinguish'd grace adore.

HYMN 9. C. M. Cowper. The Light and Glory of the Word. Psalm cxix. 129, 130.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight;

Precepts and promises afford A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun; It gives a light to ev'ry age, It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat : His truths upon the nations rise, They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine. For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue The steps of him I love : Till glory breaks upon my view In brighter worlds above.

PERFECTIONS GOD, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

> HYMN 10. L. M. Steele. Being of God .- Psalm civ.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks, Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and See, from the clouds his glory breaks, When the first beams of morning rise:

- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame,
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
 Above the weak attempts of art;
 The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad, And trace creation's wonders o'er, Confess the footsteps of the God— Bow down before him, and adore.

HYMN 11. 8s. 8s. 6s. Chatham Time.

Delight in the Character of God.

Psalm cxlv. 9-12.

- 1 PARENT of good! thy works of might
 I trace with wonder and delight;
 In them thy glories shine.
 There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
 Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
 But what is wholly thine.
- 2 The riches of thy matchless grace,
 Display'd in the Redeemer's face,
 Still more attract my mind;
 Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
 In all their dignity complete,
 With truth and justice join'd.

- They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
 And heav'nly pleasure yield;
 An ocean vast without a bound,
 Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
 And ev'ry want is fill'd.
- Thy love is my unfailing store,
 Thy light in darkness I implore,
 To set my heart at rest:
 Were I depriv'd of all below,
 And thou thy gracious smile bestow,
 I should be richly blest.
- This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
 And banish ev'ry painful fear
 That can my soul invade:
 Should earth and hell against me join,
 The beamings of thy love divine
 Would give me sov'reign aid.
- My God, through my remaining days,
 Or how thy name adore?
 To thee I consecrate my breath;
 May I be thine in life and death,
 And thine for evermore!

HYMN 12. C. M. Steele.

Condescension of God-1 Kings viii. 27.

- TERNAL Pow'r, Almighty God!
 Who can approach thy throne?
 Accessless light is thine abode,
 To angel-eyes unknown.
- Before the radiance of thine eye, The heav'ns no longer shine;

And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend—
These seats of sin and woe?

[4 But O! to shew thy smiling face, To bring thy glories near! Amazing and transporting grace, To dwell with mortals here!]

5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

HYMN 13. L. M. Steele.

Dominion and Power of God-Psalm xciii.

- THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
 In robes of majesty array'd;
 His rule omnipotence sustains, [made.
 And guides the worlds his hands have
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move, Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad, Thy awful throne was fixt above: From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise.—
 Aloud the angry tempests roar—
 Lift their proud billows to the skies,
 And foam and lash the trembling shore.

- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high, Controls the fiercely raging seas; He speaks! and noise and tempests fly— The waves sink down in gentle peace.
- 5 Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure— Eternal holiness is thine; And, Lord, thy people should be pure, And in thy blest resemblance shine.

HYMN 14. C. M. Rowe.

Eternity of God-Psalm xc. 1, 2.

- 1 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist Ere time began its race— Before the ample elements Fill'd up the void of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe In fluid air was stay'd— Before the ocean's mighty springs Their liquid stores display'd.
- [3 Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
 The streaks of light appear'd—
 Before the high celestial arch
 Or starry poles were rear'd.]
- 4 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wond'rous name,
 Thy bliss, (O sacred spring of life!)
 And glory, were the same.
- 5 And when the pillars of the world, With sudden ruin break, And all this vast and goodly frame Sinks in the mighty wreck:

- 6 When from her orb the moon shall start—
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake:
- 7 For ever permanent and fixt—
 From agitation free—
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

HYMN 15. L. M. Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems. God exalted above all praise.

- 1 ETERNAL power! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God;
 Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
 In vain the tall arch-angel tries
 To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do? We would adore our Maker too; From sin and dust to thee we cry, The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
 But O! the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- God is in heaven, but man below;
 Be short our tunes; our words be few:
 A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN 16. L. M. Needham. Faithfulness of God-Num. xxiii. 19.

- YE humble souls, proclaim abroad
 The honours of a faithful God;
 How just and true are all his ways—
 How much above your highest praise!
- 2 The words his sacred lips declare
 Of his own mind the image bear;
 What should him tempt, from frailty free,
 Blest in his self-sufficiency?
- 3 He will not his great self deny;
 A God all truth can never lie:
 As well might he his being quit,
 As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4 Let frighten'd rivers change their course, Or backward hasten to their source; Swift thro' the air let rocks be hurl'd, And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.
- 5 Let sun and stars forget to rise, Or quit their stations in the skies; Let heav'n and earth both pass away, Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.
- True to his word, God gave his Son,
 To die for crimes which men had done;
 Blest pledge! he never will revoke
 A single promise he has spoke.

HYMN 17. 148th. Kent.

God precious-Psalm cxxxix. 17.

1 INDULGENT God! how kind Are all thy ways to me, Whose dark benighted mind
Was enmity with thee;
Yet now subdu'd by sov'reign grace,
My spirit longs for thine embrace.

- 2 How precious are thy thoughts,
 That o'er my bosom roll;
 They swell beyond my faults,
 And captivate my soul;
 How great their sum—how high they rise,
 Can ne'er be known beneath the skies.
- S Preserv'd in Jesus, when
 My feet made haste to hell;
 And there should I have been,
 But thou do'st all things well:
 Thy love was great—thy mercy free,
 Which from the pit deliver'd me.
- 4 Before thy hands had made
 The sun to rule the day,
 Or earth's foundation laid,
 Or fashion'd Adam's clay,
 What thoughts of peace and mercy flow'd
 In thy dear bosom, O my God!
- O! fathomless abyss,
 Where hidden myst'ries lie;
 The seraph finds his bliss,
 Within the same to pry:
 Lord, what is man, thy desp'rate foe,
 That thou should'st bless and love him so?
- A monument of grace,
 A sinner, sav'd by blood—
 The streams of love I trace
 Up to the fountain, God;

And in his sacred bosom, see Eternal thoughts of love to me.

HYMN 18. C. M. Steele.

The Goodness of God—Nahum i. 7.

YE humble souls approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move:
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 'To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.
- What honours shall we raise?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

HYMN 19. C. M. Gibbons. Goodness of God-Jer. xxxi. 12.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess:
Thy goodness we adore;

LPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

A spring whose blessings never fail— A sea without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest In every golden ray;

Love draws the curtains of the night, And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

A But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Thro' Jesus' name are giv'n,
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heav'n.

HYMN 20. L. M. Tucker. Holiness, justice, and mercy, united. Psalm lxxxv. 10.

INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heav'n's supreme should stoop so
To visit one so vile as I,
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt, erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great, That form'd the vast, stupendous plan! Where all divine perfections meet To reconcile rebellious man!

- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze, And justice all her rights maintains! Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze, While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too— In Christ harmoniously they meet: He paid to justice all her due, And now he fills the mercy seat.
- 6 Such are the wonders of our God, And such th' amazing depths of grace, To save from wrath's vindictive rod, The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 7 With grateful songs, then let our souls Surround our gracious Father's throne; And all between the distant poles His truth and mercy ever own.

HYMN 21. C. M. Needham.

Holiness of God-Isaiah viii. 13.

- 1 HOLY and rev'rend is the name
 Of our eternal King;
 Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry—
 Thrice holy, let us sing!
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,
 And truth is his delight;
 But sinners and their wicked ways
 Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest rev'rence of the mind, Pray, O my soul, to God;

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Lift with thy hands a holy heart, To his sublime abode.

With sacred awe pronounce his name,
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.

5 Thou, holy God! preserve my soul From all pollution free; The pure in heart are thy delight, And they thy face shall see.

HYMN 22. C. M. Tate.

Immutability of God-Psalm cii. 25. 28.

1 THRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name, And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beaut'ous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

5 Thy children's children still thy care, Shall own their father's God— To latest times thy favour share, And spread thy praise abroad.

HYMN 23. C. M. Watts' Lyric Poems. The Infinite.

- THY names, how infinite they be!
 Great Everlasting One!
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace:
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss
 Which angels cannot sound,
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd-
- 4 The mysteries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds:
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds;
- And stretch from pole to pole;
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.
- For nothing's found in thee
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity.

HYMN 24. L. M. God our Light—2 Cor. iv. 6.

PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might.
With uncreated glories bright!

His presence gilds the worlds above; Th' unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld, When in substantial darkness veil'd; The shapeless chaos, nature's womb, Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said, And light o'er all its face was spread: Nature, array'd in charms unknown, Gay with its new born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies In shades of ignorance and vice; And darts from heaven a vivid ray, And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine On this benighted heart of mine; And let thy glories stand reveal'd, As in our Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul, reviv'd by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

HYMN 25. C. M. Burder. Love of God-1 John iv. 3.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing, that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To shew that "God is love."

- With those who from him rove;
 Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
 To teach them "God is love."
 - 4 The work begun is carry'd on,
 By pow'r from heav'n above;
 And ev'ry step, from first to last,
 Proclaims, that "God is love."
- [5 And O that you, whose harden'd hearts
 No fears of hell can move,
 May hear the gospel's mildest voice,
 That tells you, "God is love."]
- 6 Thousands, once vile and base as you,
 Surround the throne above; [hearts
 The grace that chang'd, has tun'd their
 To sing that "God is love."
- 7 O may we all, while here below,
 This best of blessings prove;
 'Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
 Proclaims, that "God is love."

HYMN 26. 8s. 8s. 6s. Chatham Tune.
Divine Love-John iii. 16.

OUR God, thy boundless love we praise,
How bright on high its glories blaze;
How sweetly bloom below!
In streams from thy eternal throne
Thro' heav'n its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 But in thy gospel it appears In sweeter, fairer characters, And charms the ravish'd breast; There have immortal leaves the sky
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

3 There smiles a kind propitious God,
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiv'n:
There God the Spirit points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all his heav'n.

4 'Then in redeeming love rejoice,
My soul, and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies;
Above life's empty scenes aspire,
Scorn its dull care and mean desire,
And seize th' eternal prize.

HYMN 27. L. M.

Eternal Love.—1 John iii. 1. iv. 10. Rev. vii. 10.

1 E TERNAL love's the darling song, Well-pleasing to Jehovah's ear; Attend, ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng With all your joyful harps draw near.

With gladness sing eternal love, The love that brings salvation nigh; Sing loud the theme of heav'n above, The song delights your God on high.

3 Hail, Bethle'm! hail the happy morn, Whose rays the Child of Hope reveal; Messiah, of a virgin born, The holy cov'nant comes to seal.

4 We sing the garden, and the tree, Red with the blood that cries for peace; Heav'n echoes back "I'm pleas'd in thee!'
And wrath to mercy now gives place.

- 5 We sing a note that far transcends.
 The highest angel's highest strain;—
 They never knew the pang that rends—
 Nor felt the grace that heals the pain;
- 6 When in the trembling sinner's view
 The wonders of the cross arise,
 His agonizing fears subdue,
 And change to joy his hopeless sighs!
- 7 Join, then, ye sav'd, ye pardon'd throng, With ardour sing eternal love!
 For this shall be the endless song Of all the ransom'd church above.

HYMN 28. L. M. Blacklock. Majesty of God-Psalm civ.

- COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
 But O, what tongue can speak his fame!
 What mortal verse can reach the theme!
- 2 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- [3 Before his throne a glitt'ring band Of cherubs and of seraphs stand; Ethereal spirits, who, in flight, Outwing the active rays of light.]
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth;
 He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
 He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
 And measured out the azure sky.

In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
'Till list'ning worlds applaud the song!

HYMN 29. C. M. Stennett.

Mercy and Truth united-Psalm lxxxv. 10.

WHEN first the God of boundless grace Disclos'd his kind design,

To rescue our apostate race From mis'ry, shame, and sin.

Quick thro' the realms of light and bliss,.
The joyful tidings ran:

Each heart exulted at the news,

That God would dwell with man.

Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd awhile,
And ask'd, with strange surprise,

"But how can injur'd justice smile, "Or look with pitying eyes?"

The Son of God attentive heard, And quickly thus reply'd-

"In me let mercy be rever'd,
"And justice satisfy'd.

"Behold! my vital blood I pour,
"A sacrifice to God;

"Let angry justice now no more
"Demand the sinner's blood."

6 He spake, and heav'n's high arches rung,
With shouts of loud applause;
"He dy'd," the friendly angels sung,
Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Divine Mercy-Psalm lxxxix. 1, 2. Mic. vii 18-20.

- SEE mercy, mercy, from on high,
 Descends to rebels doom'd to die!
 'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound;
 How grand, how gladsome is the sound!
- 2 Soon as the reign of sin began,
 The light of mercy dawn'd on man,
 When God announc'd the early news,—
 "The woman's seed thy head shall bruise."
- '3 Brightly it beam'd on men forlorn,
 When Christ, the holy child, was born;
 And in its fullest splendour shone,
 When dying Jesus cried, "'Tis done."
- 4 It triumph'd when from death he rose, And broke the pow'r of all our foes; And since he took his seat on high, Now mercy reigns eternally.
- b Let haughty mortals frown and fret, Who sovereign boundless mercy hate; Through all the regions of the blest, That mercy only is confest.
- Till we shall join the happy throng,
 This mercy shall be still our song,
 And ev'ry scheme shall God confound
 Of such as strive its course to bound!

Amen! the holy prophets cry;

Amen! th' apostles loud reply;

Amen! through all the heav ns goes round;

Amen! let us on earth resound.

HYMN 31. C. M.

Praise for Divine Mercy-Ps. clii. 1-5.

COME, let our hearts on Mercy muse, Our tongues of Mercy sing; Who will refuse, for Mercy's gifts,

A tribute song to bring?

'Twas Mercy wak'd our infant eyes With light's all-gladd'ning ray;

Mercy has fed our countless wants, Returning ev'ry day.

Mercy from heav'n, with liberal hand, Pours show'rs of blessings down;

And when she knits her placed brow, There's kindness in the frown.

Each private comfort we possess, By Mercy is bestow'd,

And all the sweets of social life From Mercy still have flow'd.

Pardon, of all our needs the chief, By Mercy's hand is giv'n,

For Mercy shed the Saviour's blood, To make us heirs of heav'n.

Sing to the God of mercy, sing A song of grateful praise;

Praise him through life, and, after death,
A nobler anthem raise.

HYMN 32. L. M.

Praise for forbearing and forgiving Mercy.—Psalm ciii. 8—12.

1 HOW wondrous, Lord, thy mercies are!
How much do thine our thoughts transcend!

Thou'rt slow to wrath, but prompt to spare, And pity those who thee offend.

- 2 Though I have scorn'd thy high command,
 Have both thy love and laws abhorr'd,
 Yet still a monument I stand
 Of rich and long forbearance, Lord!
- 3 Thy dreadful wrath tho' I have dar'd,
 Thy pow'r omnipotent defied,
 And spurn'd thy grace, yet am I spar'd,
 And yet with fresh endearments tried.
- 4 Nor is it, Lord, enough for thee
 The vilest rebel to forbear;
 Thy smiling face I now can see,
 The melting voice of pardon hear.
- With filial boldness I draw nigh,
 A mercy-seat is now thy throne;
 No more thy storms and thunders fly,
 At thy right hand behold thy Son.
- 6 He pleads my cause who once was slain, And shed for sin his precious blood; Thro' faith thy favour I obtain, Made clean in this all-cleansing flood.
- 7 Then rouse, my soul, each passion move, Strain ev'ry power thy God to praise, To celebrate redeeming love, Forbearing and forgiving grace.

Oh! let my thoughts with pleasure dwell, Dwell long on this delightful theme, Till my whole heart its pow'r shall (eel, And my glad tongue its praise proclaim.

HYMN 33. 11s. Whitfield's Collection. Mercy of God.—Psalm lxxxix. 1.

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1,

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,

The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last.

Has won my affections, and bound my soul

2 Without thy sweet mercy, I could not live here,

Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair; But thro' thy free goodness, my sprits revive,

And he that first made me still keeps me

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,

Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart:

Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,

And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

The door of thy mercy stands open all day
To the poor and the needy, who knock by
the way;

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back, Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus, exempts me from hell; Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:

'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,

That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,

And the covinant love of thy crucify'd Son; All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine, Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

HYMN 34. C. M.

The Omniscience and almighty power of God.

Job xxvi. 6, to the end.

1 WHO can resist th' almighty arm,
That made the starry sky?
Or who clude the certain glance
Of God's all seeing eye?

2 From him no cov'ring veils our crimes,
Hell opens to his sight;
And all destruction's secret snares
Lie full disclos'd in light.

3 While nature's universal frame.
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes
An awful cloud conceals.

To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.

The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth
As though its centre shook.

He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows;
And smites the kingdom of the proud

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And smites the kingdom of the proud Without the hand of foes.

He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismay'd before him stand.

HYMN 35. C. M. Newton.

Omniscience of God.—Psalm cxxxix.

ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord, Pierces all nature thro'; Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford A shelter from thy view!

2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.

3 Tho' greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame;
To thee I always stand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

What in myself I see,

How vile and black must I appear,

Most holy God, to thee?

- 5 But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dy'd in blood,
 'Tis he, instead of me, is seen
 When I approach to God.
- 6 Thus, tho' a sinner, I am safe;
 He pleads before the throne
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wond'rous love—what mysteries,
 In this appointment shine!
 My breaches of the law are his,
 And his obedience mine.

HYMN 36. L. M. Anon.

Power of God .- 1 Sam. xv. 29.

- JEHOVAH is a God of might,
 He fram'd the carth, he built the sky:
 And what he speaks is surely right—
 "The strength of Israel will not lie."—
- 2 Ye weary souls, with sin opprest,
 To him in ev'ry trouble fly:
 His promise is, "I'll give you rest"—
 'The strength of Israel will not lie."
- Then why sunk down beneath despair?
 To Jesus' throne of grace apply;
 His promise plead—he'll hear your pray'r;
 "The strength of Israel will not lie."
- Ask what you will in Jesus' name,
 He never will your suit deny;
 To save you from distress he came;
 "The strength of Israel will not lie."

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 37, 38

5 Behold! I come, most gracious Lord, And on thy promise now rely; In my distress, how sweet this word, "The strength of Israel will not lie!"

HYMN 37. L. M. Needham.

Spirituality of God .- John iv. 24.

O God! thou art a Spirit pure— Invisible to mortal eyes; Th' immortal and th' eternal King— The great—the good—the only wise.

2 While nature changes, and her works Decay, corrupt, dissolve, and die, Thy essence pure no change shall see, Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand Can draw thy image spotless fair?
To what in heav'n—to what on earth, Can man th' immortal King compare?

- [4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
 Of gold and silver—wood and stone;
 Ours is the God that made the heav'ns—
 Jehovah he, and God alone.]
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay— In spirit and in truth adore; More shall this please than sacrifice— Than outward forms delight him more.

HYMN 38. L. M. Scott.

Unchangeableness of God-Mal. iii. 6.

SHALL e'er the shadow of a change Eclipse the Origin of Light? Or can the hopes, which truth has rais'd, Lie buried in eternal night?

- 2 Sooner may nature's laws reverse— Revolving seasons cease their round; Nor spring appear in blooming pride, Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd.
- 3 You shining orbs forget their course— The sun his destin'd path forsake, And nature lose her rapid force, Before our God a change can make.
- 4 Earth may, with all her works, dissolve, (If such her great Creator's will;)
 But he for ever is the same
 I AM! is his memorial still!
- [5 What, tho' my heav'nly Father frown, And check my follies with the rod; Unchangeable his cov'nant stands, Confirm'd by oath, and seal'd with blood.]

HYMN 39. L. M. Williams' Psalms.

The Unity of God-Deut. vi. 4.

- TERNAL God! Almighty Cause
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
 All things are subject to thy laws,
 All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands, Of all within itself possest; Controll'd by none are thy commands; Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- To thee alone ourselves we owe; neaven and earth due homage pay;

All other gods we disavow, Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen Their idol deities dethrone; [lands; Reduce the world to thy command; And reign, as thou art, God alone.

HYMN 40. L. M. Needham. Wisdom and knowledge of God. Job xii. 13.

- AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring To him who gave thee pow'r to sing; Praise him, who is all praise above, The source of wisdom and of love.
- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound! Adepth where all our thoughts are drown'd! The stars he numbers, and their names He gives to all these heav'nly flames.
- 3 Thro' each bright world above, behold Ten thousand thousand charms unfold: Earth, air, and mighty seas combine, To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 'But in redemption, O what grace!
 Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
 Here wisdom shines for ever bright—
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.'

CHRIST.

H

HIS MISSION, BIRTH, LIFE, SUFFERINGS, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ASCEN-SION.

> HYMN 41. 8s. 4s. Medley. Mission of Christ.

Psalm xl. 7-10. Heb. x. 7-10.

- 1" WHOM shall I send?" the Father cries;
 "Lo! I am here," the Son replies;
 "I'll veil my glories, all divine,
 And to mine own, man's nature join,
 That bright in glory he may shine
 To endless day.
- 2 "I'll satisfy the law's demands,
 For all who're giv'n into my hands;
 The bitter cup for them I'll drink,
 Nor shall my chosen ever sink;
 I'll raise them from th' infernal brink
 To endless day."
- 3 Constrain'd by everlasting love,
 He left the shining realms above—
 In sorrows spent his life on earth,
 And then on Calv'ry vanquish'd death;
 "'Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
 To endless day.
- [4 "My ministers I'll send abroad,
 To call my ransom'd back to God;
 Them I'll conduct with tender care,
 And bring where those bright mansions are,
 Which I for all my saints prepare,
 To endless day."]

HYMY 42. L. M. De Catlogon's M—— Birth of Christ—Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

TO us a child is born from heav'n;
To us the Son of God is giv'n;
[So Judah's ancient prophet sings,
And Gentiles hail the news he brings.

2 Gentiles in Jesus' name shall trust; And of his glories make their boast;] The Government of worlds he made Upon his shoulders shall be laid.

3 His name the Wonderful shall be; His wonders heav'n and earth shall see: The Counsellor of truth and grace, Who leads in paths of righteousness.

4 The Mighty God, that glorious name, His works and word join to proclaim: The Everlasting Father, He— And the whole church his family.

The Prince of Peace, on David's throne, And nations yet unborn shall own His Sov'reign and his gracious sway; Glad of the honour to obey.

6 Justice and Judgment he'll maintain— To everlasting ages reign: And his blest empire shall increase, Till time, with all its movements, cease.

[7 Our faith in grateful triumph boasts
These wonders of the Lord of Hosts:
And trusts the zeal that form'd the plan
To perfect what that zeal began.]

HYMN 43. C. M. Medley Birth of Christ-Luke ii. 8. 14.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join, And chant the solemn tay; Love, joy, and gratitude combine To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

The theme, the song, the joy was new To each angelic tongue.
Swift through the realms of light it flew, And loud the echo rung.

Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavinly throng.

6 With joy the cherus we'll repeat.
"Glory to God on high;
Good-will and peace are now complete
Jesus was born to die."

Redeemer, Brother, Friend;
The earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end

HIMN 44. 148th. Needlon.

Birth of Christ-Luke ii. 11, 14.

A WAKE, awake, arise,
And hail the glorious morn;
Hark! how the angels sing,
"To you a Saviour's born:"
Now let our hearts in concert move,
And ev'ry tongue be tun'd to love.

He, mortals came to save
From sin's tyrannic pow'r:
Come, with the angels sing,
At this auspicious hour;
Let ev'ry heart and tongue combine,
To praise the love, the grace divine.

The prophecies and types
Are all this day fulfill'd;
With eastern sages join,
To praise this wond rous child;
God's only Son is come to bless
The earth with peace and righteousness.

Glory to God on high;
For our Immanuel's birth!
To mortal men good-will,
And peace and joy on earth!
With angels now we will repeat
Their songs, still new and ever sweet.

HYMN 45. 8s. 7s. 4s. Robinson.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee, May an infant lisp thy name? Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 Lord of ev'ry land and nation, Ancient of eternal days! Sounded thro' the wide creation Be thy just and lawful praise:

Hal.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of pow'r—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:

Hal.

5

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Thro' thine empire's wide domain!
Wings an angel—guides a sparrow!
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark thro' brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression—
Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?—
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal-

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe.

All to ransom guilty captives; Flow, my praise, forever flow.

Hal.

9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!

Thence return, and reign forever— Be the kingdom all thy own. Hal. &c.

HYMN 46. 7s. Newton.

Praise for the Incarnation-Matth. i. 23. 25.

- SWEETER sounds than music knows Charm me in Immanuel's name; All her hopes my spirit owes To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue,
 Who should louder sing than 1?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak;
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun, Shepherd, Husband, Brother, Friend! Ev'ry precious name in one, I will love thee without end.

HYMN 47. C. M. Steele.

Praise to the incarnate Saviour-John i. 14.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song

Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue Adore th' eternal Word.

- 2 Jehovah's wisdom, pow'r, and love, Shone in their brightest forms, When Jesus left his throne above To dwell with sinful worms.
- To dwell with misery below
 The Saviour left the skies,
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe
 That worthless man might rise.
- 4 Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day;
 With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay.

HYMN 48. C. M. Doddridge.

The Character of Christ, and purposes of his coming—Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before him burst, The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice To clear the inward sight, And on the eye-balls of the blind To pour celestial light.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 49. L. M. Doddridge.

Divinity of Christ displayed in his transfiguration—Matt. xvii. 1—6. Luke ix. 28—36.

The various glories of thy face, What transport pours o'er all our breast! And charms our cares and woes to rest.

- 2 With thee in the obscurest cell,
 On some bleak mountain would I dwell,
 Rather than pompous courts behold,
 And share their grandeur and their gold.]
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
 Raptures divine my thoughts employ;
 I see the King of Glory shine,
 And feel his love and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus, his servants view'd His lustre, when transform'd he stood; And bidding earthly scenes farewell,' Cry'd, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes
 Te nobler visions long to rise;

That grand assembly would we join, Where all thy saints around thee shine.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how 'Tis good to dwell forever there! [fair! Come death, dear envoy of my God, And bear me to that blest abode.

HYMN 50. L. M. Gibbons.

Christ's Sufferings-John xix. 16-18.

- SEE, on the mount of Calvary, Upon a cross suspended high, A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold,
 To usher in the age of gold?
 To make the reign of sorrow cease,
 And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
 His glories in a night of clouds,
 That souls might from their ruin rise,
 And gain the unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest, From all the bonds of guilt releas'd, Transgressors to his cross repair, And find a full redemption there.
- Jesus, what millions of our race
 Have been the trophies of thy grace?
 And millions more to thee shall fly,
 And on thy sacrifice rely!
- 6 That tree—that curs'd and poison'd tree,
 Which prov'd a bloody rack to thee,
 Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
 And fill the nations with its fruit.

7 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine, And all the stores of wrath divine! Ours are the glory, life, and bliss; What love can be compar'd to this!

HYMN 51. L. M. Steele

A dying Saviour .- Mark xv. 29-38.

STRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,

Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, how the sacred crimson tide

Flows from his hands—his feet—his side!

- 2 But life attends the death-like sound, And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound; The vital stream, how free it flows To save and cleanse his rebei foes!
- To suffer in the traitor's place—
 To die for man—surprising grace!
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why?
- And didst thou bleed—for sinners bleed?
 And could the sun behold the deed?
 No! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day,
- S Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wender flow;
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain?
- Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart, To warm this cold, this stupid heart, 'Till all its pow'rs and passions move In melting grief and ardent love.

HYMN 52. C. M. Stennett. Death of Christ .- Matt. xxvii. 54.

1 VONDER, amazing sight! I see Th' incarnate Son of God, Expiring on th' accursed tree, And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold the purple torrents run Down from his hands and head! The crimson tide puts out the sun; His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky, Proclaim the truth aloud? And with th' amaz'd centurion cry, "This is the Son of God!"

So great, so vast a sacrifice May well my hopes revive; If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies, The sinner sure must live.

> HYMN 53. C. M. Newton. Christ's Sufferings on the Cross.

THEN Jesus hung upon the tree, In agonies and blood, He fix'd his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

2. O never 'till my latest breath Can I forget that look: He seem'd to charge me with his death, The' not a word he spoke.

3 A second look he gave, and said, "I freely all forgive;

"This blood is for thy ransom paid—"I die that thou may'st live."

4 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 54. C. M. Humphry's Col. Christ's Sufferings on the Cross.

1 'TWAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd, And pow'rs of darkness rose,

A sudden groan my ear assail'd, Expressing dying woes.

2 I turn'd, then wonder'd as I stood, At what mine eyes survey'd!

A prince expiring in his blood, And on a cross display'd!

3 I knew him, tho' his thorny crown Dimm'd his majestic air; Then I demanded, with a frown,

"What traitor fix'd him there?"

4 No answer to my voice I heard, Nor could discern a foe;

When lo! his fainting head he rear'd, And spoke in words of woe—

5 "Cease, wretch, from vain inquiry rest; "My cruel murd'rer see;

"Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast, "And nail'd me to the tree."

6 Trembling I fell, and kiss'd the wounds, And wip'd the gore away; I saw him smooth his killing frowns, And heard him gently say;

7 "Rise, let thy heart its grief compose, "Thy Saviour will forgive;

"He feels the burden of thy woes, "And dies to bid thee live."

HYMN 55. L. M. Watts' Lyric. Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning. 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4. 25. 55.

Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies:
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
Come, saints, behold the man of woe,
Who groans and dies beneath your load;
Let tears of deep contrition flow!
For you he sheds his precious blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men:
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Cease now to weep, ye saints, and tell How high your great deliv'rer reigns, Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains. Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King, "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"

Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting? And where's thy vict'ry, beasting Grave?

HYMN 56. L. M. Steele.

The dying love of Christ constraining to thankful Devotion—2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

- SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow, Adoring low before thy throne; Accept our humble cheerful vow, Thou art our Sov'reign, thou alone.
- Ev'n cold affliction's wintry gloom
 Shall brighten into vernal day,
 And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- Smile on our souls and bid us sing, In concert with the choir above, The glories of our Saviour King, The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love that stoop'd so low, To view with pity's melting eye, Vile men deserving endless woe! Amazing love! did Jesus die?
- 5 He died to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone;
 O let his praise each hour employ,
 'Till hours no more their circles run.
- 6 He died!—ye seraphs tune your songs, Resound, resound the Saviour's name; For nought below immortal tongues Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

HYMN 57. L. M. Perry.

It is Christ that died - Rom. viii. 34.

- 1 CINNERS rejoice, 'tis Christ that died; Behold the blood flows from his side, To wash your souls and raise you high, To dwell with God above the sky.
- 2 'Tis Christ that died, O love divine! Here mercy, truth, and justice shine; God reconcil'd, and sinners bought With Jesus' blood-how sweet the thought
- 3 'Tis Christ that died, a truth indeed, On which my faith would ever feed: Nor let the works that I perform Be nam'd to swell an haughty worm.
- 4 'Tis Christ that died, 'tis Christ was slai To save my soul from endless pain; 'Tis Christ that died, shall be my theme While I have breath to praise his name.

HYMN 58. 7s. Collyer. Jesus Crucifi

- TO the cross where Jesus dies, Where my Lord resigns his breath; Where affliction veils his eyes, Swimming in the tears of death; Thither bringing all my guilt, From avenging wrath I flee, To the blood of sprinkling spilt-Spilt to set the sinner free.
- 2 'Mid convulsive agonies, Peace his quivering lips impart; Pardon seal'd by broken sighs Issuing from a bursting heart:

Let me feel his healing power, Let this harden'd heart of stone Melt beneath the purple shower, From his body trickling down.

- 3 On those temples crown'd with thorns
 Suffering majesty appears;
 Love that dying face adorns,
 Stain'd with blood, and soil'd with tears:
 Pierce the shadows of my heart,
 With the lightning of that eye;
 Smiles of peace to me impart,
 Let me feel, or I must die!
- 4 Heaven withdraws the cheerful light,
 Rocks are riven at thy pain;
 Shall I, at the moving sight,
 Harder than the rocks remain?
 Shall the pulse of death revive,
 At the Saviour's dying cry?
 And shall I, who think I live,
 Unrecover'd by it—die?
- Thou didst chase sepulchral gloom,
 Thou didst pour a cheering ray
 Through the shadows of the tomb,
 On that memorable day:
 I am all as dark within!
 With the radiance of thine eye
 Scatter all these clouds of sin,
 Save me, Jesus, or I die!
- 6 In the shelter of thy side,
 Wounded by the cruel spear,
 From impending wrath I hide,
 Wrath which cannot reach me here:

From thy head, thy hands, thy feet, Flows the purifying flood; See! I plunge—I rise to meet Justice reconcil'd by blood.

HYMN 59. L. M. Steele.

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

Acts ii. 32-36.

- 1 COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
 And echo to the heav'nly plains
 The triumphs of your Saviour, king.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
 How he subdu'd your potent foes;
 Subdu'd the pow'rs of death and hell,
 And dying, finish'd all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high Return'd, while hymning angels round, Thro' the bright arches of the sky, The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious pow'r!
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,
 The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain, In vain their feeble voices raise; Yet Jesus hears the humble strain, And kindly owns our wish to praise.
 - 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
 Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 Till the full glories of thy face
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. 60, 61

HYMN 60. 8. 7. Robinson.

Sitting at Jesus' feet-Luke vii. 47.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;

Precious drops my soul bedewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much! I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

HYMN 61. 7s.

The Resurrection-1 Cor. xv. 20-23. 55.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day! Sons of men, and angels say; Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing ye heav'ns—and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done; Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Death in vain forbids his rise, Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Live's again our glorious King,
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save,
 "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Foll'wing our exalted Head; Made like him, like him we rise, Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What tho' once we perish'd all, Partners of our parent's fall; Second life we now receive, In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7 Hail, thou Lord of earth and heav'n!
 Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail: the Resurrection—thou.

HYMN 62. 7s.

The Lord is risen indeed-Luke xxiv. 34.

1 CHRIST is risen from the dead, Halle-High ascended as our head, [lujah-

Enter'd heaven with his blood, Seated on the throne of God. Now his work appears complete, Hal. For he reigns in glory great; Angels sound his praise aloud, Praise him all ye saints of God. God is pleas'd in Christ his Son, Hal For the work that he hath done : For the glory he hath giv'n To the Lord of earth and heav'n. Justice now has met with grace, Hal. Peace and righteousness embrace; Hope has lifted up her head; Christ has risen from the dead.

HYMN 63. L. M. Hoskins.

Joseph my son is yet alive-Gen. xlv. 26.

YE mourning souls dry up your tears, Dismiss your gloomy groundless fears, And let your hearts with this revive, That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

- His saints he loves, and never leaves; The chief of sinners he receives; Let then your hearts with this revive. The sinner's friend is yet alive.
- 3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill-His largest promises fulfil; Then let your hearts with this revive, That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- [4 What tho' you fear to launch away, And quit this tenement of clay ;

O let your hearts with this revive, That Jesus Christ is yet alive.]

5 Abundant grace he will afford, Till you are present with the Lord; And prove what you have heard before, That Jesus lives for evermore.

HYMN 64. 148th. Doddridge.

The Resurrection of Christ-Matt. xxviii. 2-6.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:
In wild dismay

In wild dismay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly, The joyful news to hear; Hark, as they soar on high, What music fills the air!

Their anthems say,

" Jesus who bled "Hath left the dead;

" He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound, Redeem'd by him from hell; And send the echo round The globe on which you dwell; Transported cry,

"Jesus who bled

" Hath left the dead

" No more to die."

Mho sav'd us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,

With thee we rise, With thee we reign, And empires gain Beyond the skies.

HYMN 65. L. M. Wallin.

Christ's Resurrection a pledge of ours.

1 Cor. xv. 20. Matt. xxviii. 6.

WHEN we the sacred grave survey
In which our Saviour deign'd to lie,
We see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.

2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim How weak the bands of conquer'd death; Sure pledge that all who trust his name, Shall rise, and draw immortal breath.

3 Our Surety freed declares us free, For whose offences he was seiz'd: In his release our own we see, And joy to view Jehovah pleas'd.

They saw a precious Friend restor'd, The Master whom they lov'd.

We ne'er beheld the sight;
But trusting in Jehovah's word,
We share the blest-delight.

3 "Glad when they saw the Lord!"

Let us proclaim our joy,

Our hearts in unison accord,

And songs our voice employ!

Jesus, the risen Lord,
Triumphant o'er the grave,
Now reigns, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Omnipotent to save.

Behold the living Lord!
His life's the seal of God:
By this the sacred Three record
The value of his blood.

G Jesus! exalted Lord!
Thy saints with thee are heirs:
Firm is the hope thy words afford;
Thy life's the pledge of theirs.

We joy to hail thee Lord,
With all the blest above;
No pow'r of earth, or hell abhorr'd,
Can rob us of thy love.

HYMN 69. 148th. Peacock.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension—Luke
xxiv. 34.

1 ALL hail! the glorious morn, That saw our Saviour rise; With vict'ry bright adorn'd,
And triumph in his eyes:
Ye saints extol your risen Lord,
And sing his praise with sweet accord.

Behold the Lamb of God,
Th' atoning sacrifice
Sustains the dreadful load
Of man's iniquities;
Death, sin, and hell, our cruel foes,
All vanquish'd fell when Jesus rose.

3 At once the prison doors,
Death's awful gates, expand;
Their captive they restore,
At God's supreme command:
How blest the hour, awake our joys,
Hell's fatal pow'r, lo, he destroys.

In triumph to the skies;
Celestial hosts attend,
To crown his victories:
Hark! they proclaim his glorious

Hark! they proclaim his glorious name; And heav'n resounds Immanuel's fame.

Now to the throne above
Let ev'ry saint draw near;
There dwells incarnate love,
Grace sits triumphant there:
See mercy smile, e'en on that throne,
Where once did wrath and justice frown.

All praise be to the Lamb,
Who offer'd up his blood;
Hosannas to his name,
That for our ransom stood;

In notes sublime with joy we sing, The love divine of Christ our King.

HYMN 70. 7s. Kelly.

Ascension of Christ-Psalm xlvii. 6.

- 1 GLORY, glory to our King!
 Crowns unfading wreathe his head!
 Jesus is the name we sing;
 Jesus risen from the dead;
 Jesus conqu'ror o'er the grave;
 Jesus mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high;
 Angels come to meet their King;
 Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
 While the victor's praise they sing,
 Open now ye heav'nly gates!
 'Tis the King of glory waits.
- 3 Now behold him high enthron'd!
 Glory beaming from his face!
 By adoring angels own'd,
 God of holiness and grace!
 O for hearts and tongues to sing
 Glory, glory to our King!
- 4 Jesus, on thy people shine!
 Warm our hearts and tune our tongues!
 That with angels we may join,
 Share their bliss and swell their songs
 Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
 Lord, be thine for everimore!

'HYMN 71. L. M. Wesley.

Christ's Ascension-Psalm xxiv. 7-10.

- OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay: "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! "Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the radiant scene; He claims those mansions as his right, Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
 The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 "Ye everlasting doors give way!"
- The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
 The King of saints, and angels too,
 God over all for ever blest!

HYMN 72. L. M. Doddridge. Keys of the unseen World in Christ's hand. Rev. i. 18.

1 HAIL to the Prince of life and peace, Who holds the keys of death and hell The spacious world unseen is his, And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.

- 2 In shame and torment once he died;
 But now he lives for evermore:
 Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
 And all ye angel-bands adore.
- 3 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord, To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends; While all thy chosen tribes rejoice, That thy dominion never ends.
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys, Guided by wisdom and by love; Worthy to rule our mortal life, O'er worlds below and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade, When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy, Control'd by thee, their rage shall help The cause they labour'd to destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King:
 Wide thro' the earth thy name be known.
 And call my longing soul to sing
 Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

CHARACTERS OF CHRIST, ALPHABETI-CALLY ARRANGED.

Advocate—1 John, ii. 1.

1 WHERE is my God? does he retire Beyond the reach of humble sighs? Are these weak breathings of desire Too languid to ascend the skies?

- 2 No, Lord, my breathings of desire, My weak petitions, if sincere, Are not forbidden to aspire, But reach to thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye, See where the great Redeemer stands: The glorious Advocate on high, With precious incense in his hands.
- 4 He smiles on ev'ry humble groan, He recommends each broken pray'r; Recline thy hope on him alone, Whose pow'r and love forbid despair.
- [5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord, With stronger faith to call thee mine; Bid me pronounce the blissful word, My Father, God, with joy divine.]

HYMN 74. C. M. Toplady.

All in all-Luke x. 42.

- COMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside,
 No comeliness I see;
 The one thing neadful, dearest Lord,
 Is to be one with thee.
- Into my soul convey;
 Thyself bestow, for thee alone,
 My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice, My comfort to restore;

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More than thyself I cannot crave, Nor canst thou give me more.

- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again With love intense I burn; Chosen of thee, ere time began, I choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy will, O teach me to resign; I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss, Since thou, O God, art mine.

HYMN 75. C. M. Wardlaw's Col. Jesus Christ all in all-John iv. 14. vi. 35. Jer. xxxiii. 16, &c. Col. iii. 11.

- CHRIST is the true substantial good, The spring of heav'nly grace; The hungry sinner's daily food, The Lord our righteousness.
- 2 Christ by the eye of faith we view. The true believer's joy; He can the pow'r of hell subdue, And all our wants supply.
- 3 Christ is the sure foundation-stone, Our Prophet, Priest, and King; Sav'd by his sov'reign grace alone, His grace alone I sing.
- Christ is the sinner's only way, And he the Truth, the Life; He is the Sun that makes the day. The peace that ends our strife.
- 5 Christ is our Advocate and Guide, Our Brother and our Friend;

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

The Bridegroom of his chosen bride, Who loves her to the end.

Our strength whene'er we call,
The sum and substance of the word,
The sinner's All in all.

HYMN 76. L. M. Scott. Balm of Gilead-Jer. viii. 22.

WHY droops my soul with grief opprest? Why these wild tumults in my breast? Is there no balm to heal my wound?—No kind Physician to be found?

- [2 Yes, in the gospel's faithful lines, Jehovah's boundless mercy shines; There drest in love the Saviour stands, With pitying heart, and wooing hands!]
- Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
 Behold the Prince of Glory dies;
 He dies, extended on the tree,
 Thence sheds a sov'reign balm for me.
- 4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie, Here to receive a cure or die! But grace forbids that painful fear— Infinite grace, which triumphs here!
- 5 Dear Lord, extract the poison'd dart, Bind up and heal my broken heart; With blooming health my face adorn, And change my gloomy night to morn
- 6 Expand, my soul! with holy joy; Hosannas be thy blest employ;

77, 78 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

Salvation thy eternal theme, And swell the song with Jesus' name.

HYMN 77. L. M.

Brazen Serpent-Numbers xxi. 8, 9.

WHEN Israel's grieving tribes complain'd With fiery serpents greatly pain'd, A serpent straight the prophet made Of molten brass, to view display'd.

4

5

2 Around the fainting crowds attend, To heaven their mournful sighs ascend; They hope, they look, while from the pole Descends a power that makes them whole.

3 But, Oh! what healing to the heart Doth our Redeemer's cross impart! What life, by faith, our souls receive! What pleasures do his sorrows give!

4 Still may I view the Saviour's cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still be fix'd my feasting eyes,
Enraptur'd with his sacrifice!

5. Jesus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atonement set me free!
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

HYMN 78. L. M. Fawcett. Bread of Life-John vi. 35. 48.

DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;
They choose the husks which swine do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

- 2 Jesus! thou art the living bread By which our needy souls are fed: In thee alone thy children find Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread I starve and die: No other can my need supply: But this will suit my wretched case, Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor Who ask for bread at mercy's door; This living food descends from heaven. As manna to the Jews was giv'n.
- 5 This precious food my heart revives; What strength, what nourishment it gives; O let me evermore be fed With this divine celestial bread !

HYMN 79. L. M. Medley. Breaker-Micah ii. 13.

SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame, Who bears the Breaker's wondrous name:

Sweet name! and it becomes him well, Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and hell.

- 2 A mighty Breaker sure is he; He broke my chains and set me free; A gracious Breaker to my soul; He breaks, and O! he makes me whole!
- 3 He breaks through ev'ry gloomy cleud, Which can my soul with darkness shroud; He breaks the bars of ev'ry snare, Which hellish foes for me prepare;

4 He breaks the gates of harden'd brass, To bring his faithful word to pass; And tho' with pend'rous iron barr'd, The Breaker's love they can't retard.

5 Great Breaker, O thy love impart
Daily to break my stony heart;
O break it, Lord, and enter in,
And break, O break the pow'r of sin.

HYMN 80. L. M. Fawcett.

Bridegroom-Isaiah liv. 5.

- 1 JESUS, the heav'nly Bridegroom, gave
 His life my wretched soul to save:
 Resolv'd to make his mercy known,
 He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious I against him strove, Till melted and constrain'd by love; With sin and self I freely part, The heav'nly Bridegroom wins my hear.
- 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows, Yet takes and owns me for his spouse; My debts he pays, and sets me free, And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside;
 He clothes me as becomes his bride;
 Himself bestows my wedding-dress,
 The robe of perfect righteousness.
- Jesus, thy boundless love to me;
 With angels I thy grace adore,
 And long to love and praise thee more.

6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride, O keep me, Saviour, near thy side! I fain would give thee all my heart, Nor ever from my Lord depart.

HYMN 81. S. M.

Bright Morning Star-Luke i. 78, 79. Rev. xxii, 16.

ALL hail! redeeming Lord, Sweet Day-spring from on high; All hail! thou radiant Morning Star, With all thy vital joy.

Shine, lovely Star of day, Around, and in us shine; And our benighted souls shall own Thy light and love divine.

Our wand'ring footsteps guide
Through all this desert place;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and peace.

And open to our longing eyes

The road to perfect day.

HYMN 82. C. M. Medley. Builder-Zach. vi. 13.

JESUS, how bright his glory shines
In all his works above;
On earth his kind and wise designs
His church and people love.

2 He plans the temple of the Lord, And all the building rears; And be his holy name ador'd; He all the glory bears.

3 The vast materials all he forms,
Nor love nor pow'r he spares;
He guards the building from all harms,
And all the glory bears.

A living stone appear;
And he, the builder of the whole,
Shall all the glory bear.

5 No, not a stone shall be remov'd,
Which his dear hand has laid;
Throughout the whole his glory's show'd,
And all his grace display'd.

6 When he the topmost stone shall bring
To heav'n; to see him there,
We shall the builder's praises sing,
And he the glory bear.

HYMN 83. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.
Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of Christ—Cant. v. 10—16.

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue.
Its noblest tribute bring:
When be's the subject of the song
Who can refuse to sing!

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd Upon his awful brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow.

A No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 [His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave.]

8 To heav'n, the place of his abode, He brings my weary feet; Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete.

Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine!

ALPHENICALLY ARRANGED. 85, 80

HYMN 85. 8s. 7s.

The Consolation of Israel-Luke ii. 25.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Elorn to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Is not a strength and consolation.

Hope of all the saints thou art;

Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver.

Born a Child, and yet a King,

Born to reign in us for ever,

Now thy gracious kingdom bring

By thing own of ever a Specific

Rule in all our hearte alone

Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN IG. L. M. Anon.

Corner stone Isaiah xxviii. 10. 1 Pet. ii. 0

LAID by Jelovali's mighty hands,
Zion's foundation firmly stands;
Rais'd up on Christ, the corner atous,
Secure as God's eternal throne.

2 See how the glorious fabric grows, Fram'd of materials that he chose! Each stone prepar'd, and fifly tot, The royal structure to complete

3 Still shall this edifice arise,
Till all shall reach the lofty skies;
And joyful hosts thall praise above,
Jebovah's grace and Jesus' love.

HYMN 87. C. M. Duncan.

Christ Lord of all—Acts x. 36. Rom. xiv. 9. Phil. ii. 9—11.

- 1 ALL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem, And-crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall:
 Now joy with all the hosts above,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
- Oh! that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 88, 89

HYMN 88. C. M. Lead's Col.

Crown him-Acts x. 36.

BACKSLIDERS, who your mis'ry feel, Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O, crown him Lord of all.

2 Tho? crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall:
For broken hearts his blood was spilt,
O, crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He understands the Spirit's groan,
O, crown him Lord of all.

Altho' your faith be small;
His faithfulness ye cannot doubt,
Then crown him Lord of all.

HYMN 89. C. M. Steele.

Desire of all saints—Hag. ii. 7.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2 When we thy wondrous glories hear, And all thy suff'rings trace, What sweetly awful scenes appear! What rich unbounded grace!

With warm devotion rise!

How should our souls, on wings of love,

Mount upward to the skies!

- How languid our desire!

 How faint the sacred passion glows,

 Till thou the heart inspire!
- Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heav'n on earth appear.
- 6 Then shall our hearts enraptur'd say,
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day,
 That calls thy children home.

HYMN 90. C. M. Bocking. Door-John x. 9.

- 1 THUS saith the Shepherd of the sheep, "I am the sacred door;
 - "In the fair pastures which I keep "There's life for evermore.
- 2 " In me shall wand'ring sinners find "The way their footsteps lost;
 - "From death I have their souls redeem'd,
 "My blood has paid the cost.
- 3 "My tender care shall keep them free "From dangers night and day;
 - "My pow'r their strong desence shall be, "From ev'ry beast of prey.
- I will enrich them with my grace, and feed them with my love; Their souls shall find a joyful place In the bright fields above.
- 6 Come, then, my little, purchas'd flock, "Dear objects of my care;

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 91, 92

"And let this promise be your hope, "While you are feeding here."

HYMN 91. C. M. Fawcett.

Excellence-Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their pray'rs and praise ascend—
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Thro' all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN 92. L. M. Steele.

Our Example-John xiii. 15.

AND is the Gospel peace and love?

Such let our conversation be;

The serpent blended with the dove,

Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright!
- Dispensing good where'er he came, The labours of his life were love; Oh, if we love the Saviour's name, Let his divine example move.
- 6 But, ah! how blind! how weak we are!
 How frail! how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 7 Thy fair example may we trace, To teach us what we ought to be! Make us, by thy transforming grace, Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

HYMN 95. L. M. Medley. Foreguner-Heb. vi. 20.

TAR, far beyond these lower skies, Up to the glories all his own; Where we by faith lift up our eyes, There Jesus, our forerunner's gone.

- 2 Amidst the shining hosts above, Where his blest smile new pleasure gives, Where all is wonder, joy, and love, There Jesus, our forerunner, lives.
- 3 High on his throne of heav'nly light, Eternal glory he sustains; Whilst saints and angels bless the sight; There Jesus, our forerunner, reigns.
- 4 There, while his course he ever runs, Glory his radiant crown entwines; And brighter than ten thousand suns, There Jesus, our forerunner, shines.
- 5 He lives salvation to impart, From sin, and Satan's cursed wiles; With love eternal in his breast; There Jesus, our foregunner, smiles.
- 6 We shall, when we in heav'n appear, His praises sing, his wonders tell; And with our great forerunner there, For ever and for ever dwell.

HYMN 94. C. M. Wardlaw's Col.

Forerunner-John xiv. 1-7.

- LET not your hearts with anxious thought
 Be troubled or dismay'd:
 But trust in providence divine,
 And trust my gracious aid.
- I to my Father's house return;
 There num'rous mansions stand,
 And glory manifold abounds
 Through all the happy land.

- 3 I go your entrance to secure,
 And your abode prepare;
 Regions unknown are safe to you,
 When I, your friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come when ages close, To take you home with me; There we shall meet to part no more, And still together be.
- No son of human race,
 But such as I conduct and guide,
 Shall see my Father's face.

HYMN 95. L. M. Kent. Foundation-Matt. xvi. 18.

- HEAR what the hope of Israel saith,
 Who holds the keys of life and death;
 Whose potent word must be fulfill'd,
 "Upon a rock my church I build.
- 2 "Thou Peter art; but I'm thy Lord, "By all th' angelic host ador'd;

"And on myself, thy faith may see,

- " I build my church, and not on thee."
- And all its bost enflam'd with rage;
 Not more secure Jehovah's throne,
 'Than Zion stands on Christ, his Son.
- 4 Is persecution's hottest fire,

 This glorious fabric stood entire:

 Witness the slaughter'd millions who

 For Jesus' sake the flames went thro'.

- Built on his Godhead and his blood, She stands, and hath for ever stood; Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base, Shall e'er the Christian's hopes erase.
- 6 When on the cross he bow'd his head,
 He Zion's debt of suff'ring paid;
 And on this rock for ever blest,
 Shall mercy's glorious fabric rest.

HYMN 96. C. M. Cowper.

Praise for the Fountain opened-Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood Pour'd from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear spotless Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransom'd sons of God Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 97. 104th. Hart.

Fountain opened for sinners-Zech, xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of Christ,
Lord help us to sing,
The blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King;
The fountain that cleanses
From sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain so dear
He'll freely impart;
When pierc'd by the spear,
It flow'd from his heart,
With blood and with water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the latter;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, soon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But, if guilt removed
Return and remain;
Its power may be proved
Again and again.

4 This fountain, unseal'd,
Blands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the small:
Here's strength for the weakly
That hither are led;

And life for the dead.

This fountain, though rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch,
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathsome and bare;
Though lep'rous and filthy,
Come just as you are.

6 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd;
The fountain flows sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely
Though lep'rous as mine.

HYMN 98. 112th. Cennick. Fountain—Isaiah lv. 1—Zech. xiii. 1.

HO! ye despairing sinners, hear, Ye thirsty, sin-sick souls draw near; Here's water whose all-pow'rful stream Shall quench your thirst, and wash you clean;

Its healing pow'r has always wrought, Beyond the reach of human thought.

2 Bethesda's pool is not like this, Nor heals, nor cures such leprosies; Nor Siloam's streams, nor Jordan's flood, Could to my heart seem half so good; 'Tis Jesus' blood, that crimson sea, That washeth guilt and filth away.

3 To this dear fountain I'll repair,
With all the wounds and pains I bear;
I'll keep my station near its side,
And wash, and drink, and there abide;
Nor from the sacred streams remove,
'Till taken to their source above.

HYMN 99. . M. B-

Friend of Sinners-Luke vii. 34.

- I JESUS, th' incarnate God of love, Rules all the shining worlds above; And tho' his name the heav'ns transcend, Yet he is still the sinner's friend.
- 2 Before the rolling skies were made, Or nature's deep foundations laid, He saw our fall, and did intend To show himself the sinner's friend.
- 3 Behold the condescending God Awhile forsakes his bright abode; To our mean world see him descend, And groan and die the sinner's friend.
- 4 When the appointed hour was come, He burst the barriers of the tomb; Then to the skies he did ascend, Where still he lives the sinner's friend.
- Cast off despair, there yet is room;
 'To his dear hands your cause commend.
 Who only is the sinner's friend.

HYMN 100. C. M. Swain. Friend-Prov. xvii. 17.

- 1 COME, let our hearts and voices join To praise the Saviour's name; Whose truth and kindness are divine, Whose love's a constant flame.
- When most we need his gracious hand,
 This friend is always near;
 With heav'n and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,
 No change can turn its course;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.
- 5 And when our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sov'reign will,
 He never takes away our all—
 Himself he gives us still!
- Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains;
 The wildest storm his word obeys—
 His word its rage restrains!

HYMN 101. S. M. Wardlaw's Col.
Sinner's Friend-Luke W. 1.

O THE transcendent love

For enemies his bowels move, His heart with pity glows.

Jesus invited near The vilest of our race; He bids the greatest sinner hear The gospel of his grace.

3 Let Pharisees exclaim. And all this grace despise; But we will love the Saviour's name; 'Tis wondrous in our eyes.

Yes, to life's utmost end Thy sov'reign grace we'll shew, And own thee for the sinner's Friend, And sin's eternal foe.

HYMN 102. L. M. Beddome.

Gift of God-John iii. 16: 2 Cor. ix. 15.

1 TESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight, For thee I long, for thee I pray; Amid the shadows of the night, Amid the business of the day.

12 When shall I see thy smiling face-That face which I have often seen? Arise thou sun of righteousness, And burst the clouds that intervene.]

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God, To sinners weary and distrest : The first of all his gifts bestow'd, And certain pledge of all the rest.

A Could I but say, this gift is mine, I'd tread the world beneath my feet; No more at poverty repine, Nor envy sinners rich and great.

5 The precious jewel I would keep, And lodge it deep within my heart; At home, abroad, awake, asleep, It never should from thence depart!

HYMN 103. C. M. Steele. Guest-Rev. iii. 20.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend To visit sinful worms? Thus at the door shall mercy stand, In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue
His soothing voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

Thy mighty pow'r display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive my foes away.

6 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart;

Dear Saviour, enter in

And guard the passage to my heart,

And keep out ev'ry sin.

104, 105 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

HYMN 104. 8s. 7s. 4s. Abinson. Guide-Psalm xlviii. 14.

I GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.

Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fi'ry, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro';
Strong deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
In this barren wilderness:
Be my sword, and shield, and banner—
Be my robe of righteousness:
Then I'll conquer
All my foes thro' sov'reign grace.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN 105. 8s. 7s. 4s. Kelly. Guide—Psalm lxxviii. 53.

SAVIOUR, thro' the desert lead us; Without thee we cannot go; Thou from cruel chains has freed us; Thousast laid the tyrant low. Let thy presence Cheer us all our journey thro'.

2 With a price thy love has bought us;
(Saviour, what a love is thine!)
Hitherto thy pow'r has brought us;
(Pow'r and love in thee combine;)

Lord of glory!

Ever on thine Isra'l shine.

Thro' a desert waste and cheerless,
Tho' our destin'd journey lie;
Render'd by thy presence fearless,
We may ev'ry foe defy.
Nought shall move us

While we see our Saviour nigh.

4 When we halt, (no track discov'ring,)
Fearful lest we go astray;
O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
Fire by night, and cloud by day.

Shall direct us.

Thus we shall not miss our way.

When we hunger thou wilt feed us; Manna shall our camp surround.

Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us; Streams shall from the rock abound Happy Isra'l!

What a Saviour thou hast found!

6 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way;
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble;
Thou wilt strike them with dismay:

And thy people Led by thee, shall win the day. Then lead ou, Almighty Victory
Scatter ev'ry hostile band;
Be our guide, and our protector,
Till on Canaan's shores we stand.
Shouts of vict'ry
Then shall fill the promis'd land.
HYMN 106. C. M. Doddridge.
Head—Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I ship thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own—
Gives me among thy saints a place
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, but vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,

When most be seems alive.

Thy skints on earth, and those above
liese join in aweet accord:

And there our common Lord.

Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall

Before thy Father's face; Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot HYPIN 107. L. M. Brever.

Hiding Place Isaish xxxii. 2.

1 Hall, sovereign love, that first began to rescue fallen man! Hail, matchiese, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul an hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despis d his rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.

[3 Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.]

4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrest that man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

To Sina's fi'ry mount I flew;
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 Ere long a heavinly voice I heard, And mercy's angel-form appear'd; She led me on with gentle pace, To Jenus, as my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell, That must have sunk a world to hell; He bore if for the chosen race,

Should storm of thind ring you cance rell.

And shake the globe from pole to pole,

No flaming bolt shall daunt my face, For Jesus is my hiding-place.

9 A few more rolling suns at most Will land me safe on Canaan's coast: Where I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glorious hiding-place.

HYMN 108. L. M. Medley. Him-Acts v. 31.

JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In him for ever to rejoice.

2 Of him what wondrous things are told; In him what glories I behold! For him I gladly all things leave; To him, my soul, for ever cleave!

3 In him my treasure's all contain'd; By him my feeble soul's sustain'd; From him what favours I receive; Through him I shall forever live.

4 With him I daily love to walk;
Of him my soul delights to talk;
On him I cast my ev'ry care;
Like him one day I shall appear.

5 Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to lead thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him O never, never part.

Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly bliss;
And him in all thy ways confess.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 109, 110

7 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs;
To him your highest praise belongs!
Bless him who does your heav'n prepare;
And whom you'll praise for ever there.

HYMN 109. C. M.

Hope of the Saints-1 Tim. i. 1.

- 1 IN all my troubles sharp and strong,
 My soul to Jesus flies,
 My anchor hold is firm in him
 When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up, I trust a faithful God; The sure foundation of my hope Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
 To thy Redeemer's Name;
 In joy and sorrow, life and death,
 His love is still the same.

HYMN 110. 7s. S-n.

Immanuel_Matt. i. 23-1 Tim. iii. 16.

- GOD with us! O glorious name!

 Let it shine in endless fame
 God and man in Christ unite—
 O mysterious depth and height!
- 2 God with us! amazing love
 Brought him from his courts above;
 Now ye saints his grace admire—
 Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 God with us! but tainted not With our father Adam's blot;

Yet he did our sins sustain, Bore the guilt, the curse, the pain.

- [4 God with us! O blissful theme! Let the impious not blaspheme; Jesus will in judgment sit, Dooming rebels to the pit.]
- 5 God with us! O wondrous grace!
 Let us see him face to face:
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King.

HYMN 111. L. M. Doddridge.

Immutable-Heb. xiii. 8.

- [1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim Th' immortal honours of thy name; Assembled round our Saviour's throne, We make his ceaseless glories known.]
- 2 High on his Father's royal seat, Our Jesus shone divinely great; Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd, Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd.
- 3 Thro' all succeeding ages, he
 The same hath been—the same shall be;
 Immortal radiance gilds his head,
 While stars and suns wax old, and fade.
- 4 The same his pow'r his flock to guard;
 The same his bounty to reward;
 The same his faithfulness and love,
 To saints on earth and saints above.
- Let nature change, and sink, and die; Jesus shall raise his chosen high;

And fix them near his stable throne, In glory changeless as his own.

HYMN 112. L. M. Fawcett. Intercessor-John xvii. 24.

- 1 TESUS has shed his vital blood. To bring my wand'ring soul to God: And still to manifest his love. He lives, and pleads for me above.
- 2 " Father, I will," the Saviour cries, "That this poor soul at length may rise, From all the depth of sin and woe, The riches of my grace to know.
- 3 Now let his sins be all forgiv'n, And guide him in the path of heav'n; I have redeem'd his soul from hell; With me he shall forever dwell.

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- [4 To save his life, thy Son was slain, He is the purchase of my pain: I claim my right and urge my plea, That he may reign in bliss with me.
- 5 He shall behold me face to face, And dwell in this celestial place, Far from the reach of foes and fears; My love shall wipe away his tears.
- 6 His pains and toils shall have an end; His happy soul to God ascend; Soon shall be reach the peaceful shore, Where sin shall wound his heart no more.]
- 7 Father, I will, that he should prove The wenders of redeeming love,

That he may all my glories see, And sit upon thy throne with me.

HYMN 113. C. M. Needham.

Not ashamed of Jesus-Mark viii. 38.

- 1 A SHAM'D of Christ! my soul disdains
 The mean, ungen'rous thought;
 Shall I disown that Friend whose blood
 To man salvation brought?
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace From heav'n to earth he came; For us endur'd the painful cross, For us despis'd the shame.
- Our cross without delay;
 Our lives, yea thousand lives of ours,
 His love can ne'er repay.
- 4 Each faithful suff'rer Jesus views
 With infinite delight;
 Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
 Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear!
 Our highest honour this!
 Who nobly suffers for him now
 Shall reign with him in bliss.
- From our profession fly,

 Jesus, the judge, before the world

 The traitors will deny.

HYMN 114. C. M. Cowper.

Jesus hasting to suffer-Luke xii. 50.

THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He walk'd before the rest!

135

- 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God,
 His ev'ry thought engross;
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view, And woes to us unknown, Forth to the task his Spirit flew, 'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can; Our hearts shall sound abroad, Salvation to the dying man, And to the rising God!
- Engage our wond'ring eyes,
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

HYMN 115. L. M. Cowper. Jehovah Jesus-Rom. ix. 5-1 John v. 20.

- 1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to his abode;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline, Object of faith and not of sense;

Eternal ages saw him shine, He shines eternal ages hence.

- 3 As much, when in the manger laid, Almighty Ruler of the sky, As when the six days work he made Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears, Salvation is his dearest claim; That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears, And owns Immanuel for his name.
- My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
 To worship him who died for me.

HYMN 116. C. M. Kelly.

Name of Jesus-Psalm cxxxv. 3.

- 1 THE Saviour bears a lovely name,
 Of sacred powers possess'd;
 It takes away the sinner's shame,
 And gives his conscience rest.
- 2 No name on earth is half so great, Howe'er extoll'd by fame; Nor can celestial tongues repeat A more exalted name.
- 3 Sweet name! the sinner's blest relief,
 His med'cine, food and joy!
 "Tis help in trouble, rest in grief,
 "Tis gold without alloy.
- 4 Jesus, thy name is dear to me, It saves me from my foes:

Arm'd with its pow'r, I need not flee, Tho' earth and hell oppose.

5 In many painful conflicts past,
Thy name has brought me thro';
Nor wilt thou leave the worm at last,
Whom thou hast sav'd till now.

6 No! in thy heaven I shall appear,
And cease to know "in part;"
My strengthen'd faculties will bear
To "see thee as thou art."

7 Then shall my cup of joy o'erslow
With still increasing store;
My work, my bliss, thy name to know,
And praise thee evermore.

HYMN 117. C. M. Newton. The name of Jesus-Cant. i. 3.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place:
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain, Although with sin defil'd; Satan accuses me in vain. And I am own'd a child.

- 5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim With ev'ry fleeting breath; And may the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 118. C. M. Doddridge.

Jesus precious to them that believe-1 Pet. ii. 7.

- TESUS, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust : Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish In thee doth richly meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart, And shed its fragrance there;

The hoblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name With my last lab'ring breath, And, dying, triumph in thy cross, The antidote of death.

HYMN 119. C. M. Heiginbothom.

Jesus precious-1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 RLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts O'er all thy graces rove, How is my soul in transport lost-In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears. Like thy beloved name; Nor ought beneath the skies inspire My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look my wand'ring eyes Unnumber'd blessings see; But what is life, with all its bliss, If once compar'd to thee?

4 Hast thou a rival in my breast? Search, Lord, for thou canst tell: If ought can raise my passions thus, Or please my soul so well.

5 No, thou art precious to my heart, My portion and my joy; For ever let thy boundless grace My sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints, around my bed Let thy bright glories shine;

And death shall all his terrors lose, In raptures so divine.

HYMN 120. 7s. Kelly.

King of Kings and Lord of Lords—Rev.
xix. 16.

- I "KING of Kings and Lord of Lords!"
 These are great and awful words,
 'Tis to Jesus they belong:
 Let his people raise their song.
- 2 Hark how Angels sound his praise!
 Fill'd with transport while they gaze,
 "Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
 "These are thine for evermore."
- 3 Crown him then whom Angels sing!
 Crown him everlasting King!
 Jesus fills the throne above;
 Jesus is the God of love.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
 Heav'n and earth thy name record.
 Pow'r and Praise to thee belong:
 Lord accept our feeble song.
- This is now thy people's hope,
 Thou wast poor, that they might be
 Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- When we think of love like this, Joy and shame our hearts possess; Joy that thou could'st pity thus; Shame for such returns from us.
 - When we shall from earth be free;

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 121, 122

Borne aloft to heav'n be brought, There to praise thee as we ought.

HYMN 121. L. M. Kelly.

Israel's King .- John xix. 3.

JESUS! we hail thee Isra'l's King, And now to thee our tribute bring; Nor do we fear to bow the knee: They worship God, who worship thee.

2 Hail Isra'l's King, enthron'd in light!
Whose glory never shone more bright,
Than when, by trembling friends betray'd,
Thy foes insulting homage paid.

3 Then did admiring Angels see,
Divine forbearance, Lord, in thee;
With emphasis pronounc'd thee good;
And Heav'n and earth contrasted stood.

4 An object of contempt beneath, And judg'd by men to suffer death; By Angels own'd, admir'd, ador'd, The great, the everlasting Lord.

5 Reign, mighty King, for ever reign!
Thy cause throughout the world maintain;
Let Isra'l's King his triumph spread!
And crowns of glory wreathe his head!

HYMN 122. L. M. Kelly. Immortal King. Psalm xlv. 3.

JESUS, immortal King, go on;
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies prepare to flee,
And leave a conquer'd world to thee.

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3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace, And mark the conquests of thy grace; Finish the work thou hast begun, And let thy will on earth be done.

4 Then shall contending nations rest, For love shall reign in ev'ry breast; Weapons for war design'd shall cease, Or then be implements of peace.

5 Hark, how the hosts triumphant sing!
"The Lord omnipotent is King!
Let all his saints rejoice at this,
The kingdoms of the world are his!
Hallelujah! Amen!

HYMN 123. C. M. Steele. King of Saints—Rev. xv. 3.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The sov'reign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd.
With glories all divine;
And tell the wond'ring nations round
How bright those glories shine.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view The beauties of our King; We long to love as angels do, And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain? Lord, teach our songs to rise! Thy love can animate the strain, And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day! When heav'n and earth shall raise, With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay, To celebrate thy praise.

HYMN 124. L. M. Wardlaw's Col. Praise to the King of Zion-Psalm xxxiv. 1. cx. 1. 1028 of store le

1 KING Jesus, reign for evermore Unrivall'd in the courts above : While we, with all thy saints, adore The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know. No other power but thine confess: We'll spread thine honours while below, And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heav'nly road That leads us to thy bless'd abode : Till, with the vast unnumber'd throng, We join in heav'n's triumphant song;

4 Till, with pure hearts and voices sweet, We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet, And sing of everlasting love In everlasting strains above.

HYMN 125. C. M. Hoskins.

Lamb of God-John i. 29.

- SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God Who takes away our guilt; Look to the precious, priceless blood, That Jews and Gentiles spilt.
- 2 From heav'n he came to seek and save, Leaving his blest abode: To ransom us himself he gave; Behold the Lamb of God.
- 3 He came to take the sinner's place, And shed his precious blood; Let Adam's guilty ruin'd race Behold the Lamb of God.
- 4 Sinners to Jesus then draw near,
 Invited by his word;
 The chief of sinners need not fear;
 Behold the Lamb of God.
- 5 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls, And washes in his blood; Arise, return from grievous falls; Behold the Lamb of God.
- 6 In ev'ry state, and time, and place,
 Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
 However wretched be your case,
 Behold the Lamb of God.
- 7 Spirit of Grace, to us apply
 Immanuel's precious blood,
 That we may, with thy saints on high,
 Behold the Lamb of God.

toda entrolemen

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 126, 127

HYMN 126. C. M. Wardlaw.

Behold the Lamb of God—John i. 36.

CONTEMPLATE, saints, the source divine

Whence all your joys have flow'd;
With wond'ring minds and praising hearts,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

2 If sav'd from wrath, and from the stroke Of Heav'n's avenging rod, Pouring his precious blood for you, "Behold the Lamb of God."

3 Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt,
And sin's afflicting load,
To Jesus' blood you owe your peace—
"Behold the Lamb of God."

With holy mind and heart renew'd,
Run ye the narrow road;
His sprinkled blood has cleans'd yoursouls;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

Each heav'nly blessing ye receive
Thro' Jesus is bestow'd:
In ev'ry good your souls possess
"Behold the Lamb of God."

6 Hope ye in heav'n with God at last
To find your blest abode?
Still, as the ground of all your hopes,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

HYMN 127. 6s. 6s. 4s. Bermonsey Tune. Worthy the Lamb-Rev. v. 9. 12.

GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply;
Praise ye his name:

His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrows bore; Sing aloud evermore, Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
Let those who feel his blood

Sealing their peace with God, Sound his high fame abroad, Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join, all ye ransom'd race, Our holy Lord to bless;

Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 We soon shall change our place, Yet shall we never cease,

Praising his name;
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hall him our gracious King,
And still with rapture sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise his dear name:
To him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb!

HYMN 123. 6s. 6s. 4s. Bermondsey Tune.

Praise to Jesus the Lamb of God. Rev. xiv. 2, 3. v. 12.

COME, all ye saints of God,
Publish through earth abroad
Jesus's fame:
Tell what his love hath done,
Trust in his name alone,
Shout to his lofty throne,
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Hence gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears,
Join our glad theme:
Beauty for ashes bring,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Hark! how the choirs above, Fill'd with the Saviour's love,

Dwell on his name;
There too may be found,
With light and glory crown'd;
While all the heav'ns resound
Worthy the Lamb!

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129, 130 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

HYMN 129. L. M. Lamb—1 Pet. iii. 22.

- 1 THE deed was done! the Lamb was slain.
 The groaning earth the burden bore:—
 He rose; he lives; he lives to reign;
 Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway, In earth and heav'n the Lord of all; Him all the hosts on high obey; Let men before his footstool fall.
- 3 From heav'n, from earth, let hymns of praise
 The blessings of his grace proclaim,
 Blessings which earth to glory raise—
 Sound, sound aloud his worthy Name!
- 4 Higher, still higher swell the strain: Creation's voice the note prolong; The Lamb shall ever, ever reign— Let hallelnjah crown the song!

HYMN 130. L. M. Steele.

Life-John xiv. 19.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word—
 That word which built the earth and sky?
- Then my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here let me build, and rest secure.

- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell; Immoveable the promise stands; Nor all the pow'rs of earth or hell Can ere dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.

HYMN 131. C. M.

Christ a Light to the Gentiles. Isaiah xlix. 6.
John viii. 12.

- OH! 'twas the dawn of heav'nly day When Christ the Lord appear'd: He chas'd the former night away, And all the shadows clear'd.
- 2 We, who were wrapt in cheerless night, Without a glimpse of day, Now see the source of saving light His brightest beams display.
- 3 We see Jehovah now appear
 Great on his throne of grace;
 With pitying eye, attentive ear,
 And with a smiling face.
- 4 He points the way which we must tread,
 To shun eternal pains,
 And rise where Christ, our living Head,
 In boundless glory reigns.
- 5 Christ!—'tis a name of sweetest sound,
 Diffusing life and grace:
 We'll gladly spread his fame around,
 And loudly sing his praise.

HYMN 132. L. M. Medley. Living Stone-1 Pet. ii. 4.

- 1 COME, happy souls, who know the Lord—Who love and trust his sacred word;
 With songs of praise address his throne,
 And Jesus sing, the living stone.
- 2 Chosen of God, and precious too Is he, in each believer's view: Built upon him, and 'stablish'd here, They all as living stones appear.
- A house, a temple, for his praise;
 Here gospel sacrifices claim
 Acceptance, thro' the Saviour's name.
- 4 View the vast building—see it rise;
 The work how strong, the plan how wise!
 Beauty and grandeur all divine,
 Throughout the whole resplendent shine.
- 5 Soon shall the top-stone forth be brought,
 'To crown the work his love has wrought;
 And to the praise of sov'reign grace,
 Shall loud hosannas fill the place.
- 6 Jesus, I fly alone to thee;
 A living stone O may I be,
 With which thou wilt this building raise,
 A glorious structure to thy praise.

HYMN 183. L. M. Medley. Loving-kindness-Isaiah lxiii. 7-Psalm lxiii. 3. T

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

- 2 He saw me ruin d by the fall. Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all; He sav'd me from my lost estate, His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose; He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart Prone from my Jesus to depart; But tho' I have him oft forgot, His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale-Soon all my mortal pow'rs must fail; O may my last expiring breath His loving-kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day; And sing, with rapture and surprise, His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 134. C.M.

The Love of Christ-Matth. xxvii. 50, 51. John xv. 13.

1 REHOLD the Saviour of mankind Nail'd to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclin'd To bleed, and die for me!

135, 136 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul," he cries!
 See where he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine:

O Lamb of God! was ever pain, Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 135. C. M.

The Love of Christ unchanging-John xiii. 1.

- 1 O LORD, how lovely is thy name, How faithful is thy heart! To-day and yesterday the same, And always kind thou art.
- 2 No change of mind our Jesus knows,
 A true and constant friend!
 Where once the Lord his love bestows,
 He loves unto the end.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let my spirit rest
 Beneath thy smile benign;
 Thy daily care to make me blest,
 To love and praise thee mine.

HYMN 136. L. M. Kent.

This Man shall be the Peace, &c.-Micah v. b.

PEACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made,
The church's everlasting head:

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O'er hell and sin, hath vict'ry won, And with a shout to glory gone.

- 2 Then why, dejected saint, dost thou
 Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow?
 Eternal truth declares to thee
 This glorious Man thy peace shall be.
- 3 When o'er thy head the billows roll, And shades of sin obscure thy soul; When thou canst no deliv'rance see, Yet still this Man thy peace shall be.
- 4 In tribulations's thorny maze,
 Or on the mount of sov'reign grace,
 Or in the fire, or thro' the sea,
 This glorious Man thy peace shall be.
- 5 Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim, Rest thou thy all alone on him: And at his footstool bow the knee, And Israel's God thy peace shall be.

HYMN 137. C. M. Cennick.

Milchisedec-Heb. v. 6.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice,

 To us in mercy speak,

 And in our Priest we will rejoice,

 Thou great Melchisedec!
- Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesus' blessed name,
 When all things else decay.

138, 139 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN 138. 7s. W____

Melchisedec-Gen. xiv. 18, 19.-Heb. vii. 17.

- 1 KING of Salem, bless my soul!
 Make a wounded sinner whole!
 King of righteousness and peace,
 Let not thy sweet visits cease!
- 2 Come, refresh this soul of mine
 With thy sacred bread and wine!
 All thy love to me unfold,
 Half of which cannot be told.
- 3 Hail! Melchisedec divine!
 Thou, great High-priest, shalt be mine;
 All my pow'rs before thee fall—
 Take not tythe, but take them all.

HYMN 139. C. M. Beck's Col.

Messenger of the Covenant-Mal. iii. 1.

- 1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
 Descends to men below;
 And shows from whence the springs of love
 In endless currents flow.
- 2 He, whom the boundless heav'n adores,
 Whom angels long to see,
 Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
 Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, who never sought his grace, Who mock'd his sacred word;

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 140

Who never knew or lov'd his face, And all his will abhorr'd:

- 4 To me, who could not even praise, When his kind heart I knew; But sought a thousand devious ways, Rather than keep the true.
- 5 Yet this redeeming angel came, So vile a worm to bless: He took with gladness all my shame, And gave his righteousness.
- 6 O, that my languid heart might glow With ardour all divine, And for more love than seraphs know, Like burning seraphs shine!

HYMN 140. L. M. Needham. Messiah-Gen. xlix. 10.-Dan. ix. 26.-Hag. ii. 9.

1 CLORY to God, who reigns above, Who dwells in light, whose name is love;

Ye saints and angels, if ye can, Declare the love of God to man.

- 2 O, what can more his love commend, Than his dear only Son to send? That man, condemn'd to die, might live, And God be glorious to forgive!
- [3 Messiah's come—with joy behold The days by prophets long foretold; Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke, And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

- 4 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd, the time prophetic seals requir'd; Cut off for sins, but not his own, Thy Prince Messiah did atone.
 - 5 Thy famous temple, Solomon,
 Is by the latter far out-shone;
 It wanted not thy glitt'ring store—
 Messiah's presence grac'd it more.]
- 6 We see the prophecies suffill'd in Jesus, that most wondrous child: His birth, his life, his death, combine To prove his character divine.
- 7 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands; A blessing to those favour'd lands; No infidel shall be our dread, Since thou art risen from the dead.

HYMN 141. L. M. Medley. Morning-Star-Rev. xxii. 16.

[1 WITH joy, ye saints, attend, and raise Your voices in harmonious praise; Blest Spirit, ev'ry heart prepare, To sing the bright, the Morning-star.]

- 2 In glory bright the Saviour reigns, And endless grandeur there sustains; We view his beams, and from afar Hail him the bright, the Morning-star.
- Blest Star! where er his lustre shines,
 He all the soul with grace refines;
 And makes each happy saint declare,
 He is the bright, the Morning-star.

4 Sweet Star! his influence is divine; Life, peace, and joy, attending shine; Death, hell, and sin, before him flee; The bright, the Morning-star is he.

5 Great Star! in whom salvation dwells, His beam the thickest cloud dispels; The grossest darkness flies afar, Before this bright, this Morning-star.

6 Most glorious Star! be thou our guide. Nor from our souls thy splendour hide; Let nothing thy sweet beams debar, Thou only bright and Morning-star.

7 Eternal Star! our songs shall rise, When we shall meet thee in the skies; And in eternal anthems there Praise thee, the bright, the Morning-star.

HYMN 142. L. M. Medley.

One thing needful-Luke x. 42.

TESUS, engrave it on my heart, That thou the one thing needful art! I could from all things parted be, But never, never, Lord, from thee!

Needful art thou to make me live; Needful art thou all grace to give; Needful to guide me lest I stray; Needful to help me ev'ry day.

3 Needful is thy most precious blood: Needful is thy correcting rod; Needful is thy indulgent care; Needful thy all-prevailing pray'r:

- 4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord, True peace and comfort to afford; Needful thy promise to impart Fresh life and vigour to my heart:
- 5 Needful art thou to be my stay
 Thro' all life's dark and thorny way;
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
 When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 6 Needful art thou to raise my dust In shining glory with the just; Needful when I in heav'n appear, To crown, and to present me there.
- 7 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme, Dwell on the dear delightful theme, Glory and praise be ever his, The one thing needful Jesus is!

HYMN 143. L. M. Kent. Paschal Lamb.—Ex. xii. 3—13.

- 1 THE Paschal Lamb which Israel slew, Ye seed of Jacob, speaks to you— Holds Jesus forth from blemish free, Whose blood's a peaceful sign to thee.
- If sprinkled o'er thy conscience now, How greatly lov'd and blest art thou; Thousands there are who never see' This peaceful sign made known to thee.
- 3 Made known to whom? to those approv'd, God's own elect, in Christ belov'd; They, only they, are led to see
 This peaceful sign made known to thee.

- 4 Then why, my soul, should'st thou despair, And doubt thy Saviour's constant care? Torn from himself thou canst not be; His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.
- 5 And when thy God shall bid thee rise To join the chorus of the skies, This thy support in death shall be-His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

HYMN 144. L.

Pattern and teacher of fortitude and resignation-John xviii. 11.

- 1 THE mortal objects of our love Too closely twine about our heart; Seduce our souls from things above, And hardly leave to God a part.
- 2 O bitter change! when Heav'n's kind hand Snatches the fatal joy away! Our feeble reason cannot stand Firm in affliction's stormy day.
- 3 Jesus, our aching hearts we bring To learn true fortitude from Thee; Thy words can make the mourner sing, And grief become a jubilee.
- 4 Vain world, whose scenes of bliss and woe Are shifting ev'ry fleeting hour, No longer shall our spirits owe Their peace or trouble to thy pow'r.
- 5 Teach us, thou Comforter divine, Contentment, should our all be gone; Teach us submission meek as thine, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

145, 146 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST

HYMN 145. C. M.

Peace-John xiv. 25-28.

- 1 YOU now must hear my voice no more;
 My Father calls me home;
 But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
 Your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heav'nly teacher, sent from God, Shall your whole soul inspire, Your minds shall fill with sacred truth, Your hearts with sacred fire.
- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
 My peace to you bequeath;
 Peace that shall comfort you thro' life,
 And cheer your souls in death.
- 4 I give not as the world bestows,
 With promise false and vain;
 Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
 In which my words remain.

HYMN 146. L. M.

Peace-John xiv. 27.

- To mourning souls revival sends:
 Witness the blessing he bequeaths
 To his dejected weeping friends.
- Wex not with anxious thought your hearts;
 Henceforth let fear and trouble cease;
 For the your Master soon departs,
 He leaves you all, his blessing—peace:
- 3 Peace with yourselves, and peace with God; Sure this to joy may change your tears;

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 147

By me it freely is bestow'd; My peace is yours-dismiss your fears.

- 4 With sparing hand the world bestows, And oft resumes the favour giv'n-Full as your wish my blessing flows, And lasting as its source in Heav'n.
- 5 You've seen the world despise your Lord, And soon shall see him doom'd to die: Nor hope, if you profess my word, To find the cup of trouble dry.
- 6 But peace within shall bear you up; The God of peace shall be your friend; Then tremble not to drink the cup, Since peace awaits you in the end."

HYMN 147. C. M. Wardlaw.

- In Me ye shall have peace-John xvi. 33.
- 1 YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice, And hear his words of grace; He says-and let your hearts rejoice-"In me ye shall have peace."
- 2. Tho' storms and tempests round you roar, And foes and fears increase, He says-and what could he say more-"In me ye shall have peace."
- 3 What the corruption dwell within, Nor does the conflict cease; He says, in spite of hell and sin, " In me ye shall have peace."
- Tho' you must pass thro' death's cold flood To gain your wish'd release,

says, and sure he'll make it good, In me ye shall have peace."

n you his face in glory view here joy can ne'er decrease; in him ye shall have peace.

Pearl of great Price—Matt. xiii. 46.

YE glitt ring toys of earth adieu,
A noblet choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view—
A treasure all divine.

Be gone, unwerthy of my cares,

specious bates of sense; mable worth appears, se pearl of price immense!

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 149, 156

Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

HYMN 149, C, M. Mason. Pearl of great Price-Matt. xiii, 46.

1 I'VE found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart exults for joy;
And sing I must—a Christ I have—
O what a Christ have I;

2 Christ is my father and my friend,
My brother and my love;
My head, my hope, my counseller,
My advocate above.

3 My Christ, he is the heav'n of heav'n;
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last;
My Christ is all in all.

HYMN 150. L. M. Steele. Great Physician—Jer. viii. 22.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart

3 And can no sov reign balm be found?

And is no kind Physician nigh,

To ease the pain, and heal the wound,

Ere life and hope for ever fly?

- 4 There is a great Physician near; Look up, O fainting soul, and live; See, in his heav'nly smiles, appear Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the dying Saviour's blood, Life, health, and bliss abundant flow! 'Tis only this dear sacred flood Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

HYMN 151. C. M. Beck's Col.

Physician-Matt. iv. 24.

- As yesterday the same;
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of thy name.
- 2 Since thou delightest still to do
 Thy needy creatures good,
 On me, that I thy praise may show,
 Be all thy wonders show'd.

Leper-Mark i. 40, 41.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call, Thy miracles repeat! With pitying eye, behold me fall,

A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Deaf and Dumb-Mark vii. 37.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands, Open, O Lord, mine ear; Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands To thee in humble pray'r. 6 Silent, alas! thou know'st how long
My voice I cannot raise;
But, O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

Lame-John v. 2-4.

7 Lame, at the pool I still am seen,
Waiting to find relief;
While many others venture in,
And wash away their grief.

8 Now speak my mind, my conscience sound, And then my strength employ; Like as the hart, my soul shall bound— The lame shall leap for joy.

Blind-Matt. xx. 30-34.

9 If thou, my God, art passing by,
O let me find thee near;
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
"Thou Son of David, hear."

10 See, I am waiting in thy way,
For thee, the heav'nly light;
Command me to be brought, and say,
"Sinner, receive thy sight."

Possessed—Luke viii. 35, 36.

11 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To thy great name submit;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.

12 From sin, the guilt, the pow'r, the pain,
Thou wilt release my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
For thou wilt make me whole.

152, 153 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

HYMN 152. C. M. Kent.

Physician-Mark v. 25-34.

1 YE sin-sick souls, dismiss your fears— The halt, the lame, the blind: Come, touch the garment Jesus wears— Your healing there you'll find.

2 Surrounded with ten thousand cares,
And sad beyond degree:
Yet in this garment Jesus wears,
There's healing still for thee.

3 Come stretch the wither'd hand to-day,
For Christ is passing by;
Your case admits of no delay,
Unless ye touch, ye die.

4 One touch of this celestial robe

Speaks pardon to the soul;

When sins more pond'rous than the globe:

Across the conscience roll.

5 Thro' ev'ry crowd to Jesus press
When sin torments the mind;
Peace, pard'ning blood, and righteousness,
In his dear name you'll find.

HYMN 153. C. M. Anon.

Physician, or the Leper healed-Matt. viii. 2, 3.

JESUS, my dreadful leprosy
Oppresses me with grief;
Here at thy feet I prostrate fall
For pity and relief.

2 I am unholy and unclean,
Apply thy grace to me;
For thou art able, if thou wilt,
To heal my leprosy.

3 Compassion moves his tender heart,
And, with a gracious word,
He speaks, "I will,"—and with a touch
The leprous Jew restor'd.

4 Ye leprous souls, to Jesus come,
With sin, a worse disease:
'Tis he can heal your maladies,
And give your conscience ease.

5 He can, by his Almighty grace, Heal each poor leprous soul; Come, guilty, filthy, as you are, And he will make you whole.

HYMN 154. C. M. Hoskins.

Pilot, or Saint's Safety in Death-Acts xxvii.44.

NONE that embark at God's command. For heav'n can e'er be lost:
All safe escape to Canaan's land,
However tempest-toss'd.

2 Tho' winds may blow, and storms arise,
And rocks and sands appear;
The Saviour to his people flies,
And bids them not to fear.

3 Tho' seeming on destruction's brink
While the dread tempests roar;
However toss'd, they shall not sink,
But safely reach the shore.

4 Tho' neither sun nor stars appear
For many days in sight;
Trust in the Lord, be of good cheer,
And he shall guide you right.

5 Then let the saints in God confide, And on his promise rest;
They shall the storms of life outride,
And be for ever blest.

HYMN 155. 148th. Huntingdon's Col.

Pilot-Luke viii. 22.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to Heav'n with thee and thine.

What tho' the seas are broad?
What tho' the waves are strong?
What tho' tempestuous storms
Distress me all along?
Yet what are seas or stormy wind,
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend?

3 Christ is my pilot wise;
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

Though rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie,
Yet Christ shall safely keep,
And guide me with his eye:
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up!

By faith I see the land, The port of endless rest; My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside;
Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

7 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To wast me from below,
To heav'n, my destin'd place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.!

HYMN 156. 148th. Boden. Great High-Priest—Heb. vii. 25.

OUR great High-Priest we sing,
His dying love adore;
We hail our rising King,
Who lives for evermore.
He only can our wants relieve,
And sinners to the utmost save.

Why then indulge despair,
Tho' sunk in deepest guilt?
We hear his voice declare,
For such his blood was spilt:
In his dear hands my soul I leave,
For he can to the utmost save.

Believing souls, rejoice!
On Jesus' grace depend;

The objects of his choice. He loves you to the end: With holy boldness dare believe. Your Lord will to the utmost save.

HYMN 157. 148th. Kent. Great High Priest-Ex. xxviii. 29. Heb. ix. 11, 12.

REHOLD the holy place, With Aaron entering in To make for Israel's race. A sacrifice for sin: In him the type of Jesus see, Who trod the holy place for thee.

Ere on the bloody tree The sinner's debts he paid. Slain in the great decree, He stood the cov'nant head. Till that divine illustrious day, When sin by him was borne away.

While he expiring hung, The blood-bought throng on high, In loud hosannas sung "Redemption's now brought nigh:" They went to heav'n to rest with God, Upon the credit of his blood.

His sacrifice to God Hath pleas'd the Father well; The odours of his blood Afford a fragrant smell: Perfum'd with this his saints shall rise To realms of bliss beyond the skies.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED. 158, 159

HYMN 158. C. M. Doddridge. Great High Priest-Exod. xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Tho' rais'd to heaven's exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honours crown'd.

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.

May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

HYMN 159. C. M.

The offices of Christ—Deut. xviii. 15. Psalm cx. 4. Psalm ii. 6.

LORD Jesus, we thy name adore, Our Prophet, Priest, and King;
We own thy truth, revere thy pow'r,
And thy salvation sing.

2 Thou, the great Prophet of the Lord,
Dost heav'nly doctrines preach;

And by thy Spirit and thy word All needful wisdom teach:

- 3 Thou art both Priest and Sacrifice To save us by thy blood; For us to stand above the skies, And intercede with God.
- 4 Thou art our King, we own thy right To rule us by thy laws; Subdue our hearts by saving might, And guard us from our foes.
- 4 By thee we ever would be taught, And learn thy doctrine well; And be to glad subjection brought, As well as sav'd from hell.
- 6 Thus would we honour thee our Lord, Our Prophet, Priest, and King, Obey thy laws, consult thy word, And thy salvation sing.

HYMN 160. L. M. Logan.

The compassions of our exalted High Priest. Heb. iv. 14, to the end.

HERE high the heav'nly temple stands.

The house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our nature wears; The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 He who for men their surety stood, And pour'd on earth his precious blood, Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan, The Saviour, and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye;

Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.

- 4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains A fellow-feeling of our pains, And still remembers in the skies His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- In ev'ry pang that rends the heart The man of sorrows had a part; He sympathizes with our grief, And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne Let us make all our sorrows known; And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r To help us in the evil hour.

HYMN 161. L. M. Steele.

Ransom-1 Pet i. 18, 19.

- 1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace; Nor the whole world's collected store Suffice to purchase our release; A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid:
 Mysterious price! his precious blood!
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became
 To rescue guilty souls from hell:
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
 Beneath avenging justice fell.

164, 165 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

HYMN 164. L. M. Kent.

Praise to the Redeemer-Lev xvi. 9-22.

- 1 O THAT I had a seraph's fire,
 His rapt'rous song and golden lyre,
 To chant the love and grace supreme,
 Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme.
- 2 Here's pardon for transgressions past— It matters not how black their cast; And, O my soul, with wonder view, For sins to come, here's pardon too.
- 3 When Jesus died, their debts were paid, Whose sin lay on this Scape-Goat's head; Was to the trackless desert drove, And buried in eternal love.
- 4 In this abyss of love profound,
 When sought for they shall not be found;
 Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye,
 There, in oblivion's shades, they lie.
- The nation thus redeem'd from sin, Were chosen, lov'd, and blest in him; And while he lives, they ne'er shall die, For they are his by cov'nant-tie.

HYMN 165. C. M.

Redeemer, or Jesus scen of Angels. Luke xxii. 43. Matt. xxviii. 2. 1 Tim. iii. 10.

- BEYOND the glitt'ring starry sky
 Which God's right hand sustains,
 There in the boundless world of light,
 Our great Redeemer reigns.
- Legions of angels, strong and fair, In countless armies shine,

At his right hand, with golden harps, To offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail! "Whose unexampled love

" Mov'd thee to quit these blissful realms

" And royalties above!"

4 While from the sons of men on earth He suffer'd rude disdain, They threw their honours at his feet

And waited in his train.

5 Thro' all his travels here below
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at length
This scene of love would end.

6 They heard him in the garden groan,
And saw his sweat of blood;
They saw his pierced hands and feet
Nail'd to the cursed wood!

7 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before;
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

8 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
And with a shout, exulting, cried,
"The glorious work is done."
HYMN 166. 8s. Francis.

Praise to the Redeemer.

MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his addrable name.

- 2 To gaze on his glories divine, Shall be my eternal employ, And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless ineffable joy.
- He freely redeem'd with his blood, My soul from the confines of hell, To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet presence to dwell.
- 4 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away.
- 5 The crown that my Saviour bestows, You permanent sun shall outshine; My joy everlastingly flows— My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

HYMN 167. 7s. Conyer's Col. Refuge from the Storm—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- I JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly;
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;

Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound.
 Make and keep me pure within
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart—Rise to all eternity!

HYMN 168. 8s. Maxwell. Riches of Christ-Eph. iii. 8.

- HOW shall I my Saviour set forth?

 How shall I his beauties declare?

 O how shall I speak of his worth,

 Or what his chief dignities are?
- 2 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints, who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace;
 O no! 'tis a myst'ry unknown.
- 3 In him all the fulness of God For ever transcendently shines; The Father's anointed he stood To finish his glorious designs.

- 4 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross, Vile rebels fast-bound to set free, His glory sustain'd no loss; Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- The Saviour so rich to redeem!

 No creature can ever explore

 The treasures of goodness in him.
- 6 He riches has ever in store,

 And treasures that never can waste:

 Here's pardon—here's grace, yea, and

 more—

 Here's glory eternal at last.

HYMN 169. L. M. Doddridge. Our Righteousness-Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR divine! we know thy name, And in that name we trust; Thou art the Lord our Righteousness, Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,
 Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty nigh.
- The sins of one most righteous day
 Might plunge us in despair;
 Yet all the crimes of numerous years
 Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
 Shall deck us all around;
 Nor by the piercing eye of God
 One blemish shall be found.

5 ardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.
HYMN 170. L. M. Newton.
That Rock was Christ—Ex. xvii. 6.
1 Cor. x. 4.

1 WHEN Israel's tribes were parch'd with thirst.

Forth from the rock the waters burst; And all their future journey thro', Yielded them drink and comfort too.

- 2 In Moses' rod a type they saw
 Of his severe and fiery law;
 The smitten rock prefigur'd him,
 From whose pierc'd side all blessings
 stream.
- But ah! the types were all too faint, His sorrows or his worth to paint; Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod, But he endur'd the wrath of God.
- 4 Their outward rock could feel no pain, But ours was wounded, bruis'd, and slain; That rock gave but a wat'ry flood, But Jesus pour'd forth streams of blood.
- The earth is like their wilderness,
 A land of drought and sore distress;

Without one stream, from pole to pole, To satisfy a thirsty soul.

6 But let the Saviour's praise resound; In him refreshing streams are found; Which pardon, strength, and comfort give, And thirsty sinners drink, and live.

HYMN 171. 11s. Bennett.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—
Psalm Ixi. 2.

1 CONVINC'D as a sinner, to Jesus I come, Inform'd by the gospel for such there is room;

Overwhelm'd with sorrow for sin will I cry, Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

2 When tempted by Satan my Saviour to leave.

Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive, I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The rock of salvation that's higher than I!

3 When sorely afflicted, and ready to faint, Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint;

'Midst storms and distresses my soul shall rely

On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.

4 When weak and encompass'd with numberless foes,

Attempting my happiness here to oppose, I'll look to the Saviour of sinners, and cry, Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

5 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land,

And merited vengeance descends from thy hand!

O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for protection I'll fly,

And hide in the rock that is higher than I!

6 When summon'd by death before God to appear,

Thy free-grace supporting, I'll yield without fear!

Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high, To enter the rock that is higher than I!

HYMN 172. 7s. Toplady. Rock-smitten; or, the Rock of Ages.

ROCK of ages, shelter me!

Let me hide myself in thee!

Let the water and the blood,

From thy wounded side which flow'd,

Be of sin the double cure;

Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Isaiah xxvi. 4.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace, 173, 174 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

Black, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN 173. L. M. Medley. Christ the Root and Offspring of David. Rev. xxii. 16.

ALL hail, thou great Immanuel!
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heav'nly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

Among a thousand forms of love, In which he shines and smiles above, This with peculiar joy we view, He's David's root and offspring too.

3 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines, the great God, the wondrous man!
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.

4 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou co-essential word!
All hail, thou root and branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

HYMN 174. L. M. Wheeler.

I am the Rose of Sharon—Cant. ii. 1.

SEE, from the vineyard Jesus comes,
Bringing his spice and rich perfumes:

When shades of night my eye-lids close, Sweet is the smell of Sharon's Rose.

- 2 His beauty's white with lovely grace, When thro' the garden him I trace; 'Tis by the sweet perfumes which flow That I the Rose of Sharon know.
- 3 If him I trace to Calvary,
 And see him hang, and bleed, and die,
 I view the wound that open'd wide,
 The Rose of Sharon's pierced side.
- 4 Of matchless love my soul can tell;
 He hath my soul redeem'd from hell;
 His wounds pour'd out a double flood—
 The Rose of Sharon's red with blood.
- 5 When I shall with my God ascend, To dwell where pleasures never end; Of Sharon's glories I shall sing, My Lord, my Saviour, and my King.

HYMN 175. S. M. Anon.

I am the Rose of Sharon-Cant. ii. 1.

I' I'N Sharon's lovely Rose,
Immortal beauties shine;
Its sweet, refreshing fragrance shows
Its origin divine.

2 How blooming and how fair!
O may my happy breast
This lovely Rose for ever wear,
And be supremely blest!

176, 177 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

HYMN 176. L. M. Steele.

Saviour -- the only One-Acts iv. 12.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
flow,—

Jesus, no other name but thine Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find The way to happiness and God; Her weak directions leave the mind Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- No other name will heaven approve:
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 Ordain'd by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide, Nor from the heav'nly path depart; O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide! Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night, And bring us to the blissful plains— The regions of unclouded light, Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

HYMN 177. 8s. 8s. 6s. Chatham Tune. The only Saviour-Is. xxviii. 16. 1 Cor. i. 30,

HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n,
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ, the corner-stone.

2 Possessing Christ, I all possess, Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness, And sanctity complete; Bold in his name I dare draw nigh Before the Ruler of the sky. And all his justice meet.

HYMN 178. C. M. Heginbothom. Good Shepherd-John x. 11.

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord, A grateful song I'll raise; O let the meanest of thy flock Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 Vain the attempt—what tongue can speak A subject so divine !-Do justice to so vast a theme, And praise a love like thine.

3 Love that could bring thy willing feet From that blest world on high! From thy great Father's dear embrace, To labour, bleed, and die!

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe To this amazing love; Ten thousand, thousand comforts here. And nobler bliss above.

5 To thee my trembling spirit flies, With sin and grief opprest; Thy gentle voice dispels my fears, And lulls my cares to rest.

6 Nay, should I walk thro' death's dark vale. With double horrors spread, Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps, And guard my drooping head.

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HYMN 179. C. M. Steele.

Confidence in the divine Shepherd-Ps. xxiii.

1 THE Lord, my shepherd, and my guide,
Will all my wants supply;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.

2 Amid the verdant flow'ry meads
He makes my sweet repose;
When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads
Where living water flows.

If from his fold I thoughtless stray, He leads the wand'rer home; And shows my erring feet the way, Where dangers cannot come.

4 Though hast'ning to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear,
Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish every fear.

While I am near my God;
The strength and comfort of my way,
His staff and guiding rod.

Thy favours compass me around;
Thou giv'st me peace and food;
By thee my growing life is crown'd.
With every needful good.

7 Thus let thy love, extended still
Through all my future days,
Keep me obedient to thy will,
And fervent in thy praise.

HYMN 180. C.M. Doddridge. Omnipotent Shepherd—John x. 29, 30.

I N one harmonious, cheerful song,
Ye happy saints combine;
Loud let it sound from ev'ry tongue,
The Saviour is divine.

2 The least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To him the Father gave;
Kind is his heart the charge to keep,
And strong his arm to save.

3 That hand which heav'n and earth sustains, And bars the gates of hell, And rivets Satan down in chains, Shall guard his chosen well.

4 Now let the infernal lion roar;
How vain his threats appear!
When he can match Jehovah's pow'r,
Then I'll begin to fear.

HYMN 181. 7s. Hill's Col.

Seeking the Shepherd's little Flock-Cant. i. 7

1 TELL me, Saviour, from above,
Dearest object of my love,
Where thy little flock abide,
Shelter'd near thy bleeding side?

2 Tell me, Shepherd, all divine, Where I may my soul recline & Where for refuge shall Lifly, While the burning sun is high?

- Wilt thou let me run astray,
 Mourning, grieving all the day?
 Wilt thou bear to see me rove,
 Seeking base and mortal love?
- [4 Never had I sought thy wame,
 Never felt the inward flame,
 Had not love first touch'd my heart,
 Giv'n the painful planting smart.]
- Didst thou leave thy glorious throne—
 Put a mortal miment on—
 As a cursed victim die,
 For a wretch so vile as I?

 Turn, and claim me as thine own;
 Be my portion I and slave.

Turn, and claim me as thine own;
Be my portion, Lord, alone;
Deign to hear a sinner's call;
Be my everlasting all.

HYMN 182. L. M. Hoskins. Strong Hold Zeeh iz. 12.

PRIS'NERS of sin and Satan too.

The Saviour éalls, le calls for you;
Ye, who have sold yourselves for nought
Shall have your liberty unbought.

He came to set the captives free;
He came to publish liberty;
To bind the broken hearted up,
And give despairing singers hope.

Why from the only refuge fy?

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED, 183, 184

Jesus, our hiding place and tow'r, Invites the guilty and the poor.

- 4 He came to comfort all that mourn; He aweetly says to sinners, Turn; Pris'ners of hope, his voice attend. Nor slight the calls of such a friend.
- 5 The great Reveemer liv'd and died;
 The Prince of life was crucify'd:
 He shed his own most precious blood.
 To purchase captive souls to God.
- 6 To this redeeming God be giv'n Immortal praise by earth and heav'n; Pris'ners of hope, the Saviour bless, And ev'ry hour his love confess.

HYMN 183. L. M. D____

Sun of Righteousness-Mal. iv. 2

- 1 GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 And chase the darkness from mine eye.
 Now let thy beams of glory shine,
 And fill my soul with light divine.
- 2 While in this world of sin I dwell,
 Defend me from the pow'rs of bell;
 Be thou a sun and shield to me,
 'Till I shall dwell, my God, with thee,

HYMN 184. L.M. B.

1 JESUS is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant.
Let others after earth aspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.

- 2 Possess'd of him, I wish no more;
 He is an all-sufficient store;
 To praise him all my pow'rs conspire;
 Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 3 If he his smiling face but hide, My soul no comfort has beside; Distrest, I after him inquire; Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 4 Come, humble souls, and view his charms; Take refuge in his saving arms; And sing, while you his worth admire, Christ is the treasure I desire.

HYMN 185, C. M. Toplady.

Vine-John xv. 1-5.

- Thou true and living vine;
 Around thy all-supporting stem
 My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee, and kept alive, I flourish and bear fruit; My life I from thy sap derive, My vigour from thy root.
- My strength is wholly thine;
 Wither'd and barren should I be
 If sever'd from the vine.
- Wpon my leaf, when parch'd with heat, Refreshing dew shall drop; The plant which thy right hand hath set, Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment water'd by thy care, And fenc'd with pow'r divine, Fruit to eternal life shall bear The feeblest branch of thine.

HYMN 186. L. M. Cennick.

High-way—Isaiah xxxv. 8—10.

- JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone— He whom I fix my hopes upon; His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, 'till him I view.
- The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment,
 The Lord's high-way of holiness
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief my burden long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more; 'Till late I heard my Saviour say, Come hither, soul, "I am the way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am; My sinful self to thee I give— Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

187, 188 CHARACTERS OF CHRIST,

HYMN 187. L. M. Anon.

Good old Way-Jer. vi. 16.

1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find Pardon of sin and peace of mind, Attend the voice of God to-day, Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood Of Jesus is the way to God; O may you then no longer stray, But walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 The prophets and apostles too Pursu'd this path while here below; Then let not fear your soul dismay, But come to Christ, the good old way.

4 With cautious zeal and holy care, In this dear way I'll persevere; Nor doubt to meet another day, Where Jesus is, the good old way.

HYMN 188. 8s. 8s. 6s.

Way, Truth, and Life-John xiv. 6.

Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ, th' appointed road:
Oh, may we tread the sacred Way!
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!

2 The types and shadows of the word Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true;

Oh, may we all his word believe!
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

As he above for ever lives,
And Life to dying sinners gives
Eternal and divine:
Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!
Then—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN 189. L. M. Doddridge.

Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption—1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

- 1 MY God! assist me while I raise
 An anthem of harmonious praise:
 My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
 And spread its banners in thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine;
 My Father, all that store is thine!
 By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd:
 Hail to the Saviour and the God!
- 3 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread, "Let there be light," th' Almighty said; And Christ, my sun, his beams displays, And scatters round celestial rays.
- 4 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
 And awful justice ask'd my blood:
 That welcome Saviour, from thy throne,
 Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- My soul was all o'erspread with sin;
 And lo! his grace bath made me clean!

He rescues from the infernal foe, And full redemption will bestow.

6 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue, Ye angels, warble back my song! For love like this demands the praise Of heavenly harps and endless days.

HYMN 190. L. M. Beck's Col.

Wisdom-Prov. iii. 13-18.

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace, The blessing of God's chosen race, The wisdom coming from above, And faith that sweetly works by love!
- 2 Happy is he who thus can say, The Lord, the Saviour, died for me; The gift unspeakable obtains, And heav'nly understanding gains.
- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are paths of peace; Wisdom to silver we prefer, And gold is dross compar'd with her.
- 4 He finds, who wisdom apprehends, A life begun that never ends:
- The tree of life divine she is, Set in the midst of Paradise.
- Happy the man who wisdom gains—
 In whose obedient heart she reigns:
 He owns, and will forever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n, are one.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

HYMN 191. L. M. Hoskins.

Wisdom-Prov. viii. 19.

1 WISDOM divine lifts up her voice; Sinners, attend! ye saints, rejoice! Thus saith our condescending Lord; (O may we hear his gracious word.)

2 " Riches and honour both are mine;

"I am the tree of life divine!

"My excellence can ne'er be told;

"My fruits are better far than gold!

3 "Here peace and pardon richly flow;

" Here fruits immortal ever grow;

"Here pleasure sweetens all the road,

" And safely leads us home to God!

4 "Here's blood to wash away our sin,

" And make the most polluted clean !

"Here is a robe by Jesus wrought,

" And as a gift to sinners brought.

5 "Come, sinners, then, to Christ apply; "Come without money—come and buy;

"Fair wisdom's dictates now receive,

"And in the Son of God believe."

6 Dear Lord, do thou our hearts incline To seek for riches so divine; Nor let us e'er contented be, 'Till we possess our all in thee.

PRAYERS TO THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 192. L. M. Toplady.

A Propitious Gale longed for.

AT anchor laid, remote from home, Toiling, I cry, "sweet Spirit, come,

"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,

"But swell my sails, and speed my way!

2

- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow; "And loose my cable from below;
 - "But I can only spread my sail; [gale!"
 - "Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious

HYMN 193. 8s. Toplady. To the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And warm with uncreated fire!
 Thou the ancinting Spirit art—
 Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart!
 Thy blessed unction from above,
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love!
- 2 Illumine with perpetual light,
 The dulness of our mortal sight!
 Anoint, and cheer us, all our days,
 With the abundance of thy grace!
 Our foes convert—give peace at home—
 Where thou art guide no ill can come!

HYMN 194. L. M. Doddridge.

Growing in Grace by God the Spirit-2 Pet. iii. 18.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God, For all the grace thou shed'st abroad; For all thine influence from above, To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies Brought down this plant of Paradise, And gave its heavinly glories birth, To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
 To drive these frosts and storms away;
 Make all thy potent virtues known,
 To cheer a plant so much thine own.
- 4 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below; So shall they grow and breathe abroad A fragrance grateful to our God.

NYMN 195. S. M. Hart. Prayer to God the Spirit-John xiv. 26.

- COME, holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds— The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith; Our doubts and fears remove,

HYMN 199. L. M. Steele: Adherence to Christ-John vi. 67-69.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart, My refuge, my Almighty Friend, And can my soul from thee depart,

On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go. A wretched wanderer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart, On these my fainting spirit lives; Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine, As thou art near, in vain they call : One smile, one blissful smile of thine, My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore, Thou art my life, my joy, my care; Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more, 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie. Here safety dwells, and peace divine; Still let me live beneath thine eye, For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN 200. C. M. Wardlaw.

The Adoption, hope, and holiness of the Saints. 1 John iii. 1-3.

REHOLD th' amazing gift of love The Father bath bestow'd

On us; the sinful sons of men, To call us sons of God.

2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
E'en God's beloved Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be,
Is hid from mortal eyes;

4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
For all his glory full disclos'd,
Shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great and so divine
May trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

HYMN 201. 7s. Humphreys.

· Privileges of Adoption-1 John iii. 1, 2.

BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood
They are ransom'd from the grave--Life eternal they shall have.

2 God did love them is his Son, Long before the world begun; They the seal of this receive, When on Jesus they believe.

They are justify'd by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace---

All their sins are wash'd away; They shall stand in God's great day...

- 4 They are lights upon the earth--Children of an heav'nly birth;
 Born of God, they hate all sin;
 God's pure seed remains within.
- They have fellowship with God, Thro' the Mediator's blood; One with God---with Jesus one---Glory is in them begun.
- 6 Tho' they suffer much on earth, Strangers to the worldling's mirth, Yet they have an inward joy---Pleasures that can never cloy.
- 7 They alone are truly blest--Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ:
 With them number'd may 1 be,
 Here and in eternity.

HYMN 202. C. M. Stennett.

Pleading with God under Affliction.

Lam. iii. 39.

- 1 WHY should a living man complain
 Of deep distress within,
 Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain
 Is but the fruit of sin?
- 2 Lord, to thy dealings I'll submit, Nor would I dare rebel; Yet sure I may, here at thy feet, My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise, And beat upon my soul;

Deep calls to deep—O hear my cries, While stormy billows roll.

4 But thro' the stormy clouds I'll look Once more to thee, my God;

O fix my feet on Christ, the rock Who bought me with his blood.

One look of mercy from thy face,
Will set my heart at ease;
One all-commanding word of grace
Will make the tempest cease.

HYMN 203. C. M. Toplady.

Affliction, or Meditation on God's Love.
Psalm civ. 34.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look forward, and behold Eternal joys my own.

My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suff'ring paid.

Which saves from second death; Sweet to experience, day by day, His Spirit's quick'ning breath.

- Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet, in the confidence of faith, To trust his firm decrees; Sweet to lie passive in his hand, And know no will but his.
- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from thee!

HYMN 204. C. M. Toplady.

Another.

- SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
 That when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my dis-embodied soul View Jesus, and adore; Be with his likeness satisfy'd, And grieve and sin no more—
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
 On which my guilt was lain;
 His love intense, his merit fresh,
 As the but newly slain.
- And, by my Saviour's pow'r rebuilt,

 At his right hand be found.

5 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence know!

6 O may the unction of these truths
Forever with me stay;
'Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

HYMN 205. 8s. 7s. 4s. Pearce.

Sweet Affliction-2 Chron. xxxiii. 11-13.

1 N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

2 Thus the lion yields me honey:
From the eater food is giv'n;
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heav'n:
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.

3 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those who know not Christ, they frighten;
But my soul defies their pow'r:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Savious near.

4 In the sacred page recorded Thus his word securely stands; "Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
"Nought shall pluck thee from my
Sweet affliction, [hands:"
Ev'ry word my love demands.

All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heav'nly joy,
Where, tho' trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry promise gives me joy.

6 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought me to his feet.

HYMN 206. C. M. Doddridge.

The Divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.

Isaiah xxvii. 8.

GREAT Ruler of all Nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine,
We bear thy breath in ev'ry storm,
For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way, They work thy sov'reign will; And aw'd by thy majestic voice, Confusion shall be still.

To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The mildness of thy grace.

HYMN 207. C. M. Doddridge.

Christian Ambition—" Seek first the kingdom of God." Luke xii. 31. Matth. vi. 33.

NOW let a true ambition rise, And ardour fire our breast, To reign in worlds above the skies, In heav'nly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand A radiant crown display. Whose gems with vivid lustre shine While stars and suns decay.

3 Away each grov'ling anxious care, Beneath a Christian's aim! We spring to seize immortal joys In our Redeemer's name.

4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm, The glorious Prize pursue; Nor fear the want of earthly good. While heav'n is kept in view.

HYMN 208. L. M. Rippon's Sel. Agur's Prayer-Prov. xxx. 7. 9.

THUS Agur breath'd his warm desire "My God, two favours I require :

" In neither my request deny "Vouchsafe them both before I die:

2 " Far from my heart and tents exclude

"Those enemies to all that's good-

" Folly, whose pleasures end in death, " And falsehood's pestilential breath.

- 3 "Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
 - "Below the dome, above the cot,
 - "Let me my life unanxious lead;
 - " And know not luxury nor need."
- 4 Those wishes, Lord, we make our own: O-may thy heav'nly blessing crown Our pittance—'till this mortal breath, Expiring, tunes thy praise in death!
- 5 But should'st thou large possessions give, May we with thankfulness receive Th' exub'rance-still our God adore! And bless the needy from our store!
- 6 Or should we feel the pains of want, Submission, resignation, grant; 'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply, Or call us to the bliss on high.

HYMN 209. C. M. Scott.

Anathema Maranatha-1 Cor. xvi. 22.

- TNCARNATE Saviour, in thy face Does ev'ry charm combine; Thine are the glories of a God--All human beauties thine.
- And is there such an icy breast, Can trace redeeming love-Can view a dying Lord; nor feel One softer passion move?
- 3 Well may th' Almighty's direful curse Its awful thunders roll:
 - d pointed lightnings play around o blast the guilty soul!

- 4 Aghast before his judgment-seat,
 With conscious guilt they stand;
 Trembling, await th' eternal doom,
 And veng'ance from his hand.
- 5 Sinners, ye once despis'd my love, Now feel my vengeful ire— Accurs'd, depart my blissful face, To dwell in quenchless fire.
- 6 Dear Saviour, I would love thy name, And give my all to thee; Be thou my teacher, priest, and king, And all in all to me.

HYMN 210. L. M. Needham.

Ministry of Angels-Psalm xci. 11.

- 1 SEE, Gabriel swift descend to earth, Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth; Hark! a full choir of angels sing, The new-born Saviour, and the king.
- 2 Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait On Jesus, in his humble state; The desert and the garden prove Their glowing zeal, their tender love.
- [3 But who their mighty joys can tell, When Jesus vanquish'd death and hell? They saw the glorious conqu'ror rise, And fill his friends with sweet surprise.]
- They saw the conqu'ror mount on high To glorious worlds beyond the sky; Escorted by a shining band, To take his place at God's right-hand.

- 5 Still are these glorious hosts above
 Employ'd in messages of love;
 On saints below they cheerful wait,
 Nor think the work beneath their state.
 - Jesus, my Lord, my living friend, May these thy servants me attend 'Thro' life; and when I quit this clay, Safe to thine arms my soul convey.

HYMN 211. L. M. Scott. Anger-Eccl. vii. 9.

- DARE we indulge our wrath and strife, And yet assume the Christian name? Give our wild passions sway; then call Ourselves the foll'wers of the Lamb?
- 2 He was all gentle, meek, and mild— Full of benevolence and love; Nor could the rage of num'rous foes Aught but his soft compassion move.
- 3 Not all their scoffs, nor the sharp pangs Of crucifixion, could inspire. Within his breast one vengeful thought, Or one tumultuous passion fire.
- 4 But, we, alas! how soon the storms Impetuous in our bosoms swell;
 What stores of fuel in our breasts,
 To feed those raging fires of hell.
- 5 Spirit of grace, do thou descend; Envy, and wrath, and clamour chase; With thy mild influence quench these fires, And hush the stormy winds to peace!

HYMN 212. L. M. Doddridge.

Christ the Believer's Ark-Gen. vii. 17. 24

- THE deluge, at th' Almighty's call, In what impetuous streams it fell! Swallow'd the mountains in its rage, And swept a guilty world to hell.
- 2 In vain the tallest sons of pride Fled from the close-pursuing wave; Nor could their mightiest tow'rs defend, Nor swiftness scape, nor courage save.
- 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar! How shrill the universal cry Of millions, in the last despair, Re-echo'd from the low'ring sky!
- 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint, Surrounded with the chosen few, Sat in his ark, secure from fear, And sung the grace that steer'd him thro'.
- 5 So I may sing, in Jesus safe, While storms of veng'ance round me fall: Conscious how high my hopes are fix'd, Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.
- 6 Nor wreck nor storm above is seen: There not a wave of trouble rolls: But the bright rainbow round the throne Seals endless life to all their souls.

HYMN 213. 140th. Kent.

Christ the Believer's Ark-Gen. vii. 16.

- TATHEN God from his throne did vongeance display, That delug'd a world, and swept them away; He caus'd it to slumber, nor could it begin 'Till his little number the Lord had shut in.
- 2 Shut in by decree and council they were; Shut in by the oath which to them he sware; From hell's condemnation, and wrath's horrid ding

O precious salvation! the Lord shut them in.

3 The few that remain'd, not wreck'd by the flood.

Prefigure to us the ransom'd by blood: In Jesus elected, not delug'd by sin, But in him protected, the Lord shut them in-

- 4 Thus o'er the abyss in safety they rode : Nor wonder at this-their Pilot was God : When death and destruction without might be seen, fthem in. This was their protection, the Lord shut
- 5 When others are wreck'd, e'en then he will spare

His own, the elect; their sonship is clear; Tho' sin may annoy them, his charge they have been; fthem in.

It ne'er shall destroy them—the Lord shut

6 When Judgment takes place, and worlds in a flame [Lamb: The sabjects of grace shall sup with the

And when on his bosom they take their repose,

The portals of glory shall finally close.

HYMN 214. 8s. 8s. 6s. Toplady.

Atonement-Rom. v. 6-11.

- 1 O THOU, who didst thy glory leave
 Apostate sinners to retrieve
 From nature's deadly fall;
 Thou hast redeem'd me with a price,
 Nor shall my sins in judgment rise,
 For thou hast borne them all.
- 2 Jesus was punish'd in my stead,
 Without the gate my surety bled
 To expiate my stain;
 On earth the God-head deign'd to dwell,
 And made of infinite avail
 The suff'rings of the man.
- 3 The Saviour was for rebels giv'n;
 Christ, the incarnate King of heav'n,
 Did for his foes expire!
 Ye humble souls, the tidings hear;
 He bore, that we might never bear,
 His Father's righteous ire.
- 4 Ye saints, the man of sorrows bless,
 The God, for your unrighteousness,
 Deputed to atone;
 Praise him, till, with the ransom'd throng,
 Ye sing the never-ending song,
 And see him on his throne.

HYMN 215. 8s. 8s. 6s. Toplady.

Atonement—Isaiah liii. 10.

1 FROM whence this fear and unbelief?
Hath not the Father put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charg'd on thee?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people ow'd;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

3 Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High-priest
Secure thy liberty;
Trust in his efficacious blood;
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

HYMN 216. 8s. 7s. Hart. Atonement—Rom. v. 6—11.

1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus, Can relieve us from our guilt, Nothing else from sin release us, Nothing else the heart can melt.

2 Law and terrors do but harden, While they operate alone; But thy blood apply'd for pardon Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

S Jesus, all our consolations'
Flow from thee, the sov'reign good!

Love, and faith, and hope, and patience, Come to us thro' thy rich blood.]

HYMN 217. C. M. Nee tham. Babylon's fall-Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

THE mighty God that rules the skies,
Shall Babel's rage restrain;
In vain she forms her cruel schemes,
And boasts her pow'r in vain.

2 That bitter cup, which she has mixt,
Once more herself shall drink;
As falls the mill-stone in the deep,
Proud Babylon shall sink.

3 Rejoice, ye saints, the vengeance long
Is laid for her in store;
And Babylon, that scarlet whore,
Shall sink, to rise no more.

HYMN 218. L. M. Collyer.
The Backslider—Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
 He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear was nigh.



Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Look, as when thy pitying eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father (at the point to die,
My Saviour pray'd,) forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis
done!"

O my loving, bleeding Lord, This breaks my heart of stone.

> HYMN 221. Carey's Tune. Christ Baptised in Jordan.

In Jordan's tide the Baptist stands, Immersing the repenting Jews; The Son of God the rite demands, Nor dares the holy man refuse: Jesus descends beneath the wave, The emblem of his future grave.

Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies In deeps conceal'd from human view; Ye saints, behold him sink and rise; A fit example this for you:
The sacred record, while you read, Calls you to imitate the deed.

But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;

Amaz'd they see, the power divine Around the Saviour's temple shine.

- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore;
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I see well-pleas'd what he hath done."
- Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Thro' parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God:
 O hear the awful word to-day;
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey!

HYMN 222. L. M. Stennet. A Baptismal Hymn.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save:
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
"All righteousness," he meekly said;
Why should we then to do his will
Ashamed be, or yet afraid?

3 With thee into thy wat'ry tomb, Lord, 'tis our glory to descend: 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room, To lie interr'd by such a friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again;
So on the resurrection day,
The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

5 Thus when thou shalt again appear, The gates of death shall open wide, Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear, And rise and triumph at thy side.

HYMN 223. 8s. 8s. 6s. Norman.

Chatham Tune.

Thus it Becometh us, &c .- Matt. iii. 15.

- 1 THUS it became the Prince of grace,
 And thus should all the favour'd race
 High heaven's command fulfil;
 For that the condescending God,
 Should lead his followers thro' the flood,
 Was heaven's eternal will.
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
 We make these ways our favour'd choice,
 And thus with zeal pursue:
 No; heaven's eternal sov'reign Lord,
 Has, in the precepts of his word,
 Enjoin'd us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
 The gracious mandate of the skies,
 Where condescending heaven,
 To sinful man's apostate race,
 In matchless love and boundless grace,
 His will reveal'd has given?
- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
 Assist us now thy grace to sing,
 And still direct our way,
 To those bright realms of peace and rest,
 Where all th' exulting tribes are bless'd
 With one great choral day.

HYMN 224. C. M. Stennet.

Immersion.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood!
To show he must be soon baptis'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave,
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey, In thy own footsteps tread: Would die, be buried, rise with thee, Our ever-living Head.

HYMN 225. C. M. Burnham. Christ the Head and King of Zion.

ON Jordan we would often muse, And view the Lamb of God, With John descending in the stream, And plung'd beneath the flood.

2 While great Jehovah's voice is heard From the pure realms of light; "This is my well-beloved Son, "In whom is my delight."

3 Thus Christ the great example gives:
All heav'n approves the deed!
Thus the dear saints pursue the path
Of Zion's glorious Head.

4 Dear Lord, when these, thy ransom'd saints, ▲re in thy name baptis'd, Shine from thy glorious throne of grace, And shew thyself well pleas'd.

5 Honour'd with God's approving smile,
And blessings from above,
Then let the world with anger frown,
We'll pity, pray, and love.

6 All the commands of Zion's King
We'll cordially embrace:
For all his ways are pay'd with love,

And all his paths are peace.

HYMN 226. C. M. Ryland.

Journey to Heaven—Gen. xxiv. 56.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Tho' earth and hell oppose.

[3 "Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
"My ev'ry pleasant sweet;"
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.

4 "Stay," Satan, my old master, cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
Hinder me not, I will be gone--My God hath broke my chain.]

5 Thro' duty, and thro' trials too,
I'll go at his command;

Hinder me not, for I am bound To my Immanuel's land.

6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be--Hinder me not---come welcome death--I'll gladly go with thee.

HYMN 227. L. M. Francis. Not Ashamed of Christ.

- JESUS! and shall it ever be A mortal man asham'd of thee! Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon:
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning-Star! bid darkness flee.
- A Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No; when I blush---be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then---nor is my boasting vain— Till then I boast a Saviour slain!

Profession of Faith necessary before Immersion.
Matt. xxviii, 19.

- Where Jesus was baptis'd;
 Where the eternal God
 Proclaim'd himself well pleas'd;
 Whose brightest rays of glory shone
 Around his own beloved Son.
- Inspir'd with love and zeal,
 The grateful maints pursue
 Th' appointed paths of God,
 With Jesus in their view!
 They own their Saviour strong to save;
 They own him in the watery grave.
- 1 Now while thy saints attend
 This ordinance of thine;
 O bless their waiting souls;
 With comforts all divine;
 Give them a soul-refreshing sight
 Of the blest realms of heavenly light.

HYMN 230. 8s. 7s. Northampton Chapel Two.

Buried with Christ in Baptism-Rom. vi. 4.

- I JESUS, mighty King in Zion!
 Thou alone our guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on.
 We would follow none but thee.
- And thy vict'ry o'er the grave;
 We who know thy great salvation.
 Are baptis'd beneath the wave-

Buried with our Lord, and rising To a life divinely new.

HYMN 231. L. M.

- "They were Baptised, both men and women."
 Acts viii. 12.
- 1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
 With humble joy and holy fear,
 Thy wise injunctions to obey:
 Let saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 Great things, O ever blessed Son, Great things for us thy grace has done; Constrain'd by thy almighty love, Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly here we stand,
 Obedient to thy great command;
 The sacred flood is full in view,
 And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit, and the bride, Must not invite and be denied; Was not the Lord, who came to save, Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name:
 Receive us rising from the stream;
 Then to thy table let us come,
 And dwell in Zion as our home.

HYMN 232. L. M.

The spiritual meaning of Baptism--- 1 Peter iii. 21.

Your bleeding Saviour's love to you:

Behold him sink with heavy woes, And give his life to save his foes!

- 2 Here in the pure baptismal wave, You see the emblem of his grave; Come all who would his laws obey, And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 When you ascend above the flood, Then call to mind your rising God; Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes, Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 4 Ye to are bury'd with your Lord, Who in the water own his word; And joyfully perceive therein, An emblem of your death to sin.
- Ascending from the stream, behold An emblem of your life restor'd: Live unto him who died for you, And all his just commandments do.

HYMN 233. L. M.

The spiritual meaning of Baptism-1 Peter iii. 21.

- 1 "BELIEVE and be baptis'd," Christ says,
 Mark well the import of the sign;
 See what rich blessings he conveys,
 Stamp'd with his royal seal divine.
- Descending down into the flood,
 We his great suff'rings there behold,
 Who in deep waters for us stood,
 While floods of wrath upon him roll'd.

- 3 And when below the waters laid, Our breath suspended in their womb, We call to mind how Jesus died, And bury'd lay within the tomb.
- 4 As from the wat'ry grave we rise, We see him from death's prison freed, Discharg'd from sin, crown'd with the prize Of endless life for all his seed.
- 5 This sign doth to our faith declare Our part in him who once was dead; For in his death immers'd we are, And with him bury'd as our Head.
- 6 And as the Father's glorious power
 Did life eternal to him give,
 So by this pledge he makes us sure
 That as he lives we'll also live.

HYMN 234. S. M.

Confessing Christ in his Institution.

- As neuters to thy cause;
 But by the help of grace we'll yield
 Obedience to thy laws.
- 2 Into the wat'ry tomb
 We cheerfully descend,
 In token of our faith and love
 To our celestial Friend.
- Who come to do thy will;
 Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
 Thy promis'd grace fulfit.

- And wing our souls away,
 Up to the bright and heavenly joys
 Of everlasting day.
- This day we make our choice
 To serve the Lord most high;
 Deny ourselves, take up the cross,
 And do it cheerfully.

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HYMN 235. L. M. Grateful Obedience.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord, Come and obey his sacred word; He died and rose again for you, What more could the Redeemer do?
- We to this place are come to show What we to boundless mercy owe; The Saviour's footsteps to explore, And tread the path he trod before.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove, On these baptismal waters move; That we, through energy divine, May have the substance with the sign.

HYMN 236. C. M. Beddome.

Morning before Baptism; or at the Water's Side—Ps. cxix. 32.

HOW great, how solemn is the work Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
 When pain'd and griev'd at heart.
 Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
 Reliev'd our every smart.
- Be exercis'd again;
 And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
 In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
 Wake fortitude and joy:
 Vain world, be gone; let things above
 Our happy thoughts employ.
- Whilst thee, our Saviour and our God,
 To all around we own;
 Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
 Each traitor, from the throne.
- To heaven our passions raise,
 That hence our lives, our All, may be
 Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN 237. L. M. J. Stennett.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod!
 And follow through his liquid grave
 The meek, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds, And to a heavenly life aspire, Their rags for glorious robes exchang'd, They shine in clean and bright attire!

3 O sacred rite, by thee the name, Of Jesus we to own begin: This is our resurrection pledge, Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

HYMN 238. C. M.

The Believer constrained by the love of Christ to follow him.

DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love Embrace a wretch so vile! Wilt thou my load of guilt remove, And bless me with thy smile!

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd, And all its shame despis'd? And shall I be asham'd, O Lord, With thee to be baptis'd?

3 Didst thou the great example lead, In Jordan's swelling flood? And shall my pride disdain the deed That's worthy of my God?

And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

HYMN 239. 148th.

An Address to the Holy Spirit.

DESCEND, celestial Dove, And make thy presence known; Reveal our Saviour's love,
And seal us for thine own;
Unbless'd by thee, our works are vain;
Nor can we e'er acceptance gain.

When our incarnate God,
The sovereign Prince of Light,
In Jordan's swelling flood
Receiv'd the holy rite,
In open view thy form came down,
And dove-like flew, the King to crown.

3 The day was never known,
Since time began its race,
On which such glory shone,
On which was shown such grace,
As that which shed, in Jordan's stream,
On Jesus' head the heavenly beam.

And fill us with thy fire:

This ordinance is thine,

Do thou our souls inspire!

Thou wilt attend on all the son

Thou wilt attend on all thy sons:
"Till time shall end," thy promise runs.

HYMN 240. C. M. Newton. After Baptism-Mark xvi. 16.

1"PROCLAIM," saith Christ, " my wond-"To all the sons of men; [rous grace

"He that believes and is baptis'd,
"Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,*
Who, hoping in thy word,

N. B. The words distinguished by Italic characters in this hymn may be altered to suit a single person.

This day have publicly declar'd, That Jesus is teir Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance, And run the Christian race; And, through the troubles of the way, Find all-sufficient grace,

HYMN 241. C. M. Doddridge.

A practical Improvement of Baptism-Col. iii. 1...

- ATTEND, ye children of your God;
 Ye heirs of glory, hear;
 For accents so divine as those,
 Might charm the dullest ear.
- 2 Baptis'd into your Saviour's death,
 Your souls to sin must die;
 With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits, Enthron'd divinely fair; Yet owns himself your Brother still, And your Forerunner there.
- 4 Rise, from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above, your choicest treasure lies,
 And be your hearts above.
- When we attempt to Ay;
 Lord, send thy strong attractive power
 To raise and fix us high.

HYMN 242. S. M.

Universal Obedience.

- ALL you that in the flood

 Have own'd your holy Lord,

 And to his people join'd yourselves,

 According to his word;
- In Zion you must dwell,
 Her altar ne'er forsake;
 Must come to all her solemn feasts,
 And all her joys partake.
- 3 She must employ your thoughts,
 And your unceasing care;
 Her welfare be your constant wish,
 And her increase your pray'r.
- With humbleness of mind,
 Amongst her sons rejoice;
 A meek and quiet spirit is
 With God of highest price.
- Your brethren in the way;
 But shun the dark abodes of strife,
 Like children of the day.
- Your pastors in the Lord;
 The means of life on them bestow,
 Who labour in the word.

HYMN 243. C. M.

After Baptism.

GAZE on, spectators, and behold This blest command of God; And wonder how you can forbear To tread this path of love.

2 Come, see the place where Jesus lay, An angel said of old; We say the same, his grave you may In water here behold.

3 Buried in Jordan was our Lord, As well as in the tomb; And in obedience to his word, We imitate the Lamb.

This ordinance is plainly given,
"Tis left upon record;
Though not to save, or take to heaven,
But show we love the Lord.

HYMN 244. C. M. Beddome.

The Reflection of a Boptised Believer—He went on his Way Rejoicing—Acts viii. 9.

THE holy Eunuch, when baptis'd,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapt'rous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?

2 "Is that most glorious Saviour mine, "Of whom I lately read?

"Who, bearing all my sins and griefs, "Was number'd with the dead?

3 "Is he, who bursting from the grave, "Now reigns above the sky,

"My advocate before the throne, "My portion when I die?

4 "Have I profess'd his holy name?
"Do I his Gospel bear

" To Ethiopia's scorched lands, " And shall I spread it there?

5 "Bless'd pool! in which I lately lay,

" And left my fears behind;

What an unworthy wretch am I! " And God profusely kind.

Bless'd emblem of that precious blood " Which satisfy'd for sin;

"And of that renovating grace "Which makes the conscience clean."

7 This pattern, Lord, with sacred joy, Help us to keep in view; The same our work, the same, O make Our consolation too.

HYMN 245. 148th. Newton.

The Beggar-Matt. vii. 7, 8.

FNCOURAG'D by the word Of promise to the poor, Behold a beggar, Lord, Waits at thy mercy's door! No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine, Can help or pity wants like mine.

The beggar's usual plea, Relief from men to gain, If offer'd unto theel I know thou wouldst disdain: And those which move thy gracious ear, Are such as men would scorn to hear.

Twere folly to pretend I never begg'd before; Or, if thou now befriend, I'll trouble thee no more : Thou often hast reliev'd my pain, And often I must come again.

- A Nor can I willing be
 Thy bounty to conceal
 From others who, like me,
 Their wants and hunger feel:
 I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
 And try to send a thousand more.
 HYMN 246. C. M. Wardlaw's Col.
 Universal Benevolence—Rom. xii. 15.
 Luke x. 37.
- BLEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Is never rais'd in vain.
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth.

 A stranger's woes to feel,

 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound

 He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To ev'ry child of grief;
 His sacred bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
- To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

HYMN 247. L. M. Hoskins.

Whereas I was Blind, now I see-John ix. 25.

1 NOW let my soul with womder trace The Saviour's miracles of grace; Now let my lips and life record The loving kindness of the Lord.

- 2 'Till late I fancied all was well,
 Tho' walking in the road to hell;
 But now, thro' grace divinely free,
 I, who was blind, am brought to see.
- 3 Long had I slept in Nature's night,
 But Jesus came and gave me light!
 Ten thousand praises, Lord, to thee,
 That tho' born blind, yet now I see!
- 4 Long had I wallow'd in my sin;
 Blind to the dangers I was in;
 But now appeal, great God, to thee,
 That tho' once blind, yet now I see!
- 5 Long did I on the law rely,
 And pass the friend of sinners by;
 But, what a glorious mystery!
 Tho' I was blind, yet now I see!
- 6 Strengthen, O Lord, my mental sight— Increase my faith, increase my light; Then shall I praise the sacred Three, In time and in eternity.

HYMN 248. C. M. Hoskins. Ye must be Born again—John iii. 7.

1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard! Hear, all we sons of men;

For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd, "Ye must be born again."

Whate'er might be your birth or blood, The sinner's boast is vain;

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Thus saith the glorious Son of God, "Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be sav'd;
"Ye must be born again."

[4 That which is born of flesh is flesh, And flesh it will remain; Then marvel not that Jesus saith, "Ye must be born again."]

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin To trust and love thy word; And, by forsaking ev'ry sin, Prove we are born of God.

HYMN 249. C. M. Perry.

A Brand plucked out of the Fire-Zech. iii. 2.

LET earth and seas, with all the skies, In grateful songs conspire; Since Christ, the Lord, for sinners dies, To pluck them from the fire.

2 Satan accuses all the saints,
And roars as lions do;
But Jesus hears their long complaints,
And says, "I died for you."

3 'Tis Christ that plucks our souls as brands From everlasting fire;

- 3 Herein discriminating grace
 Shone with a bright refulgent blaze;
 While dead in sin ten thousand lie,
 Grace brought this rebel harlot nigh.
- 4 This object of eternal love,
 Ordain'd to fill a throne above,
 Shall in the gospel annals shine,
 And prove election all divine.
- [5 Jesus, our Shepherd, God, and King, Thy guardian care and love we sing; And hail that grace, both rich and free, That brings thy wand'ring sheep to thee.
- 6 Glory to God, till this takes place;
 Bulwarks of fire, and walls of grace,
 Keep all his blood-bought flock secure,
 'Till calling proves election sure.]

Why art thou Cast Down, &c.—Psalm xliii, 5.

1 WHY, O my soul, these anxious cares?
Why thus cast down with doubts
and fears?

How canst thou want if God provide, Or lose thy way with such a guide?

- 2 When first before his mercy seat
 Thou didst to him thy all commit,
 He gave thee warrant from that hour,
 To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.
- And he refuse to hear thy call?
 And has he not his promise past,
 That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has help'd me hitherto, Will help me all my journey thro', And give me daily cause to raise New Ebenezers to his praise.

HYMN 254. C. M. Medley.

Cast Down but not destroyed-2 Cor. iv. 9.

- NOW in thy praise, eternal King, Be all my thoughts employ'd; While of this precious truth I sing, Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 2 Oft the united pow'rs of hell
 My soul have sore annoy'd;
 And yet I live this truth to tell,
 Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 3 In all the paths thro' which I've past,
 What mercies I've enjoy'd,
 And this shall be my song at last,
 Cast down, but not destroy'd.
- 4 When I with God in heav'n appear,
 There I shall him adore;
 Destroy'd shall he my sin and fear,
 And I cast down no more.

HYMN 255. C. M. Cowper.

The happy Change-2 Cor. v. 17.

HOW blest thy creature is, O God, When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The Day-spring from on high!

2 Thro' all the storms that veil the skies, And frown on earthly things, The Sun of Righteousness he eyes, With healing in his wings.

3 Warm'd by his rays, the human heart, A thankless soil no more, Abounds with pleasant fruits of grace, Where poisons grew before.

4 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

The glorious sun, whose golden beams.
The fruitful year control,
E'er since, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal;

6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His genial rays impart;
But Jesus, 'tis thy light alone'
Can shine into the heart.

HYMN 256. C. M. Wardlaw's Col. Faith, Hope, and Charity-1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 FAITH, hope, and love now dwell on And earth by them is blest, [earth But faith and hope must yield to love, Of all the graces best.

2 'Tis love that plumes the wings of hope, And bids her strength exert; Love brings our faith from sound to things, From fancy to the heart.

A time shall come when constant faith And patient hope shall die;

One lost in certainty of sight, V And one dissolved in joy.

4 But love shall last when these no more Shall warm the pilgrim's breast, Or open on his dying eyes

His long-expected rest.

HYMN 257. 7s. Newton. The Child-Matt. xviii. 2-4.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my freward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide, Let me as a child receive; What to-morrow may betide, Calmly to thy wisdom leave: 'Tis enough that thou wilt care, Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone:
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, guard, and guide.
- 4 Thus, preserv'd from Satan's wiles, Safe from danger, free from fears, May I live upon thy smiles, Till the promis'd hour appears, When the sons of God shall prove All their Father's boundless love.

HYMN 258. L. M. Wardlaw's Col.

The Name of Christ as Ointment poured forth.

Cant. i. 3.

1 JESUS! thou dearest, sweetest name
The ear can hear or tongue proclaim!
Saviour of Men and Christ of God!
What rich perfume it spreads abroad!

2 'Tis balsam to the bleeding heart, When pain'd by sorrow's keenest dart, A cordial to the fainting soul; It makes the wounded spirit whole.

It calms our passions, dries our tears, The mind disconsolate it cheers; 'Tis strong support, and sure relief, In hours of greatest guilt and grief.

4 And whither should the guilty fly, Where should their confidence rely, But on his name, who to obtain The pardon of their sins, was slain?

Their faithful and their kind High Priest?

His name our pow'rful foes shall quell,
'Twill raise our hopes, our fears dispel;
From worst of ills 'tis our defence,
And all our blessings flow from thence.

7 Sure its the sweetest, dearest name
The heart can know, the tongue proclaim!
Saviour of Men and Christ of God!
What rich perfume it spreads abroad!

HYMN 259. 8s. Newton.

What think you of Christ ?- Matt. xxii. 42.

1 WHAT think you of Christ? is the test.

To try both your state and your scheme;

You cannot be right in the rest, Unless you think rightly of him.

- As Jesus appears in your view—
 As he is beloved or not—
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.
- 3 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
 Tho' still my best thoughts are but poor,
 I say, he's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store:
- 4 My shepherd, my husband, my friend, My Saviour from sin and from thrall; My hope from beginning to end, My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 260. 11s. Jay's Col. Church in Affliction—Isaiah xlix. 14—17.

O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave, Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;

With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd, [cay'd.

In toiling and rowing thy strength is de

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,

But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm;

His wisdom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends;

In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy he cries; My promise, my truth, are the light in thine eyes?

Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand:

Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name Engrav'd on my heart doth forever remain;
The palms of my hands while I look on I see

The wounds I received, when suffring for

5 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure; [pow'r; My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my In love I correct thee thy soul to refine, To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

HYMN 261. C. M. Gibbons. Church described-Cant. vi. 10.

I SAY who is she that looks abroad Like the sweet-blushing dawn; When with her living light she paints The dew-drops of the lawn:

Fair as the moon, when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And e'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orb'd glory rides:

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat,
From his resplendent wings:

4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide-display'd, all arm'd,

All ardent for the foe!

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This is the church by heav'n array'd,
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

HYMN 262. C. M.

Church on earth and in heaven but one. Heb. xii. 28.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd, And sav'd by grace alone: Walking in all his ways, they find Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their sacred joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise;
And bow before thy throne!

We in the kingdom of thy grace: The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From hence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 263. C. M. Gibbons. Zion's Feast.—Isaiah xxv. 6.

- 1 ON Zion, his most holy mount, God will a feast prepare; And Israel's sons and Gentile lands Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
 His bounteous hand bestows;
 Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
 In rich abundance flows.
- A free acceptance giv'n!

 See rebels, by adopting grace,
 Sit with the heirs of heav'n!
- The pain'd, the sick, the dying, now To ease and health restor'd, With eager appetites partake The plenties of the board.
- But, O! what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be giv'n,
 When with the myriads round the throne
 We join the feast of heav'n!
- C There joys immeasurably high Shall overflow the soul;
 And springs of life that never dry In thousand channels roll.

HYMN 264. L. M. Kingsbury.

Zion's Increase prayed for—Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's pray'r;

Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise Like fragrant incense to the skies.

- 2 Revive thy churches with thy grace, Heal all our breaches, grant us peace; Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 3 May young and old thy word receive, Dead sinners hear thy voice and live; The wounded conscience healing find, And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 4 May aged saints, matur'd with grace, Abound in fruits of holiness; And when transplanted to the skies, May younger in their stead arise.
- Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
 And weeping, sow the seed of praise,
 In humble hope that thou wilt hear
 Thy ministers' and people's pray'r.

HYMN 265. 8s. 7s. Kelly.
For the Lord hath chosen Zion. Ps. cxxxii. 13.

YE who love the cause of Zion,
Tho' despis'd of men and few;
Arm'd with courage like the lion,
Fear not all that men can do.
What, though all the world oppose!
God is stronger than her foes.

2 Friends of Zion mark the promise,
"Zion shall become a praise;"
Earth and hell would wrest it from us.
But in vain, our Saviour says.

Zion's King is LORD of Lords."
His are true and faithful words.

3 Zion's foes may all assemble,
But their counsel will not stand:
Soon the stoutest heart will tremble,
When the Lord shall raise his hand.
Who to her would ruin bring,
First must conquer Zion's King.

View her walls and count her tow'rs;
See how God, her gracious founder,
Keeps her safe from hostile pow'rs;
Zion's children live secure;
God has made their "dwelling sure."

Zion stands upon a rock;

God hath call'd her "walls salvation,"

Form'd to stand each adverse shock.

Strength and glory here unite:

Zion is the Lord's delight.

Here submission will be gain:
Zion's King will prove the stronger,
And with pow'r her cause maintain:
Yet as friends she bids you come,
And for such declares there's room.

HYMN 266. S. M. Kent.

Church coming up from the Wilderness—Cant.

viii. 5.

1 FROM sin's dark, thorny maze, To Canaan's fertile plains,

- A trav'lling fair one, in distress, On her beloved leans.
- 2 When dangers sound her press, And darkness veils the skies, She leans upon his righteousness, From whence her hopes arise.
- When guilt, a mighty flood,
 Her trembling conscience pains,
 Then on his peace-procuring blood
 This trav'lling fair one leans.
- She views the cov'nant sure;
 Her hopes all centre there;
 And on his bosom leans secure,
 Whose temples bled for her.
- O'er Jordan's chilling flood,
 When call'd by death to go,
 She, leaning on her cov'nant God,
 Shall pass triumphant thro.'

HYMN 267. 8s. 7s.

Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of God.—Ps. lxxxvi. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 [See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God:
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.
- I through grace a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name;
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show!
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 268. 8s. 7s. 4s. Newton. Zion's Increase prayed for—Ps. lxxxv. 6.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance; Shine upon us from on high, Lest, for want of thine assistance, Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd; Ev'ry part look'd gay and green; Then thy word our spirits nourish'd; Happy seasons we have seen!

[4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants, (the sight how pleasant!)
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present—
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud!]

- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither;
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 O! permit them not to wither;
 Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 'i'urn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 269. C. M. Wardlaw's Col: God's unchanging Compassion.

Isaiah xlix. 13—17.

- 1 YE heav'ns, send forth your song of praise; Earth, raise your voice below! Let hills and mountains join the hymn, And joy through nature flow!
- 2 Behold, how gracious is our God !

 Hear the consoling strains
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 And mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
 In sad dismay to mourn,
 As if the Lord could leave his saints
 Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
 The infant whom she bore?
 Or can its plaintive cries be heard,
 Nor move compassion more?

5 She may forget; nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Zion on my heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.

6 Full in my sight, upon my hands, I have engrav'd her name; My hands shall build her ruin'd walls, And raise her broken frame.

HYMN 270. C. M.

Confidence in God through Jesus Christ. Rom. viii. 31, to the end.

LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?

2 He who his Son most dearly lov'd Gave up for us to die; Shall he not all things freely give Which goodness can supply?

3 Behold the best, the greatest gift
Of everlasting love;
Behold the pledge of peace below
And endless bliss above!

4 Where is the judge who can condemn
Since God hath justified?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour died?

The Saviour died, and rose again
Triumphant from the grave,
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

- From Jesus and his love?

 Or break the sacred chain that binds
 The earth to heav'n above?
- 7 Let troubles rise and terrors frown, And days of darkness fall, Thre' him all dangers we'll defy, And more than conquer all.
- Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell, Nor time's destroying sway, Can e'er efface us from his heart, Or make his love decay.
- S Each future period that will bless
 As it has bless'd the past;
 He lov'd us from the first of time,
 He loves us to the last.

HYMN 271. C. M.

Holy Christian Confidence-Isaiah liv. 10.

- 1 WHEN firm we stand on Zion's hill,
 And view our promis'd crown,
 No pow'r on earth our hope can shake,
 Nor hell can cast us down.
- 2 The lofty hills, and stately tow'rs, That lift their heads so high, Shall all be levell'd in the dust; Their very names shall die.
- 3 The vaulted heav'n shall melt away,
 Built by Jehovah's hands;
 But, firmer than the heav'ns, the Rock
 Of our salvation stands.

HYMN 272. C. M.

Confidence in God our Father-John xx. 17.

1 MY God, my Father, cheering name!
What joy to call thee mine!
With humble faith and love to claim
A portion so divine!

2 This comfort can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains, Lord, give me strength to bear, Still let me say, "My Father reigns," And trust his tender care.

5 Thy ways, great God, are little known,
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

HYMN 273. 8s. Newton.

The Inward Warfare-Gal v. 17.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife;
The rule of grace, the pow'r of sin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

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- 2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
 But oh! what backwardness to pray,
 Though on the Lord I cast my care,
 I feel its burden ev'ry day:
 I seek his will in all I do,
 Yet find my own is working toe.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
 And prize them more than mines of gold;
 Yet though their sweetness I have known,
 They leave me unimpress'd and cold:
 One hour upon the truth I feed,
 The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
 When Jesus meets his gather'd saints:
 Sweet day! of all the week the best;
 For its return my spirit pants:
 Yet often, through my unbelief,
 It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- I know my foes shall lose their aim;
 And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
 Assur'd of conquest through his name:
 But soon my confidence is slain,
 And all my fears return again.
- 6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,
 And grace and sin, by turns prevail;
 I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
 And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale:
 But Jesus has his promise past,
 That grace shall overcome at last.

HYMN 274. 8s. Newton.

Help in the time of Need.

UNLESS the Lord had been my stay,
(With trembling joy my soul may say)
My cruel foe had gain'd his end:
But he appear'd for my relief,
And Satan sees, with shame and grief,
That I have an almighty Friend.

Oh, 'twas a dark and trying hour,
When harass'd by the tempter's pow'r,
I felt my strongest hopes decline!
You only who have known his arts,
You only who have felt his darts,
Can pity such a case as mine.

3 Loud in my ears a charge he read,
(My conscience witness'd all he said,)
My long black list of outward sin;
Then bringing forth my heart to view,
Too well what's hidden there he knew,
He shew'd me ten times worse within.

4 'Tis all too true, my soul reply'd,
But I remember Jesus died,
And now he fills a throne of grace
I'll go, as I have done before,
His mercy I may still implore,
I have his promise, "Seek my face."

But, as when sudden fogs arise,
The trees and hills, the sun and skies,
Are all at once conceal'd from view;
So clouds of horror, black as night,
By Satan rais'd, hid from my sight
The throne of grace and promise too.

6 Then, while beset with guilt and fear,
He try'd to urge me to despair;
He try'd, and he almost prevail'd;
But Jesus, by a heav'nly ray,
Drove clouds, and guilt, and fear away,
And all the tempter's malice fail'd.

HYMN 275. L. M. Cennick—altered.

Conflict between Flesh and Spirit.

Rom. vii. 15.

HOW sad and awful is my state!
The very thing I do I hate:
When I to God draw near in pray'r,
I feel the conflict even there!

2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn, I hate my sin, yet cannot turn; I grieve, because I cannot grieve, I hear the truth, but can't believe.

Where shall so great a sinner run?
I see I'm ruined and undone;
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,
And banish ev'ry rising fear.

4 Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt, Can make this rocky heart to melt;
Thy blood can make me clean within—
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.

5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood, I now approach to thee, my God:
This is my hope, this is my claim,
Jeans has died and wash'd me clean.

On this rich blood my faith is found;

Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore, Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

HYMN 276. C. M. Steele.

Prayer for Contentment-1 Tim. vi. 6.

- FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sov'reign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:
- " Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev'ry murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope, that thou art mine, My life and death attend: Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 277. L. M. Dobell.

Behold he prayeth-Acts ix. 11.

- 1 CINCE, Lord, thy mighty grace did call A bloody, persecuting Saul, Let none despair—here God displays His sov'reign pow'r-behold he praye
- 2 The soul that's truly born of God, Delights to run the heavinly road; He mourns for sin, and hatea the ways. Which lead to death—behold he pray.
- [3 Now wisdom's ways are his delight, And Christ is precious in his night; With shame he views his ill-spent days, And now-behold the sinner prays.

- A God in Christ his soul adores;
 Before the cross his fears he lays,
 And now to God—behold he prays.
- 5 He flies from works to Jesus' blood, Yet proves by works he's born of God; He runs with joy in Zion's ways, And to his God—behold he prays.
- 6 In heav'n each praying soul shall see Salvation was both rich and free; And thro' eternal ages raise Their song to great Jehovah's praise.

HYMN 278. C. M. Wallin. Converting Grace-Ps. xlv. 3-5.

- 1 HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine Is thy victorious sword!
 - The stoutest rebel must resign At thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give;
 They pierce the hardest heart;
 Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
 And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh, Ride with majestic sway; Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly, And make thy foes obey.
- And when thy vict'ries are complete,
 And all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory meet
 To sing thy conqu'ring grace—

Among that favour'd band!

And I, with them, thy praise will sound;

Throughout Immanuel's land.

HYMN 279. C. M. Hoskins. Jailor's Conversion—Acts xvi. 30, 31.

LORD, we adore thy matchless ways
In bringing souls to thee;
We sing and shout eternal praise,
For grace so full and free.

2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom, And shines with lustre there; Thy pow'r can bring a jailor home, With trembling, hope, and fear.

3 "What must I do," the Jailor cries;
"To save my sinking soul?"

"Believe in Christ," the word replies, "Thy faith shall make thee whole."

4 Come, sinners, then, in Christ believe,
He'll wash you in his blood;
He'll change your hearts, your souls receive,
And bring you home to God.

HYMN 280. C. M. Stennett. Converted Thief-Luke xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a wretch That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame, The penitent confess'd: Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n-"Thou spotless Lamb of God,

" I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears, "And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe, "In triumph thou shalt rise;

"Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, "And shine above the skies.

5 " Amid the glories of that world, "Dear Saviour, think on me;

"And in the vict'ries of thy death, "Let me a sharer be."

6 His pray'r the dying Jesus hears, And instantly replies,

"To-day thy parting soul shall be "With me in paradise."

HYMN 281. C. M. Reece's Sel.

Conversion of Zaccheus-Luke xix. 1-6.

1 A SIGHT of Jesus, with his eyes, Zaccheus long'd to have; But mark how sure salvation flies To them that God will save.

2 However casual it may seem,
That Jesus pass'd that way;
"Twas all according to the scheme
That in his counsel lay.

3 Long in the cov'nant of his grace His worthless name had been; His stature and his dwelling-place Were both contain'd therein.

4 "Zaccheus, haste," the Saviour said, "I come this way for thee;

"Tho' thou in trespasses art dead, "Salvation thou shalt see."

5 'Twas not that he was Abrah'm's son, In ties of flesh and blood; For he was sav'd by grace alone, As one elect of God.

6 His call by grace, ere time begun,
Was fixt in day and hour:
And he could neither will nor run
'Till Jesus gave him pow'r.

HYMN 282. C. M.

Joy in Heaven and Earth at the Conversion of a Sinner-Luke xv. 10. 32.

O 'TIS a soul-transporting sight!
It gladdens earth and heav'n!
To see a sinful heart contrite,
A sinner's sins forgiv'n!

2 God smiles to see a wretch, undone,
To happy state restor'd;
Meets gladly his returning son,
And takes him to his board.

3 Pleas'd, he resumes paternal right.
To gentle rule, inclin'd;
Blots out all past offences quite,
Nor bears one fault in mind.

4 Whilst Jesus, with delighted eyes, Beholds his promis'd seed; Sees from his death new triumphs rise In Satan's captives freed.

- 5 The Spirit too with joy surveys
 The conquest he has won;
 Beholds, by his victorious grace,
 The rebel made a son.
- 6 The countless heav'nly hosts on high The sacred pleasure join, And loud, with cordial harmony, Applaud the joy divine.
- 7 Saints too below, with sweet accord,
 Unite with those above;
 Their hearts extol their saving Lord,
 And feel expanding love.

HYMN 283. C. M. Newton.
Old things passed away—2 Cor. v. 17.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
 It has no charms for me;
 Once I admir'd its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please, No more content afford; Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,
 The stars are all conceal'd,
 So earthly pleasures fade away
 When Jesus is reveal'd.
- A Creatures no more divide my choice, I bid them all depart;

His name, and love, and gracious voice, Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes—tho' of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will,
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refus'd thee still.

HYMN 284. L. M. Kelly.

Conversion-Deut. xxvi. 5.

- READY to perish," Lord we lay,
 And only for destruction meet:
 Yet unconcern'd we seem'd to say,
 "Disgrace is pleasant, ruin sweet."
- 2 Foolish in mind, deprav'd in will, The vilest basest slaves were we; And such we had continu'd still, Had not thy mercy set us free.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we'll tell what thou hast done;
 And if we boast, we'll boast in thes;
 Thins arm the victory has won,
 For none were greater foes than we.
- 4 Thy grace surpris'd us on the way, When flying we were found of thee: Thus Lord may all thy people say, But none with greater truth than we.
- 5 And tho' we have no perfect rest, Till we attain our place above;

Yet here we count thy people bless'd, As favour'd objects of thy love.

- 6 Ev'n here from Canaan's fertile fields, Some earnest of the fruits we share; And if the taste such pleasure yields, How sweet to be for ever there!
- 7 Lord, let the years roll swiftly on, That we may take our place above; May there proclaim what thou hast done, And sing thine everlasting love.

HYMN 285. 8s. 7s. Swain.

Conversion-Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 ON the brink of fi'ry ruin,
Justice with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing
When I first beheld my Lord.

[2 Terrify'd with Sinai's thunder, Straight I flew to Calvary, Where I saw, with love and wonder, Him by faith who died for me.]

3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee "With an everlasting love;

"Justice has in me approv'd thee;
"Thou shalt dwell with me above."

4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by Satan bound.

Was that heav'nly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me.
Bleed and die to set me free!

6 Saints, attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise!
'Tis the God that holds the thunder
Shows himself the God of grace!

HYMN 286. 8s. Toplady.

Stability of the Covenant-Isaiah liv. 10.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone, Of covenant mercy I sing: Nor fear with thy righteousness on, My person and off rings to bring.

2 The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

3 The work which his goodness began
The arm of his strength will complete:
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet.

4 Things future, nor things that are now, Not all things below nor above, Can make him his purpose forego, Or sever my soul from his love.

5 My name from the palms of his hands Eternity will not erase; Imprest on his heart it remains, In marks of indelible grace.

6 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

HYMN 287. L. M. Cowper.

The New Covenant-Ezek. xxxvi. 25-28.

- 1 THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
 "Behold, I change your hearts of stone;
 Each shall renounce his idol god,
 And serve, henceforth, the Lord alone.
- 2 My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds
 To wash your filthiness away;
 Ye shall abhor your former deeds,
 And learn my statutes to obey.
- 3 My truth the great design ensures,
 I give myself away to you;
 You shall be mine, I will be yours,
 Your God unalterably true."
- 4 Our God, in us fulfil thy word;
 Thy plenteous grace on us confer;
 That our whole heart may seek the Lord,
 O! put a praying spirit there.
- From the first breath of life divine, Down to the last expiring hour, The gracious work must all be thine, Begun and ended in thy pow'r.

HYMN 288. 8s. 8s. 6s. Anon. Everlasting Covenant—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 NOW for a hymn of praise to God,
(Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood);
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
'Wake ev'ry high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.

- 2 Ere God pronounc'd creation good,
 Or bade the vast, unbounded flood,
 Thro' fixed channels run;
 Ere light from ancient chaos sprang,
 Or angels earth's formation sang,
 He chose us in his Son.
- 3 Then was the cov'nant order'd sure,
 Thro' endless ages to endure,
 By Israel's triune God:
 That none this cov'nant might evade;
 With oaths and promises 'twas made,
 And ratify'd in blood.
- 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
 Tho' tempests rage, tho' billows roll,
 And hellish pow'rs assail:
 Eternal walls are my defence,
 Environ'd with Omnipotence,
 What foe can ere prevail?
- Then let infernal legions roar,
 And waste their cursed, vengeful pow'r;
 My soul their wrath disdains:
 In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
 While cov'nant promises endure,
 Or my Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 289. Oliver-Leoni Tune.

The Covenant God-Gen. xvii. 7.

THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!

JEHOVAN I BICAL I AM!

We bow and bless the sacred name,

for ever blem'd.

The God of Abram praise,

From each we sice, and seek the joya

At his right hand;

To Abram and his seed

By solemn onth confirm d the deed,

We all on earth forsake,

Its wiedom, fame and pow'r;

And him our only portion make,

The' nature's strength decay

And searth and bell withstand,

To the sense bounds we urge cur way

A The God of Abram praise,

In all his ways

With make and plenty blest

The land of sacred liberty,

And endless rest.

Their dwells des Leed our King,

the spent of or the world and six

The tanson'd nations bow

Before the Saviour's face;

Joyful their crowns of glory throw,

O'erwhelm'd with grace.

We too shall see his face,

We shall his pow'r adore,

And sing the wonders of his grace

For evermore.

To Jesus' God and ours

Be endless glory giv'n,

Who is his fon our bliss secures.

HYMN 290. 1. M. Needlom.

Creation Gen. i. 31.

- 1 I OOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
 To him who dwells above the skies;
 With your glad notes his praise rehears
 Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He spake; and from the womb of night.
 At once sprung forth the cheering light;
 Him discord heard, and at his nod.
 Expanded beauty spoke the God.
- S The word he gave; th' obedient sim-Began his glorious race to run; Nor silver moon, nor stars delay. To glide along the othereal way.
- Teeming with life; afr. earth, and real Obey to Almis by high decree; To every tribe he gives their food; Then speaks the whole divinely good,



That veil'd their fair face while he slept, And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ; Have witness'd his rising—and swept The chords, with the triumph of joy

- 2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
 But long since have enter'd your rest,
 I pant to be glorified too,
 To lean on Immanuel's breast!
 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Has buried my guilt and my fears,
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.
- O sweet is the season of rest,
 When life's weary journey is done;
 The blush that spreads over it's west—
 The last, lingering ray of it's sun!
 Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from it's gloom,
 And see immortality's light,
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.
- 4 Then welcome the last, rending sighs,
 When these aching heart-strings shall break;
 When death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
 No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave,
 The sunbeam of life as it sets,
 Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

HYMN 294. C. M. Dobell.

Death of a Child-1 Sam. iii. 18.

GOD hath bereav'd me of my child; His hand in this I've view'd; It is the Lord, shall I complain?
"He doth what seems him good!"

2 I know the Lord does all things well;
His will has always stood;
It is the Lord, I this can tell,
He doth what seems him good!

3 'Twas God who gave my child to me,
Th' appointed time he stood;

It is the Lord, I plainly see, He doth what seems him good!

4 Yet nature feels—but ah, he's gone—
For him my tears have flow'd;
It is the Lord, his hand I own,
He doth what seems him good.

5 Support my sinking spirit up
Under this heavy load,
It is the Lord, and he is just,
He doth what seems him good.

6 It is on thee my hope is stay'd, I know thou art my God; It is the Lord, his hand I'll bless, He doth what seems him good.

7 Uphold me, Lord, by grace divine, And cleanse me with thy blood; I now resign my all to thee, Since all things work for good.

HYMN 295. C. M. Knight.

Death of a Child—2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

ALAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r. Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart!

Fair fleeting comfort of an hour, How soon we're call'd to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign That God, whose ways are love? Or vainly cherish anxious pain For her who rests above?

3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
The Lord is right'ous still.

4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,

Her favour'd soul be bore,

And with you bright, angelic forms,

She lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast;
No more she'll visit me;
My soul will mount to her at last,
And I her face shall see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share.
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

HYMN 296, C. M. Stennett.

Death of an Infant—Matt. xix. 14.

THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face, '
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 " I take these little lambs," said he,
" And lay them in my breast;

"Protection they shall find in me-

4 " Death may the bands of life unloose, "But can't dissolve my love;

" Millions of infant-souls compose "The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise, "And mould with heav'nly skill;

"I'll give them tongues to sing my praise, "And hands to do my will."

6 His words, ye happy parents, hear, And shout with joys divine; Dear Saviour, all we have and are Shall be forever thine!

HYMN 297. C. M. Steele.

On the Death of a Young Person. Job xxi. 23, 24.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—" I too must die"—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey!
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

Whose pow'rful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, bealing pow'r;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 298. C. M. Anon.

Farewell.

YE fleeting charms of earth, farewell!
Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks mother home—
A brighter world on high.

2 Farewell, ye friends, whose tender care
Has long engag'd my love;
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

Where pains and sorrows grow;
Welcome the day that ends my toil,
And ev'ry scene of woe.

4 No more shall sin disturb my breast—
My God shall frown no more;
The streams of love divine shall yield
Transports unknown before.

5 Fly, then, ye interposing days— Lord, send thy summons down; The hand that strikes me to the dust, Shall raise me to a crown.

HYMN 299. L. M. Mrs. Voke.

Death anticipated.

- LEANING on thy paternal breast,
 When nature seeks her last repose,
 Let me that sweet affiance feel,
 Which from the high relation flows.
- 2 Should conscious guilt my hope assail, Should Satan tempt me to despair; In the full confidence of faith, Let me to Calvary repair.
- 3 There let me see my sins forgiven
 For his dear sake who there expired;
 Who perfectly obey'd thy will,
 And suffer'd all thy law requir'd.
- And cheerfully my breath resign;
 Assur'd that both in life and death,
 I am for ever---ever thine.

HYMN 300. C. M.

Victory over Death through Christ-1 Cor.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious leader nigh!
My Lord—my Saviour lives;

Before him death's pale terrors fly, And my faint heart revives.

He left his dazzling throne above;

He met the tyrant's dart;

And (Oh, amazing power of love!)

Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer! boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost
Thy night the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee!

Accept the sacred trust;

Receive this nobler part of me,

And watch my sleeping dust;

When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies;

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.

And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song.

HYMN 301 C. M. Doddridge.

On the Death of a Pastor-Heb. xiii. 7, 8.

And all our tears be dry;

Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What the 'the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What the 'the paster be remov'd,
And number'd with the dead?

Though mortal shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our brethren's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN 302. 8s. Kelly.

Death of a Believer—1 Cor. xv. 55.

1 ET reason vainly boast her pow'r
To teach her children how to die:
The sinner in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply;
A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him as his and.





HYMN 305. 104th. Hanover Tune.

On the Death of a Believer.

[1'TIS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled; Our brother is gone, the Christian is dead;

The Christian is living in Jesus's love, And gladly receiving a kingdom above.

- 2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due!—
 Supported by grace he fought his way thro':
 Triumphantly glorious thro' Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious o'er sin, death,
 and hell.]
- 3 *Then let us record the conquering name,
 Our Captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim:
 [Head,
 Who trust in his passion and follow their
 To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care, And give us the crown of righteousness there, Where, dazzled with glory, the scraphim gaze,

Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.

Within us display thy love when we die, And bear us away to mansions on high: The kingdom be given of glory divine, And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

If the three last verses of this hymn be sung alone, then begin verse third, thus :—
"Now let us record the conquering name."

HYMN 306. 8s. Anon.

Death of a Sister-Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 'TIS finish'd! the conflict is past,
 The heav'n-born spirit is fled;
 Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
 And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
- The months of affliction are o'er,
 The days and the nights of distress;
 We see her in anguish no more—
 She's gained her happy release.
- 3 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life when below.
- 4 Her soul has now taken its flight
 To massions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- The victory now is obtain'd;
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
 Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
 She's now where she longed to be.
- The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
 To her were no objects of dread;
 On him who is mighty to save,
 Her soul was with confidence stay'd.
- 7 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she is now gone from our sight 4
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

HYMN 307. 8s. 7s. 4s. Wingrove. Soul happy on a Death-Bed.

1 EVERY moment brings me near
To my long-sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul and higher—
O how happy to remove;
Then, for ever,
I shall sing redeeming love.

Join the bright, angelic race,
There repeat the pleasing story—
I was sav'd by sov'reign grace:
And, for ever,
View my loving Saviour's f ace.

And I shrink beneath my pain,
Jesus, he will soon release me,
And your loss will be my gain:
Precious Saviour,
With my Lord I shall remain.

HYMN 308. 8s. 7s. 4s. Wingrove.

Falling asleep in Jesus—Acts vii. 60.

1 HAPPY soul! we now resign thee,
Called by the great I AM;
Left thy troubles all behind thee—
Gone to glorify the Lamb;
And, for ever,
Sing the wonders of his name.

2 Gone to join the heav'nly choir, 'Ray'd in spotless garments bright;

Gone thy Saviour to admire,
Who is now thy soul's delight:
And, for ever,
Sing his praises day and night.

3 There the once despised Christian,
Free from all his grief and pain,
Feels the sweetness of religion—
Proves his life was not in vain;
And, for ever,
With his Jesus shall remain.

HYMN 309. C. M. Doddridge.

Departed Saints asleep.-Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

1 "WHY flow these torrents of distress?" (The gentle Saviour cries;)

"Why are my sleeping saints survey'd "With unbelieving eyes;

2 " Death's feeble arm shall never boast "A friend of Christ is slain,

" Nor o'er their meaner part in dust " A lasting power retain.

3 "I come, on wings of love—I come "The slumb'rers to awake;

"My voice shall reach the deepest tomb, "And all its bounds shall break.

4 " Touch'd by my hand, in smiles they rise;—

"They rise, to sleep no more; [joy,

"But, rob'd with light and crown'd with "To endless day they soar."

5 Jesus! our faith receives thy word;
And, though fond nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
And emulate their sleep.

6 Our willing souls thy summons wait,
With them to rest and praise;
So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
These separating days.

HYMN 310. C. M. Doddridge.

Submission under bereaving Providences.

Psalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE:—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand That blasts our joys in death, Changes the visage once so dear, And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he—the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above—
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand Our souls a sacrifice; Yet scatters, with unwearied hand, A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ, our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for ev'ry brow:
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

HYMN 311. C. M. Collyer. Dying Jacob-Gen. xlviii. 21.

- 1 THAT solemn hour will surely come,
 Nor distant is the day;
 When in the shadows of the tomb,
 This life shall fade away.
- 2 Amid the anguish, and the strife,
 That shrinking nature fears,
 Look gently down, great Source of life,
 And dry death's starting tears!
- 3 Serene, like Jacob, I would die,
 And "gather up my feet:"
 Would chide the ling'ring hour—and fly
 My Saviour-God to meet.
- 4 My dearest comforts I could leave,
 With glory in mine eyes;
 Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
 And point them to the skies.
- 5 My trembling lips—if thou art nigh,
 When life's sad hours are few;
 With joy shall say—" Behold I die,
 But God shall be with you!"

HYMN 312. ODE. Pope.

Dying Saint to his Soul—1 Cor. xv. 51—57.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!

Quit, O quit this mortal frame:

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the blies of dying!
Cease, food nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life.

- Hark! they whisper, angels say,
 "Sister spirit, come away;"
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shut my sight?
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!
 Land, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 O death, where is thy sting?

HYMN 313. 78. Collyer.
The sympathy of Jenu-John xi. 35.

A FUNERAL MYMN.

- ROUND the awful tomb we stand,
 Pensive, a deserted hand,
 Bowing o'at the eleeping dust
 Now committed to its trust;
 Dropping nature's parting tears,
 As our brother disappears,
 We may mourn our comforts laid
 Low in death's oppressive shade.
- Bhed the sympathetic tear;
 This shall joy to grief impart—
 This shall heal the bleeding heart;

When the friend, or parent, diet, Let us hear thy pitying sighs; Call us to thy gracious throne, Tell us we are not alone.

- 3 Pilgrims through life's stormy day,
 Thou, to human grief a prey,
 Once didst feel the mortal stroke,
 Which the bond of friendship broke:
 Now, enthron'd above the skies,
 When the trembling mortal dies,
 Still thy fender hand is near,
 Wiping nature's starting tear.
- 4 Met around this silent grave.
 Now display thy pow'r to save;
 Let thy grace the sorrows heal,
 Which from melting spirits steal:
 Soon our risen Lord shall come,
 Soon the dust shall leave the tomb,
 From the sepulchre shall rise,
 Claim its kindred in the skies.
- S Now no more of death afraid,
 Where our dying Lord was laid,
 Soon our weary hours shall lie,
 Washall bew our heads and die!
 Die belive—to live with thee—
 Live from sin and sorrow free—
 Live with spirits gone before—
 Live—to part—to die no more!

HYMN 314. L. M. Westlake's Sel.

Decrees of God-Eph. i. 11.

1 'T WAS fixt in God's eternal mind, When his dear sons should mercy find:

From everlasting he decreed, When ev'ry good should be convey'd.

- 2 Determin'd was the manner, how We should be brought the Lord to know; Yea, he decreed the very place, Where he would call us by his grace.
- [3 Vast were the settlements of grace
 On millions of the human race;
 And ev'ry favour richly giv'n,
 Flows from the high decrees of heav'n.]
- 4 In ev'ry mercy, full and free,
 Th' appointing God I wish to see;
 To see how grace, free grace has reign'd
 In ev'ry blessing he ordain'd.
- Thy wise appointments to admire,
 And trace the footsteps of my God.
 Thro'ev'ry part of Zion's road.

HYMN 315. 8s. Ryland.

Decrees of God-Psalm xxxi. 15.

- SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies, Ever gracious, ever wise ! All my times are in thy band— All events at thy command.
- 2 His decrees who form'd the earth, First my first and second birth;

Parents, native-place, and time, All appointed were by him.

- 3 He that form'd me in the womb, He shall guide me to the tomb; All my times shall ever be Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
 Times of penury and wealth;
 Times of trial and of grief;
 Times of triumph and relief.
- 5 Times the tempter's pow'r to prove; Times to taste a Saviour's love; Il is fixt, the means and end, as shall please my heav'nly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
 'Till he bids, I cannot die;
 Not a single shaft can hit,
 'Till the God of love sees fit.

HYMN 316. 148th. Harrison.

Dejected, yet hoping-Psalm xlii. 11.

- MHY do I thus complain,
 And bow my drooping head?
 Cheer up, my soul, again—
 Thy Saviour is not dead:
 Jesus, thy Lord, is still the same,
 Believe his word, and trust his name.
- 2 What the hides his face,
 Nor will one smile afford,
 Thou yet may'st plead his grace,
 And venture on his word:
 Still all thy trust on him repose,
 And own him just in all thy wees.

- The saints in songs forever new,
 Their humble tribute bring;
 Devils believe and tremble too,
 But devils cannot sing.
- 3 The saints before his throne in pray'r,
 Their daily wants display;
 Devils believe and tremble there,
 But devils cannot pray.
- And humbly call him mine;
 This precious faith comes from above,
 Is heav'nly and divine.
- Which works by love and holiness,
 Nor will from thee depart.
- 6 In this sweet grace may I excel,
 And in it live and die;
 While trembling devils down in hell
 In chains and darkness lie.

HYMN 320. C. M. Newton. Doubting Christian.

- UNCERTAIN how the way to find,
 Which to salvation led,
 I listen'd long, with anxious mind,
 To hear what others said.
- When some of jeys and comforts told, I fear'd that I was wrong; For I was stupid, dead and cold— Had neither joy nor song.
- The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd, made my burden light;

Then for a moment I believ'd, Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd, Of anguish and dismay; Thro' what distresses they had walk'd, Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish—the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fi'ry dart.

7 Alas! "I now must give it up,"
I cried in deep despair;
How could I dream of drawing hope
From what I cannot bear!

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
Trust simply on my word," he said,
And leave the rest to me."
HYMN 321. L. M. Gibbons.

Earthquake—Isaiah xxix. 6.

1 GREAT God, in characters of flame, We read the terrors of thy name; 'Tis guilt provokes these dire alarms, And sets th' Omnipotent in arms.

2 O may the world thy judgments own, And humbly bow before thy throne! That pow'r, which rocks asunder parts Can break e'en adamantine hearts!

- 3 Of riches we will boast no more, No more to earth intrust our store, That in an instantaneous grave Resumes the gold and gems it gave.
- 4 Our hopes shall now ascend on high,
 And seek a treasure in the sky:
 The mines above are rich and pure,
 And shall thro' endless years endure.

HYMN 322. L. M. Doddridge. Ebenezer-Deut. viii. 2.-1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 ETERNAL God! I bless thy name—
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same;

The tokens of thy friendly care Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand, Supported by thy guardian hand; And see, when I survey thy ways, Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- Thus far thy arm has led me on:
 Thus far I make thy mercy known;
 And while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore, Shall raise one sacred pillar more; Then bear, in thy bright courts above. Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN 323. 8s. 7s. Robinson. Ebenezer—1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

5 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love!
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN 324, 7s. Fawcett. Birth-Day Song-Acts xxvi. 22.

I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

2 What may be my future lot, Well I know concerns me not: This shall set my heart at rest, What thy will ordains is best

- 3 I my all to thee resign;
 Father, let thy will be mine;
 May but all thy dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r;
 Guard me in the trying hour;
 Let thy unremitted care
 Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days Be devoted to thy praise; So the last, the closing scene, Shall be tranquil and serene.
- Grant me but this one request— Both in life and death to prove Tokens of thy special love.

HYMN 325. L. M. Tucker.

Election-2 Tim. i. 9.

- The matchless grace of Sion's King;
 Whose love, as ancient as his name,
 Let all thy pow'rs aloud proclaim.
- Twas he, eternal ages past,
 Form'd his great plan from first to last;
 And what his arm would e'er fulfil,
 Stood ever present to his will.
- 3 Grace, deep as the eternal mind, Unutterable bliss design'd For man, ere worlds or sin were born, Or angels sang creation's morn.

- 4 Chosen of old, of old approv'd; In Christ, the Father's well belov'd; Adopted too, and children made, In Christ, the ever-living Head.
- 5 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
 As favour'd objects of his choice;
 Redeem'd, and sav'd by grace, we sing
 Eternal praise to Christ our King.

HYMN 326. L. M. Kent.

Election proved by Calling-Job xiv. 5.

- THERE is a period known to God,
 When all his sheep, redeem'd by blood,
 Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
 Turn to the fold, and enter in.
- 2 At peace with hell, with God at war, In sin's dark maze they wander far; Indulge their lusts, and still go on As far from God as sheep can run.
- When wisdom calls, they stop their ear, And headlong urge the mad career; Judgments nor mercies ne'er can sway Their roving feet to wisdom's way.
- 4 Glory to God, they ne'er can rove Beyond the limits of his love! Secure by his eternal will, Firm as the base of Sion's hill.
- 5 Th' appointed time rolls on apace, Not to propose, but call by grace; To change the heart, renew the soul, And all their sinful lusts centrel.

HYMN 327. C. M. Toplady. Elected to Holiness-2 Tim. i. 9.

How vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess;
We're sav'd from guilt and every sin,
And call'd to holiness.

2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
But he of his abounding love
Salvation does bestow.

3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone:
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious Sur'ty undertook
Redemption's wondrous plan
And grace was given us in him
Before the world began.

[5 Safe in the arms of sov'reign love.
We ever shall remain:
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy dear counsels vain.]

O Not one of all the chosen race,
But shall to heav'n attain;
Partake on earth the purpos'd grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

HYMN 328. C. M. Anon.

1 ELECTION! 'tis a joyful sound To wretched, guilty man: The Father, Son, and Spirit, form'd The everlasting plan.

2 O may this Bible-truth inspire
My heart with purest bliss;
And land my soul in mansions, where
My chosen Jesus is.

HYMN 329. 5s. 6s. Toplady. Electing Love—Acts xiii. 48.

HOW happy are we
Our election who see, [thee!
And can venture, O Lord, for salvation on
In Jesus approv'd,
From eternity lov'd,

Upheld by thy power, we cannot be mow'd.

'Tis sweet to recline
On thy bosom divine, [thine:
And experience the comforts peculiar to
While, born from above,

And upheld by thy love, [move. We with singing and triumph to Sion re-

Our seeking thy face,
Was the fruit of thy grace;

2

Thy goodness demands and shall have all No sinner can be [the praise; Beforehand with thee,

Thy grace is preventing, almighty and free.

We shortly shall stand, [in our hand; With crowns on our heads, and with harps Our harps shall be tun'd,

The Lamb shall be crown'd, [sound.' Salvation to Jesus thro' heaven shall re-

HYMN 330. 3s. 7s. 4s. S. P. R. Election.—Eph. i. 4—7.

1 SONS we are thro' God's election, Who in Jesus Christ believe; By eternal destination, Sov'reign grace we here receive;

Lord, thy mercy

Does both grace and glory give.

2 Ev'ry fallen soul, by sinning,
Merits everlasting pain;
But thy love, without beginning,
Has restor'd thy sons again:
Countless millions
Shall in life thro' Jesus reign.

3 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder!

Ask, "O why such love to me?"

Grace hath put me in the number

Of the Saviour's family:

Hallelujah!

Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !

And shall never, never cease,

Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning,
Guide me in the way of peace!

Make me walk in

All the paths of holiness.

Mhen I quit this feeble mansion,
And my soul returns to thee;
Let the pow'r of thy ascension
Manifest itself in me:
Thro' thy Spirit
Give the final victory!

HYMN 331. L. M. Medley. Ephraim's Repentance.

Jer. xxxi. 18-20. Hos. xi. 8, 9.

- 1. HOW shall I give my Ephraim up,
 Or make him drink the wrathful cup?
 Shall I, in awful dreadful ire,
 Doom him to hell's eternal fire?
- 2 Ah, no!—my heart is turn'd within; I'll punish, yet forgive his sin; And my compassion shall declare The truth which I to Israel sware.
- 3 I'll never let my word be broke, Nor in fierce anger deal the stroke: My dreadful wrath I'll not employ, Nor Ephraim will I e'er destroy.
- 4 No—I'll fulfil my gracious plan,
 For I am God, and not like man;
 Nor will I punish as a foe,
 But he my love shall sweetly know,
- 5 His sad backslidings I'll forgive,
 And he shall turn again and live;
 I will again my joys restore,
 And Ephraim then shall weep no more.

HYMN 332. L. M. Gibbons. Eternal Life—Titus iii. 7.

- 1 ETERNAL life! how sweet the sound
 To sinners who deserve to die!
 Publish the bliss the world around—
 Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.
- When mounting from this breathless clod

The soul discharg'd from sin and pain, Ascends t'enjoy its Father God!

- 3 Eternal life! how will it bloom In beauty on that blissful day, When rescu'd from th' impris'ning tomb, Glory invests our rising clay!
- 4 Eternal life! O how refin'd
 The joy! the triumphs how divine!
 When saints in body and in mind
 Shall in the Saviour's image shine!
- 5 Holy and heav'nly be that soul, Where dwells an hope so bright as this; How should we long to reach the goal, And seize the prize of endless bliss!

HYMN 333. L. M. Medley. Eternity-Jerm. x. 10.

- Thy gracious presence now afford:

 To all our souls thine influ'nce bring,
 While of eternity we sing!
- 2 Eternity! stupendous theme! Compar'd herewith our life's a dream!
 Eternity! O awful sound, [drown'd!"
 A deep where all our thoughts are
- And habitation of our God!

 His glory fills the vast expanse,

 Beyond the reach of mortal sense.
- 4 But an eternity there is Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss:

And swift as time fulfils its round, We to eternity are bound.

- [5 What countless millions of mankind Have left this fleeting world behind; They're gone; but where?—ah! stop and Gone to a long eternity.] [see—
- [6 And is eternity so near?

 And must we very soon be there?

 Sinner—ah! whither wilt thou flee,

 Or how avoid eternity!]
- 7 Canst thou forever bear to dwell In all the fi'ry deeps of hell; And is death nothing then to thee, Death, and a dread eternity?
- 8 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up; In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope; This everlasting bliss secures; God and eternity are yours.

HYMN 334. L. M. Steele. Evening Song-Psalm cxli. 2.

- GREAT God, to thee my evining song With humble gratitude I raise;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 Mercy, that rich, unbounded store, Does my unnumber'd wants relieve; Among thy daily craving poor On thy all-bounteous hand I live.
- 3 My days unclouded as they pass, And ev'ry gentle rolling hour,

Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and pow'r.

4 Thy love and pow'r, celestial Guard, Preserve me from surrounding harm: Can danger reach me while the Lord Extends his kind protecting arm?

5 Let this blest hope my eyelids close, With sleep refresh my feeble frame; Safe in thy care may I repose, And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 335. C. M.

Evening Hymn .- Zech. xiii. 1.

- JESUS, thou dear atoning Lamb,
 Lover of lost mankind,
 Salvation in whose name alone
 A sinful world can find.
- We ask thy grace to make us clean; We come to thee, our God; Open, O Lord, for this day's sin, The fountain of thy blood.
- 3 Hither our sinful hearts be brought, Our minds, with folly stor'd; And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought, That hath not pleas'd our Lord.
- By man and counted good,
 As filthy rags by God esteem'd,
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 5 Jesus, vouchsafe thy heav'nly pow'r For pardon still to flee;

And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour, To draw new strength from thee.

HYMN 336. C. M. M——
An Evening Hymn.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon the score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 337. 8s. 8s. 6s. Medley. Excellency of Christ—Isaiah xxxv. 2.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavinly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all perfect, heav'nly dress, My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his flories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home.
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend
Triumphant in his grace.

HYMN 338. L. M. Dobell.

Woman of Canaan-Matt. 15-27.

1 BEHOLD a sinner, dearest Lord, "Encouraged by thy gracious word, Would venture near to seek that bread, By which thy children here are fed."

2 Do not the humble suit deny, Of such a guilty wretch as I; But let me feed on crumbs, tho' small, Which from thy bounteous table fall.

3 I am a sinner, Lord, I own;
By sin and guilt I am undone;
Yet will I wait, and plead, and pray,
Since none are empty sent away.

HYMN 339. L. M. Steele. Faith in God-Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field Extend its desolating reign; Nor spring its blooming beauties yield, Nor autumn swell the golden grain;

2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep, Around their famish'd master die; And hope itself despairing weep, While life deplores its last supply;

3 Amid the dark, the dismal scene, If I can say the Lord is mine, The joy shall triumph o'er the pain, And glory dawn, tho' life decline.

4 The God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigous gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

F Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Tho' ev'ry earthly comfort die;
Thy amile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

[60 let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis Paradise if thou art mine!]

HYMN 340. C. M. Needhant.

Faith-Heb. zi. 13.

1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path By ancient heroes trad:

Ambitious view those holy men, Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Tho' dead, they speak in reason's ear, And in example live; Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,

Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
And to his pow'r and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honour owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast giv'n;
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
Which led them safe to heav'n.

HYMN 341. S. M. Beddome.

Faith, its author and preciousness. Eph. ii. &.

TAITH!—'tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestow'd!

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!

2 Jesus it owns a King, An all-atoning Priest; It claims no merit of its own, But looks for all in Christ.

To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

And that divinely free;

Lord, may the spirit of thy Son

Confirm this faith in me,

HYMN 342. C. M.

Faith suppressing Fear. Psalm xliii. 5.

O WHY art thou cast down my soul?
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts, with vain impatience, roll
O'er scenes of future ill?

2 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 Each anxious doubt exclude;
 Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here;
 Thy Maker, wise and good.

Its just restraints to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

4 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round, Still in thy God confide, Whose finger marks the seas their bound, And curbs the headlong tide.

HYMN 343. C. M. The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:—

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things.
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power The healing balm to give:

That balm the saddest heart can cheer, And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain:

Shows me the precious promise, seal'd With the Redeemer's blood:

And helps my feeble hopes to rest
Upon a faithful God.

6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
Till this vile body dies;
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise!

HYMN 344. 8s. Hart. Victorious Faith—Rom. 1. 17.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucify'd God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full thro' his blood.

2 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes,
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

3 The faith that unites to the Lamb, And brings such salvation as this, Is more than mere fancy or name— The work of God's Spirit it is.

4 It treads on the world and on hell;
It vanquishes death and despair;
And, what is still stranger to tell,
It overcomes heaven by pray'r.

- 5 It says to the mountains "depart,"
 That stand betwixt God and the soul;
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences whole—
- 6 Bids sins of a crimson-like die Be spotless as snow, and as white; And raises the sinner on high, To dwell with the angels of light.

HYMN 345. L. M. Scott.

Seeking Direction for a new Habitation.

- 1 SOLE Sov'reign of the earth and skies, Supremely good, supremely wise, Fix thou the place of our abode, But let it still be near to God.
- 2 There, with an ever-smiling face, Renew the visits of thy grace; The dwelling with thy presence bless, And thence each baneful evil chase.
- 3 Thus while we sojourn here below, Let streams of mercy round us flow; And when our destin'd race is run, Assign us mansions near thy throne.

HYMN 346. L. M. Scott. Going to a new Habitation.

- WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my An altar to his name I'll raise: [house, There, morn and ev'ning, shall ascend The sacrifice of pray'r and praise.
- [2 With duteous mind the social band Shall search the records of thy law; There learn thy will, and humbly bow With filial reverence and awe.]

- 3 If num'rous blessings of the earth Indulgent God to us afford, With warm, united hearts we'll pay Our grateful tribute to the Lord.
- 4 Here fix, dear Lord, thy sacred rest, And spread the banner of thy love, 'Till ripen'd for the heav'nly world, We rise and join the church above.

HYMN 347. C. M. Going to a new Habitation.

- 1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent, Let us an altar raise; And there, with humble frame, present Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

HYMN 348. C.M. Scott. Settling in a new Habitation.

- Now let our hearts their glory waket
 The sacred song to raise;
 And ev'ry tuneful pow'r combine
 To shout Jehovah's praise.
- 2 To us a goodly heritage
 His providence assigns,
 And in a safe and pleasant place,
 Marks out our happy lines.
- 3 Come, let us to his holy name,
 A grateful alter raise:

And be this habitation styl'd. The house of pray'r and praise.

4 Here may his secret breathings fan
Devotion to a flame,
And faith and love and zeal inspire,
T' adorn the Christian name.

May this abode be blest;
And here, O great Jehovah, fix
Thy pleasant, lasting rest.

HYMN 349. S. M. Phippard. Joshua's Resolution - Josh. xxiv. 15.

LET Joshua's solemn charge,
To Israel's army giv'n,
Persuade the souls of all, this day,
To choose the God of Heav'n.

How blessed is the choice
To serve and love the Lord;
May be each heart constrain to feed
Upon his sacred word.

This will afford us joy
In ev'ry scene of grief;
From hence will flow our daily peace—
Our comfort and relief.

Amidst our doubts and fears,
Our choice of God will prove,
That he first chose us by his grace
As subjects of his love.

May sinners round us see
How wise was Joshua's choice,
And feel constrain'd by sov'reign love
In Jesus to rejoice.

HYMN 350. C. M. Logan. Jacob's Vow-Gen. xxviii. 20-22.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand Thy people still are fed; Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present Before thy throne of grace: God of our fathers! be the God Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wand'ring footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around, Till all our wand'rings cease, And at our Father's lov'd abode Our souls arrive in peace.
- Our humble pray'rs implore;
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,
 And portion evermore.

HYMN 361. L. M. Dr. Doddridge. Family Religion.—Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been and are still sustain'd.

CHARLET COLLEGE

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd, Be our domestic altars rais'd; Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell With saints in their obscurest cell.

- 4 To thee may each united house, Morning and night, present its vows; Our servants there, and rising race, Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
- 5 O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name!
 While pleas'd and thankful we remove
 To join the family above.

HYMN 352. S. M.

Prayer for infants; or, Children Day by Day given to God.

- GREAT God, now condescend To bless our rising race; Soon may their willing spirits bend To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O what a vast delight
 Their happiness to see!
 Our warmest wishes all unite
 To lead their souls to thee.
- Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour Upon our infant seed; O bring the long'd-for happy h

O bring the long'd-for happy hour. That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word, Confess the Saviour's name, Then follow their despised Lord Through the baptismal stream.

353, 354 FAMILY WORSHIP-FEAR.

5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

HYMN 353. C. M. Doddridge. Christ's condescending Regard to little Children—Mark x. 14.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;

Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 [Ye little flock, with pleasure hear; Ye children seek his face; And fly with transport to receive The blessings of his grace.]

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 354. C. M. Beddome. Fear not-Isaiah xli. 10.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme; Mercy, which like a river, flows In one continual stream.

2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell; God will these pow'rs restrain; His mighty arm their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for his provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

[6 You, in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace, May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just.]

HYMN 355. C. M. Doddridge.

Being in the Fear of God all the Day long.

Prov. xxiii. 17.

1 THRICE happy souls, who born from While yet they sojourn here, [heav'n, Humbly begin their days with God, And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal Prevent the dawning day, And turn the sacred pages o'er, And praise thy name and pray.

- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
 Its incense to thy throne—
 And, while the world our hands employs,
 Our hearts be thine alone:
- As sanctified to noblest ends,

 Be each refreshment sought;

 And, by each various providence,

 Some wise instruction brought!
- 5 When to laborious duties call'd, Or by temptations try'd, We'll seek the shelter of thy wings, And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
 Our grateful hearts would be
 With thee amidst the social band—
 In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night we lean our weary heads
 On thy paternal breast;
 And, safely folded in thine arms,
 Resign our powers to rest.
- In solid pure delights like these, Let all my days be past; Nor shall I then impatient wish, Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 356. C. M. Needham. Fear of God-Prov. xiv. 26.

HAPPY beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells With its fair partner, love; Blending their beauties, both proclaim Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave, The child with joy appears; Cheerful he does his Father's will, And loves as much as fears.
- And taste thy joys divine.

HYMN 357. 8s. 8s. 6s. Jesse.

Fears removed—It is I; be not afraid—John vi. 20.

- 1 UNCLEAN! unclean! and full of sin,
 From first to last, O Lord, I've been!
 Deceitful is my heart;
 Guilt presses down my burden'd soul;
 But Jesus can the waves control,
 And bid my fears depart.
- When first I heard his word of grace, Ungratefully I hid my face— Ungratefully delay'd: At length his voice more powerful came, "'Tis I," he cried, "I, still the same; "Thou need'st not be afraid."
- 3 My heart was chang'd; in that same hour My soul confess'd his mighty power; Out flow'd the briny tear;

356, 359 FIRE—PORTITUDE.

I listen'd still to hear his voice;
'Again he said, "In me rejoice;
"'Tis I—thou need'st not fear."

"Unworthy of thy love!" I cried:

"Freely I love," he soon reply d,
"On me thy faith be staid:

On me for every thing depend;

" I'm Jusus still, the sinner's friend—
"Thou need'st not be afraid."

HYMN 358. L. M. Gibbons.

On the Alarm of Fire Amos iv. 11.

THE fire, with wild unbounded pow'r May ruin ev'ry earthly joy, And in a swift, surprising hour, Our treasures, homes, and lives destroy.

2 But still the saint its rage defies,
And should destruction seize his frame;
His unimbodied soul would rise.
And mount to glory in the flame.

3 There stands a palace built sublime In yonder heav as to which we go, Secure from all the wastes of time, And all the dire events below.

4 When vengeance, kindling all her fires, Shall ride in ruin o'er the ball; Saints shall enjoy their full desires, Their God, their Saviour, and their all,

IYMN 359. C. M. Harrison.

WHY should the dread of sinful man Ensure and year my soul ? O, for that fortitude which can My ev'ry fear control.

2 Shall I offend a holy God, And sacrifice my peace, To shun a mortal's threat'ning rod; A friend or two to please?

3 I must obey the God I love,
The all the world contemns;
One smile from him, I prize above
The richest earthly gems.

Hark! O my soul—methinks I hear Jehovah's awful voice—

"Fear not, thou worm, for I am near;
"I well approve thy choice."

5 "While mortal men revile and frown,
"I'll smile upon the soul!

"And thou shalt tread the tempter down, "While I his rage control."

6 Lord, I resign me to thy will,
Thy wisdom I adore!
I yield to thee—thy word fulfil,
And let me doubt no more.

HYMN 360. C. M. Dr. Watts Sermons. Holy Fortitude—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face; Must I not stem the flood?

Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die: They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 361. 104th. Fawcett.

The Fulness of Christ-John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

A FULNESS resides
In Jesus, our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need:
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear:

His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies:
His power shall shield us,
When dangers arise.
The fountain o'erflows
Our woes to redress;
Still more he bestows,
And grace upon grace:
His gifts in abundance
We daily receive;
He has a redundance
For all that believe.

Whatever distress
Awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
And still shall support us,
And silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

5

When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us through life;
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting
His hand will supply.

HYMN 362. 7s. Hart.

Gethsemane—Matt. xxvi. 36---45.

MANY woes had Christ endur'd,

Many sore temptations met,

Patient, and to pains inur'd; But the screst trial yet Was to be sustain'd in thee, Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

- 2 Came at length the dreadful night,
 Vengeance, with its iron rod,
 Stood, and with collected might,
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:
 See, my soul, the Saviour see,
 Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- There my God bore all my guilt;
 This thro' grace can be believ'd;
 But the torments which he felt,
 Are too vast to be conceiv'd:
 None can penetrate thro' thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
- All my sins against my God;
 All my sins against his laws;
 All my sins against his blood;
 All my sins against his cause;
 Sins as boundless as the sea;
 Hide me, O Gethsemane.
- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
 None a Saviour more can need;
 Deeds of righteousness I've none;
 Nor a work that I can plead;
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,
 Only in Gethsemane.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One almighty God of love, Prais'd by all the heav'nly host, In thy shining courts above;

We, poor sinners, gracious Three, Bless thee for Gethsemane.

HYMN 363. L. M. Steele. Glimpse of Jesus precious.

- 1 TESUS, what shall I do to show, How much I love thy charming name; Let my whole heart with rapture glow, Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.
- 2 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee, Can give such sweet, such vast delight, What must the joy, the triumph be, To dwell forever in thy sight?

HYMN 364. C. M. Wardlaw's Col. God, the only satisfying Portion of the Soul. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 MY God, my glory and my love. Of all my bliss the spring; For thee I'd part with all above, And ev'ry earthly thing.
- 2 Heav'n were a waste deserted place. If God should disappear; Or shouldst thou hide thy glorious face, Thick darkness would be there.
- 3 In vain the seraphim should try My passion to excite; Their borrow'd splendours fade and die When God withdraws his light.
- 4 Should I this spacious earth possess, And all the spreading skies,

They never could my thirst appease, Or yield me full supplies.

5 Without my God, with all this store,
I should be wretched still;
With thirst insatiate crave for more,
My empty mind to fill.

6 But when my soul's of God possess'd,
What can I wish for more?
Here let me ever fix my rest,
And give all wand'ring o'er.

HYMN 365. C. M. Wardlaw's Col. God the chief good—Lam. iii. 24.

1 1N vain the erring world inquires
For some substantial good;
While earth confines their low desires,
They live on airy food.

2 Illusive dreams of happiness

Their eager thoughts employ;

They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Is visionary joy.

3 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind:
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

A Begone, ye gilded vanities;
I seek the only bliss;
Life in Jehovah's favour lies,
I'm wretched wanting this.

5 Grant, O my God, this one request;
O be thy love alone

My ample portion!—here I rest, For heav'n is in the boon.

6 To this my wishes are confin'd,
To this my heart aspires;
A good immortal as the mind,
And vast as its desires.

HYMN 366. C. M. Kent.

Love of God, or Christ's death the effect, not the cause, of God's love to his chosen. John iii. 16.

Twas not to make Jehovah's love
Towards the sinner flame,
That Jesus, from his throne above,
A suff'ring man became.

2 'Twas not the death which he endur'd, Nor all the pangs he bore, That God's eternal love procur'd; For God was love before.

3 He lov'd the world of his elect,
With love surpassing thought;
Nor will his mercy e'er neglect
The souls so dearly bought.

4 The warm affections of his breast Towards his children burn; And in this love he'll ever rest, Nor from his oath return.

HYMN 367. 8s. 7s. 4s. Wardlaw's Col.
The Gospel History.

A T the time by God appointed, Seen by holy men of old, Down from heav'n the Lord's Anointed Came to seek his scatter'd fold. Grace amazing! Grace, whose praise can ne'er be told.

- 2 View him cradled in the manger, Chas'd by murder, from his birth; Hated as an outcast stranger, Crucifi'd, and laid in earth. Ev'n while dying, Object of unhallow'd mirth!
- 3 See him, on the third-day morning, Rising from the grave's dark night; To his anxious friends returning, Bringing life and joy to light!

 Death, opposing,
 Fell before the Lord of might.
- 4 View him through the air ascending,
 Borne on clouds beyond the sky!
 Hosts of Angels round attending,
 Hymning as they mount on high!
 To receive him
 Heaven's wide portals open fly.
- 5 Glory now to shame succeeding,
 O'er the universe he reigns;
 Still the friend of sinners, pleading
 For the purchase of his pains:
 Tender mercy,
 Though in heav'n, he yet retains.
- 6 Look! 'he comes with clouds descending,'
 Hark! the trumpet's jub'lee sound!
 See the startled dead attending:--"Rise, ye nations under ground,

" Come to judgment,

" See my saints with glory crown'd!"

7 Honour, blessing, adoration,
Be ascrib'd to God the Son,
By the ransom'd, "holy nation,"
For his work of mercy done:
Hallelujah!
While eternal ages run!

HYMN 368. L. M. Voke. Go preach my Gospel—Mark xvi. 15.

" GO," saith the voice of heav'nly love,
"My gospel preach to ev'ry land;

"Lo! I am with you to the end,
"Observe and follow my command."

2 With joy the first disciples heard,
And preach'd the heart-reviving news,
As they from him receiv'd in charge,
First, to the unbelieving Jews:

3 'Then to the Gentiles far and near, Publish'd Salvation in his name, And the glad tidings of his grace To this distinguish'd country came.

4 'Here may the gospel still remain,
'Till Christ shall in the clouds descend;
Then we who love the gospel now
Shall call the Judge our heav'nly friend.

HYMN 369. L. M. Cole.

Gospel first preached at Jerusalem—Luke
xxiv. 47.

1 "PROCLAIM my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Ye preachers of my sacred

"Let ev'ry nation hear the theme,

"Beginning at Jerusalem.

2 "Go, let the chief of sinners know,

" That I have blessings to bestow;

" Proclaim salvation in my name,

" Beginning at Jerusalem.

3 "Where I was treated with disdain,

" Where I was crucified and slain;

" There shall my gospel gain esteem,

" Beginning at Jerusalem.

4 " My pard'ning love proclaim abroad, " And show the virtue of my blood;

"Till time shall end, proclaim my grace

" To ev'ry land, in ev'ry place.

5 " In yonder world, behold the train

"Of sinners sav'd from endless pain; "Ascribing glory to the Lamb,

" Within the new Jerusalem."

HYMN 370. L. M. Anon. Gospel's joyful Sound—Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, who reigns above.
 And draw me with the cords of love!
 And while the gospel does abound,
 O may I know the joyful sound!
- 2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace, It brings to our apostate race; It spreads a heav'nly light around, O may I know the joyful sound!
- 3 The gospel bids the sin-sick soul
 Look up to Jesus and be whole:
 In him are peace and pardon found;
 O may I know the gospel sound!

A It stems the tide of swelling grief, Affords the needy sure relief; Releases those by Satan bound, O may I know the joyful sound!

HYMN 371. L. M. Beddome.

The Gospel of Christ.

- GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal councils known;
 Tis here, his richest mercy shines,
 And fruth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
 May taste his grace, and learn his name;
 'Tis writ in characters of blood,
 Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
 His soul-attracting charms displays,
 Recounts his poverty and pains,
 And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
 'To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
 Its influence makes the sinner live,
 It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
 And comfort yields to contrite souls;
 It brings a better world in view,
 And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lied.
 Close to my heart, and near my eye,
 Till life's last hour my soul engage,
 And be my chosen heritage!

HYMN 372. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett. The glorious Gospel of the blessed God— 1 Tim. 1. 11.

- 1 WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace, Through all the gospel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high, Th' almighty Saviour comes; Lays his bright robes of glory by, And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt, that sinners ow'd,
 Upon the cross he pays;
 Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
 'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High Priest appears
 Before his Father's throne;
 Mingles his merits with our tears,
 And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
 Thy justice and thy grace:
 And on thy faithfulness and power
 Our firm dependence place.

HYMN 373. C. M. Kelly.

The Gospel affords relief to sinners—1 Tim.

1. 15.

THE Gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me:
Their various schemes let others choose;
Saviour, I come to thee!

2 Of sinners sure I am the chief, But grace is rich and free; This lovely truth affords relief To sinners, ev'n to me.

- 3 Of merit now let others speak, But merit I have none; I'm justified for Jesus' sake, I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 4 'Twas grace my stubborn heart first won;
 'Tis grace that holds me fast;
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me to the last.
- 5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace,
 What God hath done for me;
 And celebrate redeeming grace,
 Throughout eternity.

HYMN 374. L. M. Peacock. Gospel Harvest-John iv. 35.

- 1 LO, clad in nature's bright array,
 The fields a beauteous scene display;
 See how the golden ears of corn,
 Wide waving, all the hills adorn.
- 2 See earth with God's rich goodness crown'd,
 A joyful plenty smiles around:
 But now to our admiring eyes,
 Behold! superior prospects rise.
- 3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows, There fair celestial fruits disclose; A paradise on earth is seen, How pleasing, how divine the scene!
- 4 See, sinners hast'ning to embrace The tidings of forgiving grace;

Redeem'd from hell, with price divine, In faith and holiness they shine.

- 5 All crown'd with immortality,
 These fruits of righteousness shall be;
 Then they that reap, and they that sow,
 Shall everlasting triumph know.
- 6 Together shall their songs artse, In the fair fields of paradise; And shouts of triumph and of joy, Their blest eternity employ.

HYMN 375. L. M. Needham.

Thy Kingdom come-Matt. vi. 10.

- HAST thou not said, almighty God,
 The humble heart is thine abode?
 Erect thy kingdom, Lord, within,
 And let thy grace subdue our sin.
- 2 To distant lands thy gospel send, And thus thy empire wide extend; To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew, Great King of grace, salvation shew.
- 3 Where'er thy light and sun arise,
 Thy name, O God, immortalize!
 May nations yet unborn confess
 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.

HYMN 376. 8s. 4s. Ray's Col.
Gospel Trumpet—Psalm lxxxix. 14—17.

1 HARK, hark! the gospel-trumpet sounds, Thro' the wide earth the echo bounds, Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood; Sinners are reconcil'd to God, And brought into the heav'nly road By grace divine.

- 2 Come, sinners, hear the joyful news, Nor longer dare the grace refuse; Mercy and justice here combine, Goodness and truth harmonious join, While boundless love in ev'ry line, Invites you near.
- 3 Ye saints in glory, strike the lyre,
 Ye mortals, catch the sacred fire;
 Let both the Saviour's love proclaim,
 And spread abroad his matchless fame,
 For ever worthy is the Lamb
 Of endless praise.

HYMN 377. C. M. Newton.

Gospel-privileges—Ps. lxxxix. 15—18. xxvii.
4, 5.

- 1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord, With whom he deigns to dwell!

 He feeds and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,
 His throne of grace is near;
 And when they plead his love and pow'r,
 He stands engag'd to hear.
- 3 He help'd his saints in ancient days,
 Who trusted in his name;
 And we can witness to his praise,
 His love is still the same.

- 4 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
 And bade us seek his face:
 Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,
 And taste the gospel-grace.
- 5 Oft in his house his glory shines
 Before our wond'ring eyes;
 We wish not then for golden mines,
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- And makes our burdens light;

 A word from him dispels our fears,

 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 7 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
 Nor would we dare repine;
 But give us still to find thee near,
 And own us still for thine.
- 8 Let us enjoy and highly prize
 These tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
 To worship thee above.

HYMN 378. L. M. R—— By Grace ye are saved—Eph. ii. 5.

- And boast their moral dignity;
 But if I lisp a song of praise,
 Grace is the note my soul shall raise.
- Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
 And grace my soul to Jesus led;
 Grace brings me pardon for my sin—
 'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

- 3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,
 'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;
 In Jesus' grace my soul is strong—
 Grace is my hope and Christ my song.
- 4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
 By grace alone I persevere;
 'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—
 Free grace is all they sing above.
- 5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
 And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
 For all that's past grace is my theme—
 For what's to come 'tis still the same.
- 6 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,
 Adore and bless my heav'nly King;
 I'll cast my crown before his throne,
 And shout free grace to him alone.

HYMN 379. L. M. W—— My Grace is sufficient for thee—2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 COME, all ye chosen saints of God,
 Whose souls are wash'd in Jesus' blood;
 Hear what he says, his word is true—
 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 2 "I am your sure, almighty friend,
 "Who, loving, loves you to the end;
 "I will be near you, and will show
 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 3 "I know how num'rous are your foes;
 "I know the ways which they oppose;
 "I know their cunning malice too—

"My grace sufficient is for you.

GRACE

Wandling in ain, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face:
Gave us to hear the gospel-sound,

Before our wand ring eyes;
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.

And makes our burdens light;

A word from him dispuls our fears;

And silds the close of night.

Nor would we dare repine;

But give us still to find thee near,

These tokens of thy love,

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To worship thee above.

By Grace ye are saud—Eph. is. 5

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 By grace alone I persevere;
 'Tis grace constrains my soul to love!
 Free grace is all they sing above:
- 5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast, And 'tis in grace alone I trust; For all that's part grace is my theme— For what's to come 'tis still the same.
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 "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 9 "I am your sure, abrighty friend,
 "Who, loving, how you to the end;
 "I will be near you, and will show
 - "My grace sufficient is for you.
- 3 "I know how sumbous are your hies;
 "I know the ways which they oppose."
 - "My grace sufficient is for you.

4 " Tho' Satan strives your souls to ensnare,

"You're still the objects of my care;

"You're near my heart, I'll bring you thro',

" My grace sufficient is for you.

5 " Do you want proof of this my love ?-

" Calv'ry survey; then heav'n above;

" See, how the ransom'd millions bow !-

" My grace sufficient is for you.

6 "I'll guide you safely in the way, [day; "Thro' life's dark night, to heav'n's bright

" And there with wonder you shall view,

" My grace sufficient is for you."

HYMN 380. C. M. Hoskins.

Inexhaustible Grace-Luke xv. 31.

1 TEHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free: His language how divine!

" My Son, thou ever art with me,

" And all I have is thine.

2 " My saints shall each a portion share, That's worthy of a God;

" They are my chief, my constant care-" The purchase of my blood.

3 "Both grace and glory I will give,"
And nothing good deny;

"With me my saints shall ever live,

" And reign with me on high.

" And if ten thousand more I call, "To enjoy this happiness,

" I have enough for each for all; "Nor shall you have the less."

5 Then, dearest Lord, make millions come,
And feast on pard'ning grace;
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,
And we will shout thy praise.

HYMN 381. S. M. Doddridge.

Grace-Rom. v. 21.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man:
Grace, from its dawn to perfect day,
Reveal'd the glorious plan.

3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In thine eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace turn'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 Grace all the work shall crown
Thro' everlasting days,
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

My soul with attength divine!
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

HYMN 382, S. 7s. Wingrove. Miracle of Grace—Luke xix. 10.

1 HAll.! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my prophet, priest, and king.

O! what mercy flows from heaven,
O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

[3 Once with Adam's race in ruin, Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed by.

My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.]

Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire,
God's free grace and boundless love.

Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a mirante of grace.

HYMN 385. 7s. Newton.

Sovereigh Grace-Luke zuiji. 39-43.

1 SOV REIGN grace has pow'r alone;
To subdue a heart of stone;

And the moment grace is felt, Then the hardest heart will melt.

- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
 Two transgressors with him died;
 One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
 Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
 In the very jaws of death;
 Perish'd, as too many do,
 With the Saviour in his view.
- A But the other, touch'd with grace, Saw the danger of his case: Faith receiv'd to own the Lord, Whom the scribes and priests abhored.
- When in glory thou shalt be:"
 "Soon with me," the Lord replies,
 "Thou shalt rest in paradise.
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,
 Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need!
 Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
 You shall find him still the same

HYMN 384. L. M. Wardlaw's Col.
Grace reigning to the chief of sinners through
the death and resurrection of Jesus.

Rom. iv. 25.

1 WHEN I my wicked heart survey,
And course of life from day to day;
There's nought to meet my wretched view
But sin, and death, its proper due.

- 2 But honour, praise, and glory rise To him who reigns above the skies!
 To pardon guilt of deepest stains
 Unbounded mercy ever reigns!
- 3 Jehovah's Fellow—strange to tell!
 Deign'd as a man with men to dwell:
 His blood upon the cross was shed,
 And he was number'd with the dead!
- His chosen he redeemed from death,
 When he for them resigned his breath;
 Bearing the curse, the wrath divine,
 That mercy might for ever shine!
- The Lord of life has burst the tomb!

 To all the world, from this blest hour,

 Declar'd the Son of God with pow'r.
- This is enough :—'tis all we need;
 The Lord of life is risen indeed:
 The vilest wretch that breathes the air
 Has now no reason to despair.
- 7 O may our joy and boasting be In him who died upon the tree! Still may the work he finish'd there Preserve from doubt and dark despair.

HYMN 305. C. M. Steele. Renewing Grace-1 Cor. vi. 11.

The heart, unchang'd, can never rise To happings and God.

- 2 Can ought beneath a pow'r divine The stubborn will subdue? 'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From Reason's darken'd eyes;
- 4 To chase the shades of night away,
 And bid the sinner live;
 The beam of heavin, Truth's vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Cleanse more and more these hearts of ours,
Apply the truth divine:
Let all our passions, all our powers,

Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 386. C. M. Free Grace—Eph. ii. 8.

- I LOVE was the great self-moving cause From whence salvation came;
 Free grace, the channel where it flows,
 Eternally the same.
- 2 Free grace the Christian's charter is,
 The royal grant of heaven:
 In this he finds his righteousness,
 And sees his sins forewell.
- 3 Free grace hath heights and depths un-Beyond what angels know; [known, 'Tis high as heaven's eternal threns, And saves from hell below.
- 4 Free grace they sing before the throne. Without a jarring sound;

The Lamb's redeeming blood they own, Wherein their sins were drown'd.

5 Free grace, we'll count thy wonders o'er,
And lift thy glories high;
We hope, at last, on Jordan's shore,
In this embrace to die.

HYMN 387. L. M. Medley. Grave and Heaven-Job iii. 17.

SAINTS in their graves lie down in peace, No more by sin or hell opprest; The wicked there from troubling cease, And there the weary are at rest.

2 Thrice happy souls who're gone before To that inheritance divine! They labour, sorrow, sigh no more, But bright in endless glory shine.

3 There shall we join the blissful throng, And meet our dearest friends again; And all eternity, our song To Jesus raise, and with him reign.

HYMN 388. C. M.

Devotion springing from Gratitude-Ps. xxiii. 6.

1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord, Proclaim thy joys abroad; And march with holy vigour on, Supported by thy God.

2 Thro' all the winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in that long-experienc'd care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows
An unexhausted stream;
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.

4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
Thy courts on earth I love;
But Oh! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.

Joining with all the shining band,
 My soul would there adore;
 A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
 To be removed no more.

HYMN 389. L. M. Gregg. Jesus a Guest—Rev. iii. 20.

- BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still,
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit him; for the human breast Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest: Admit him, or the hour's at hand, When at his door deny'd you'll stand,
- 3 Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
 Slay ev'ry foe, and conquer sin:
 I now to thee my all resign,
 My body, soul, shall all be thine.

HYMN 390. L. M. Steele. Inconstant Heart lamented.

AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart; That can from Jesus thus depart;

Thus fond of trifles vainly rove; Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

- 2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay, And chide each vanity away; In vain, alas, resolve to bind This rebel heart, this wand'ring mind.
- 3 Thro' all resolves how soon it flies,
 And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
 There's nought beneath a pow'r divine,
 That can this roving heart confine.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I would return,
 And at thy feet repenting mourn:
 There let me view thy pard'ning love,
 And never from thy sight remove.
- 5 O let thy love, with sweet control, Bind all the passions of my soul; Bid ev'ry vanity depart, And dwell forever in my heart.

HYMN 391. L. M. Hart. Hardness of Heart lamented.

- O FOR a glance of heav'nly day,
 To melt this stubborn stone away;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, The seas can roar, the mountains shake; Of feelings, all things shew some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- S To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, What but an adament would melt?

But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
Apply within the Saviour's blood;
'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
Can move and melt this heart of stone.

HYMN 392. L. M. Medley.

Stony Heart lamented-Ezek. xxxvi. 26-27.

- 1 LORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
 Who gladly would to thee return;
 Thy tender mercies O impart,
 And take away this stony heart.
- 2 "Tis this hard heart which sinks me down, Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown; This causes all my woe and smart; Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 3 'Tis this hard heart, my gracious Lord, Which scorns thy love, and slights thy word; Which tempts me from thee to depart; Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 4 'Tis this hard heart which, day by day, Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray; Yea, would from ev'ry duty start; Lord, take away this stony heart.
- Sure the blest day will shortly come,
 When this hard heart shall know its doors,
 When I no more shall sin retain,
 Nor of a stony heart complain.
- Will loose the chain, will break the yoke

And when arriv'd on Caman's shore A stony heart be felt no more.

HYMN 393. C. M. Newton.

Heart taken-Luke zi. 21, 22.

THE castle of the human heart,
Strong in its native sin,
Is guarded well in ev'ry part,
By him who dwells within.

2 For Satan there in arms resides, And calls the place his own; With care against assaults provides. And rules as on a throne.

But Jesus, atronger far than he,
In his appointed hour,
Appears to set his people free
From the usurper's pow'r.

4 "This heart I bought with blood," he cries,
"And now it shall be mine:"
His voice the strong man arm'd dismays;

He knows he must resign.

The gates of brass fly open wide, And Jesus wins the beatt.

The rebel-soul that once withstood The Saviour's kindest call.

Rejoices now, by grace subduid,
To serve him with her all.

HYMN 394. C. M. Hoskins.

My Son, give me thy Heurt-Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 WHAT language now salutes the ear,
And 'tis our Father's voice!

Let all the world attentive hear,
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee, However vile theu art; Here's grace and pardon, rich and free— My son, give me thy heart.

3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,
And suffer'd dreadful smart;
For thee the Lord was crucify'd—
My son, give me thy heart

4 The thou hast leng my grace withstood,
And said to me, "Depart;"

I claim the purchase of my bleed.

My son, give me thy heart.

5 I'll form thee for myself alone,
And ev'ry good impart;
I'll make my great salvation known—
My son, give me thy heart.

6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,
Set up in me thy throne:
Bid sin and Satsubence depart,
And claim me as thing own.

HYMN, 395. St. M. Topholy 1.3 Evil Heart—Jer. xvii. 9—Matt. xv. 18.

1 A STONISH D and distrest, I turn mine eyes within : My heart with loads of guilt opprest, The seat of ev'ry sin.

What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud bosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

HYMN 396. C. M. Steele.

The joys of Heaven .- Rom. v. 2.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There shall the foll?wers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;

And endless honours to his Name Employ their tuneful tongues.

5 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love, Our feeble notes inspire; Till in thy blissful courts above, We join th' angelic choir.

Rejoicing in hope of the Glory of God—Ps. cxxvi. 5. xvi. 11.

BESET we are with sins and fears,
Our peace that much annoy;
But they that sow awhile in tears,
Shall reap in endless joy.

2 The loving Saviour has prepar'd.
A rest for all his saints;
And when he brings the rich reward,
Farewell to all complaints.

3 There sin and pain are banish'd quite, And mourning fled away; The Lord shall be our glorious light, And our eternal day.

As here we cannot prove,
And fill our grateful ravish'd heart
With endless joy and love.

HYMN 398. L. M.
The Song of Heaven—Rev. v. 9, 10. vii. 9, 10.

THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' Name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

- 2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace
 They stand before Jehovah's throne;
 The only song in that bless'd place
 Is—" Thou art worthy, Thou alone!"
- 3 With spotless robes of purest white,
 And branches of triumphal palm,
 They shout, with transports of delight,
 Heav'n's ceaseless, universal psalm:
- 4 "Salvation's glory all be paid
 To him who sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb whose blood was shed;
 Thou, Thou art worthy, Thou alone;
- These robes were wash'd so spotless pure:
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God;
 For ever let thy praise endure!"
- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout, "Amen!" the holy angels cry—Amen! Amen! resounds throughout
 The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 Let us with joy adopt the strain
 We hope to sing for ever there;
 "Worthy's the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Worthy alone the crown to bear!"
- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead, O what could shield us from despair?— But this—though we are vile indeed, The Righteousness of God" is there!*

was my o're with the Art !

HYMN 399. C. M.

The triumphant joys of the Saints in Heaven. Rev. vii. 13, to the end

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array!
How came they to these blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they love, amidst The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor suns with scorching ray; God is their sun, whose cheering beams Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb that dwells amidst the throne Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God, the Lord, from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

HYMN 400. C. M.

The Blessedness of glorified Saints—Rev. vii. 15-17.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night Unbounded glories rise;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Celestial land! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.
- 3 There pain and sickness never come, And grief no more complains; Health triumphs in immortal bloom, And endless pleasure reigns!
- 4 No clouds these blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair!
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint sick'ning ray;
 But glory, from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.

HYMN 401. L. M. Kent. Employment of Saints in Heaven—Rev. xiv.

1 ON Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood;
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song, and strove to join.

- 2 Here all who suffer'd sword or flame
 For truth, or Jesus' love y name,
 Shout vict'ry now, and hail the Lamb,
 And bow before the great I AM.
- 3 While everlasting ages roll, Eternal love shall feast their soul; And scenes of bliss for ever new, Rise in succession to their view.
- 4 Here Mary and Manasseh view
 The dying thief and Abrah'm too;
 With equal love their spirits flame,
 The same their joy, their song the same.
- 5 O sweet employ to sing and trace
 Th' amazing heights and depths of grace;
 And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
 A blissful, vast eternity.
- 6 O what a sweet exalted song,
 When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
 Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
 And join in one full chorus there.
- 7 My soul anticipates the day—
 Would stretch her wings and soar away,
 To aid the song, and palm to bear,

And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

HYMN 402. L. M. Watts. Longing for Glory.

- I'M bound for new Jerusalem,
 Thither my blest beloved's gone:
 The righteous branch of Jesse's stem,
 'Tis he I've fixt my heart upon.
- 2 Fain would I climb above the skies, To see the beauties of his face;

My faith would into vision rise, And hope would cease in his embrace.

- 3 I languish with extreme desire,
 The object of my love to see;
 O let me in love's flames expire,
 That I may with my Jesus be.
- [4 This life's a pilgrimage of care; When will the happy season come, That I shall breathe celestial air, And settle in my native home?]
- 5 I long to reach the shore of bliss,
 And see the new Jerusalem,
 Where my beloved Jesus is,
 And spend eternity with him.

HYMN 403. C. M. F—— Longing for Glory—Phil. i. 23.

- WHY longed Paul to be dissolv'd,
 And enter into rest?—
 The question here he hath resolv'd,
 To be with Christ is best.
- 2 And I, like Paul, desire to die, I long for death's arrest; If any ask the reason why— To be with Christ is best.
- 3 My unbelief, that bosom foe,
 Which lurks within my breast;
 So often seeks my overthrow—
 To be with Christ is best.
- 4 Should friends and kindred on me frown,
 And leave my soul opprest;
 Should evils crush my comforts down,
 To be with Christ is best.

- To sound from east to west;
 I'd tell the honour'd, seeking throng,
 To be with Christ is best.
- 6 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
 And cheer my fainting breast;
 I long to reach my heav'nly home,
 To be with Christ is best.
- 7 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
 And fly to thee, my rest;
 There with the Church triumphant sing,
 To be with Christ is best.

HYMN 404. C. M. Stennett.

View of Canaan-Deut, xxxii. 49.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields, array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight!
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom test?



HYMN 407. L. M. Brown.

Hell-Mark ix. 48.

1 HELL! 'tis a word of dreadful sound';
It chills the heart and shocks the ear;
It spreads a sickly damp around,
And makes the guilty quake with fear.

2 Far from the utmost verge of day,
Its frightful, gloomy region lies;
Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,
And thick sulphurous vapours rise.

3 The breath of God, his angry breath, Still fans and still supplies the fire;
Here sinners taste the second death,
Longing to die, but can't expire.

4 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With constant torture gnaws the heart,
And woe and wrath, in ev'ry form,
Inflame the wounds, increase the smart.

5 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with woe,
And bite their overlasting chains;
But with their rage their torments grow,
Resentment but augments their pains.

6 Sad world indeed! what heart can bear,
Hopeless, in all these pains to lie;
Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,
And ever dying, never die!

7 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,
Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
O let me in thy kingdom dwell,
To praise my Saviour and my God."

HYMN 408. L. M. Newton. Home in View. John xiv. 23.

- A S when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His beart revives if cross the plains
 He views his home, though distant still.
- While he surveys the much-loved spot,
 He slights the space that lies between;
 His past fatigues are now forgot,
 Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views, By faith, his mansion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers; No more he grieves for troubles past, Nor any future trial fears, Assur'd he'll safe arrive at last.
- With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends, To lead us on to thine abode; Assur'd our hope will make amends For all our toil while on the road.

HYMN 409. L. M. Steele.

Hope in Darkness—Job. xxx. 28.

O GOD, my Sun, thy blissful rays,
Can warm, and cheer, and guide my
heart!

How dark, how mournful are my days, If thy enliv'ning beams depart!

2 Scarce thro' the shades a glimpse of day Appears to these desiring eyes! But shall my drooping spirit say, The cheerful morn will never rise?

O let me not despairing mourn,
Tho' gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
My glorious Sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4 O for the bright, the joyful day, When hope shall in fruition die! So tapers lose their feeble ray Beneath the Sun's refulgent eye.

HYMN 410. C. M. Green.

Hope encouraged-1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY should my soul indulge complaints,
And yield to dark despair?
The meanest of my Father's saints
Are safe beneath his care.

2 Why should I thus desponding bow, Or why with anguish bleed? Tho' darkness veils my passage now, Yet glory shall succeed.

3 A thousand promises are wrote In characters of blood: And those emphatic lines denote The ever faithful God.

4 Thro' these aweet promises I range, And (blessed be his name!) Tho' I, a fickle mortal, change, His love is still the same.

5 Grace, like a fountain, ever flows,
Fresh succours to renew:
The Lord my wants and weakness knows,
My sins and sorrows too.

6 'Tis he directs my doubtful ways,
When dangers line the road;
Here I mine Ebenezer raise,
And trust a gracious God.

HYMN 411. C. M. Heginbothom. Good Hope through Grace—2 Thess. ii. 16.

1 COME, humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears:
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.

2 Come shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

3 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift
His bount'ous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

4 Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

5 Transporting hope! still on my soul Let thy sweet glories shine, Till thou thyself art lost in joys, Immortal and divine.

HYMN 412. 8s. Toplady.

Hope in despair-Psalm Ixxvii. 7-10,

- 1 ENCOMPASS D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign;
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease, The blood of atonement apply; And lead me to Jesus for peace, The rock that is higher than I.
- 3 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 And groanings that cannot be told.
- 4 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn, My hold of thy promise to keep, The billows more fiercely return, And plunge me again in the deep.
- While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord hath forsaken thee quite,
 Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 8 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd No covenant blessing for me, Ah! tell me, how is it I find Some sweetness in waiting for thee?
- 7 Almighty to rescue thou art;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
 Come, succour and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy pow'r.

HYMN 413. 148th. De Courcey's Col.

Who can tell?-Jonah iii. 9.

1 GREAT God! to thee I make
My wants and sorrows known;
And with an humble hope
Approach thine awful throne;
Tho' by my sins deserving hell,
I'll not despair, for who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit, form
Thy glorious image there!
My foes subdue, my fears dispel,
I'll daily seek, for who can tell?

In danger or distress,

To thee alone I fly;

Implore thy pow'rful help,

And at thy footstool lie:

My case bemoan, my wants reveal,

And patient wait, for who can tell?

And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I shall dwell
In endless flames, but who can tell?

Ye doubts, fly swift away:
God hath an ear to hear,
While I've an heart to pray:
If he be mine, all will be well
Forever so, and who can tell?

414, 415 HYPOCRITE-INFANT.

HYMN 414. S. M. Hoskins. Hypocrite—Job xvii. 8.

LET hypocrites attend,
And view their awful state;
Consider well their latter end,
Before it be too late.

Religion's form is vain,
While we deny its pow'r!
What will the hypocrite obtain,
In death's tremendous hour?

Now he may credit gain,
And in his affluence roll;
But all his profit will be pain,
When God shall take his soul.

4 Then, O what dread surprise,
What horror and dismay,
When death shall open wide his eyes,
And tear his mask away!

And bid hypocrisy depart,

And keep my conscience clear.

HYMN 415. C. M. L______ Infant's Praise.

ALMIGHTY God, while earth and heav'n
Thy pow'r and skill proclaim;
Wilt thou permit a child to sing
The honours of thy name?

2 Shall mortals aim at themes so great, Or raise their notes so high, When seraphs low beneath thy feet, In self-abasement lie?

3 Tho' Gabriel tunes immortal lyres,
To sweet seraphic lays;
Th' Eternal hears when infant tongues
Attempt to lisp his praise.

4 The early dawn of op'ning life,
Has prov'd thy guardian care;
Nor shall I less thro' future years,
Thy grace and goodness share.

Behold I give myself to thee,
 And in thy name confide;
 Most gracious God, O deign to be
 My Father, Friend, and Guide.

HYMN 416. L. M. B——. Come and see—John i. 46.

- 1 JESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
 Replete with balm for all my wounds!
 His word declares his grace is free,
 Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- 2 He left the shining courts on high, Came to our world to bleed and die: Jesus, the God, bung on a tree; Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart, 'Till death had done its dreadful part: Yet his dear love still burns to thee; Come, trembling sinner, come and see.
- And make the filthy leper clean;

This fountain open stands for thee; Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

- 5 The garments of his shining grace, His glorious robe of righteousness; In this array thou bright shalt be; Come, naked sinner, come and see.
- 6 No tongue can tell what glories shine
 In our Immanuel, all-divine;
 O that in sweetest melody
 Each heart may sing, "He died for me."

HYMN 417. L. M. Smith.

I will in no wise cast out-John vi. 37.

- HARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear:
 He saith, and who his word can doubt,
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 2 Doth Satan fill you with dismay, And tell you, Christ will cast away; It is a truth, why should you doubt? He will in no wise cast you out!
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,
 Of scarlet or of crimson hue?
 If black as hell, why should you doubt?
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 4 The Publican and dying Thief
 Applied to Christ, and found relief;
 Nor need you entertain a doubt;
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- Approach your God, make no delay.

 He waits to welcome you to-day;

His mercy try, nor longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

[6 'Lord, at thy call behold I come, A guilty soul, lost and undone; On thy rich blood I now rely; O pass my vile transgressions by.']

> HYMN 418. C. M. Humphreys. Invitation—Isaiab lx. 8—John vi. 37.

1 COME, guilty souls, and flee away, Like doves to Jesus' wounds; This is the welcome gospel-day, Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son To drink the cup of wrath; And Jesus says he'll cast out none, Who come to him by faith.

HYMN 419. C. M. Medley.

Whosoever will, let him come-Rev. xxii. 171

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls, Are freely welcome here; Salvation, like a river, rolls, Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then with all your wants and wounds, Your ev'ry burden bring! Here love, unchanging love, abounds, A deep celestial spring!

- 4. Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake!
- 6 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

HYMN 420. C. M. Doddridge. And yet there is Room—Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
 The dainties crown the board:
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are giv'n;
 Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heav'n.
- Je hungry poor, that long have stray'd In sin's dark mazes, come;
 Come from your most obscure retreats,
 And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here;
 And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- That millions more may come;

 Nor could the whole assembled world

 O'erfill the spacious room,

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

HYMN 421. C. M. Steele.

And yet there is Room-Luke xiv. 22.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bount'ous store.
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
 There love and pity meet:
 Nor will he bid the soul depart,
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 O come, and with his children taste
 'The blessings of his love:
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- b There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come;
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 Approach, there yet is room!

HYMN 422. 112th. Hammond. Christ's Blood cleanseth from all Sin— 1 John i. 7.

1 HO! all ye trembling sinners, hear
The pard'ning voice of Christ, and live;
With humble confidence draw near;
Jesus commands you to believe:
Believe, and all your sins are gone—
Believe, and heav'n is all your own.

If all the sins that men have done
In will, in word, in thought, in deed,
Since worlds were made, or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head;
The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
At once could cleanse the dreadful load.

HYMN 423. 148th. Phippard.

God reasoning with Men-Isaiah i. 18.

YE sin-sick souls draw near,
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing:
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

Here's clothing for the poor;
Here's comfort for the weak:
Here's strength for tempted souls,
And cordials for the sick—
Here's all a soul can want or need,
Laid up in Christ, the living Head.

But may a soul like mine, All stain'd with guilt and blood, Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God?
Yes! Jesus calls;—come, sinners, come,
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

- 4 He's on a throne of grace,
 And waits to answer pray'r:
 What tho' thy sin and guilt
 Like crimson doth appear,
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all thy woes.
- In heav'n I too shall join
 The ransom'd of the Lord,
 In accents all divine;
 And see my Saviour face to face,
 And ever dwell in his embrace.

HYMN 424. L. M. Steele.

Weary souls invited to rest—Matt. xi. 28.

COME, weary souls, with sin distrest;
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load; O come, and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion, mighty love, Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
 How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart The hope thy gracious words impart:

We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; And sweetly influence every breast, And guide us to eternal rest.

HYMN 425. C. M.

Christ the rest of the Soul-Matth, xi. 28.

Who o'er life's rugged road,

With weary step uncertain roam, And bend beneath your load:

Come, take my yoke, and learn of me.
For I am meek of mind:

Come, and your soul, from error free, The rest it needs shall find."

Such was the voice of him who spoke

As never man before:

His larden light, and easy, voke.

My soul shall shun no more.

Whose lips the precept gave :

The bear nly lesson grave;

So shall I learn my destin'd race.

Unmov'd, as honour or disgrace

Hunflity, with meekness join'd,

Aus freedom's fullest measure find, Limit Lord, in serving Thee!

HYMN 426. 148th.

Yet there is room-Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
 Inumerg'd in sin and woe,
 The Gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you:
 Ye perishing and guilty come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- No longer now delay,

 Nor vain excuses frame:

 He bids you come to-day,

 Though poor, and blind, and lame:

 All things are ready, sinners, come:

 For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name;
 Backsliding souls, return, and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wan I'ring sheep, draw near
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosever will now come:
 In Mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 427. 7s.

Compet them to come in Luke xiv. 23

1 CRD, how large thy bounties the,
Tender, gracious, shapers friend:
What a feast doct thou prepare,
And what invitations send

Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

- 2 Rushing on the downward road,
 Sinners no compulsion need
 Glory to forsake, and God:
 See they run with rapid speed;
 Draw them back by love divine;
 With thy grace their spirits win:
 Every heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.
- Thus their willing souls compel,
 Thus their happy minds constrain,
 From the ways of death and hell,
 Home to God, and grace again:
 Stretch that conqu'ring arm of thine,
 Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin:
 Every heart to thee incline;
 Now compel them to come in.

HYMN 428. (First Part.) 8s. 8s. 6s.

Whosoever will, let him come—Rev. xxii. 17

YE scarlet-colour'd sinners! come;

Jesus, the Lord, invites you home;

O whither can you go!

What! are your crimes of crimson hue? His promise is for ever true;
He'll wash you white as snow.

2 Backsliders! fill'd with your own ways,
Whose weeping nights and wretched days
In bitterness are spent:

Return to Jesus; he'll reveal His lovely face, and sweetly heal What you so much lament.

3 Tried souls! look up—he says, 'tis I—
He loves you still, but means to try
If faith will bear the test:
The Lord has giv'n-the chiefest good,
He shed for you his precious blood;
O trust him for the rest!

4 Ye tender souls! draw hither too,
Ye grateful, highly favour'd few,
Who feel the debt you owe;
Press on, the Lord hath more to give:
By faith upon him daily live,
And you shall find it so.

HYMN 428. (Second Part.) C. M.

The Invitation of Wisdom.

LO! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wondrous grace,
And slight her powerful charms!

2 She, gen'rous, holds out to our sight Riches which shall endure; Not sparkling rubies half so bright, Nor finest gold so pure.

3 Eternal pleasures fill her train, Pleasures which never cloy:

" Come drink of bliss unmix'd with pain, "And taste celestial joy."

4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies:
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.

HYMN 429. 7s. Haweis.

Come and welcome !- John vii. 37.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds I hear,
 Bursting on my ravish'd ear!
 "Love's redeeming work is done!
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan!
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid;
 Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- Spread for thee, the festal board,
 See with richest dainties stor'd;
 To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 Yet again, a child confess'd;
 Never from his house to roam;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
 Lo! I come! your Saviour, Friend—
 Safe your spirits to convey
 To the realms of endless day,
 Up to my eternal home,
 Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

HYMN 430. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ-Isaiah lv. 1.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched.
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.
- Come, ye thirsty! come and welcome:
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- Lost and ruin'd by the fall!

 If you tarry 'till you're better,

 You will never come at all:

 Not the righteous,—

 Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- On the ground your Maker lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd!"
 Sinner, will not this suffice?

Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN 431. S. M. Doddridge. Jabez's Prayer-1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

THOU God of Jabez, hear,
While we entreat thy grace,
And borrow that expressive pray'r,
With which he sought thy face.

"O that the Lord indeed

"Would me, his servant, bless,

" From ev'ry evil shield my head, "And crown my paths with peace!

"Be his almighty hand,
"My helper and my guide,

"Till, with his saints in Canaan's land,

"My portion he divide."

Thus pious Jabez pray'd,
White God inclin'd his ear;
And all by whom this suit is made,
Shall find the blessing near.

Ye youths, your vows combine,
With loud united voice;
So shall your heads with honour shine,
And all your hearts rejoice.

HYMN 432. 7s. Newton.

Jacob's wrestling with God-Gen. xxxii. 26.

- LORD, I cannot let thee go, Till a blessing thou bestow; Do not turn away thy face, Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me, who I am?

 Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name!

 Yet the question gives a plea,

 To support my suit with thee!
- Thou didst once a wretch behold, In rebellion blindly bold; Scorn thy grace—thy pow'r defy— That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r; Mercy heard and set him free, Lord, that mercy came to me.
- Many days have past since then, Many changes I have seen; Yet have been upheld till now; Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need—
 This emboldens me to plead;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold—
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 433. C. M. Cowper.

Jehovah-Jireh. The Lord will provide.

Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife, God saw, and said, "Forbear;" You ram shall yield his meaner life; Behold the victim there.

3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand;
Saul turns his arms another way,
T' save th' invaded land.

When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
But God prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid;
And though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

HYMN 434, 104th. Newton. The Lord will provide—Gen. xxii. 14.

- 1 THO' troubles assail,
 And dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail
 And foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us,
 Whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us,
 "The Lord will provide."
- 2 The birds, without barn
 Or storehouse, are fed,
 From them let us learn
 To trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting
 Shall ne'er be-deny'd,
 So long as 'tis written
 "The Lord will provide."
- 3 We may, like the ships,
 By tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps,
 But cannot be lost:
 Tho' Satan enrages
 The wind and the tide,
 The promise engages
 "The Lord will provide."
- 4 His call we obey
 Like Abram of old,
 Not knowing our way,
 But faith makes us bold;
 For the we are strangers,
 We have a good guide,

And trust in all dengers "The Lord will provide."

- To stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears,
 We triumph by faith;
 He cannot take from us,
 Tho' oft he has try'd,
 This heart-cheering promise,
 "The Lord will provide."
- 6 He tells us we're weak,
 Our hope is in vain,
 The good that we seek
 We ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions
 Our spirits have ply'd,
 This answers all questions,
 "The Lord will provide."
- 7 No strength of our own,
 Or goodness we claim;
 Yet since we have known
 The Saviour's great name,
 In this our strong tower
 For safety we hide,
 The Lord is our power,
 "The Lord will provide."
 - 8 When life sinks apace, And death is in view, This word of his grace Shall comfort us thro'; No fearing or doubting With Christ on our side,

We hope to die shouting "The Lord will provide."

HYMN 435. L. M. Mrs. Voke. Jehovah-Jireh.

- 1 'TIS in the mount the Lord is seen, And all his saints shall surely find, Tho' clouds and darkness intervene, He still is gracious, still is kind.
- 2 Yes—in the mount, when human aid Or disappoints or disappears, He sweetly says—"Be not afraid," And with his smile, the suppliant cheers,
- 3 Yes—in the mount—the Lord makes bare
 His mighty, his delivering power;
 Displays a father's tender care,
 In the most trying—darkest hour.
- 4 Yes, in the mount, I too have found, The Lord hath lent a gracious ear, Hath placed my faith on solid ground, And disappointed every fear.
- 5 He never said to Jacob's seed,
 "It is in vain to seek my face;"
 Th' engraving stands for every need,
 Jehovah-Jireh—sovereign grace.

HYMN 436, 148th. Cowper.

Jehovah-Nisi-The Lord my Banner-Exod.

BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?

No sword nor spear the stripling took, But chose a pebble from the brook.

- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King Who sent him to the fight; Who gave him strength to sling, And skill to aim aright. Ye feeble saints your strength endures, Because young David's God is yours.
- Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord.
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 My weapon from my side?
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
 Will help his servant to the end.

Jehovah Rophi—I am the Lord that healeth thee—Exod. xv.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, bere we are, Waiting to feel thy touch.

Deep wounded souls to thee repair, And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once applied With trembling for relief;

"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried, "O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

She would have shunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN 438. L. M. Cowper.

Jehovah-Shalem-The Lord send Peace.

Judg. vi. 24.

JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd To satisfy the law's demand;
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I stand.

2 To reconcile offending man— Make Justice drop her angry rod—

- What creature could have form'd the plate of who fulfil it but a God?
 No drop remains of all the curse,
 For wretches who deserv'd the whole;
 No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce.
 The guilty but returning soul.
 Feace by such means so freely brought,
 What rebel could have hop'd to see?
 Reace, by his injur'd Sovereign wrought,
 His Sovereign fastened to the tree.
 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare?
 For strife with earth and hell begins;
 Confirm and gird me for the war.
 They hate the soul that hates his sins.
 Let them in horrid league agree?
 They may assault, they may distress;
 But cannot quench thy love to me,
 Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace.

There dwell the saints, once fees to God, The sinners whom he calls his own.

- 4 There, though besieg'd on every side,
 Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
 From age to age they have defied
 The utmost force of earth and hell.
- This city has a sure defence;
 Her name is call'd, 'The Lord is there?'
 And who has power to drive him thence?

HYMN 440. C. M. Steele.

Jesus-Phil. ii. 10.

- JESUS! in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
 Jesus! the angels' sweetest theme—
 The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
 No thought of angels ever knew
 Compassion so divine.
- 3 Jesus! and didst thou leave the sky
 For miseries and wees?
 And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
 For vile rebellious foes?
- 4 Victorious love! can language tell
 The wonders of thy pow'r,
 Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
 In that tremendous hone?

HYMN 441. 112th. Matlock's Col. Jesus-Phil. ii. 10.

- No beauty can with him compare:
 Chief of ten thousand is my Lord;
 Thou art the all-creating word;
 Thou art alive—sweet words to tell:
 Thou hast the keys of death and hell.
- 2 Soon shall I reach my heav'nly home,
 Within the new Jerusalem;
 And shout free grace with those above,
 And view my Jesus, whom I love:
 There sing, and praise, and with him be,
 To spend a long eternity.

HYMN 442. S. M. Bristol Col.

Gentiles praying for the Jews-Rom. x. 1.

1 LORD, send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home,
From east and west, from south to north,
Let all the wand'rers come.

- Where'er in lands unknown
 The fugitives remain,
 Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
 Thy holy mount to gain.
- By preaching of thy word,
 May they be brought to hear,
 That the Messiah, Christ the Lord,
 Did once on earth appear.
- Open their hearts, and bring
 Them all with joy to own
 That he's their Lord, their God and King—
 The true anointed one.]

With Israel's myriads seal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And shew the mystery fulfill'd—
The family complete.

HYMN 443. 112th. Wesley. Gentiles praying for the Jews. Rom. xi. 1-25-xxv. 27.

PATHER of faithful Abrah'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abrah'm's seed;
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From us, adopted in their stead,
Who mercy thro' their fall obtain,
And Christ by their rejection gain.

2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide,
Thro' ev'ry nation under heav'n:
Blaspheming him they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n:
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhor'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray!
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past—
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

4 Come, then, thou great deliv'rer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Bring all thy ancient people home,
And crown them with eternal love:
The world shall their reception view,
And shout to God the glory due.

HYMN 444. L. M. Mrs. Voke.

Jews received into the Christian Church.

1 JESUS—the triumphs of thy cross
With holy wonder we proclaim,
And join with the celestial host,
In loud hosannas to thy name.

2 Thy prayer was heard, "Father forgive,
"The murderers know not what they
do;"

And we in this far distant day, Its blest effects with rapture view.

3 We see the seed of Abraham come, Trophies of thy victorious grace; To worship at thy sacred feet, With sinners of the Gentile race.

4 No longer now in unbelief,

They're grafted into their own tree;
And if the first fruits precious are,
What shall the future harvest be?

When they shall all be gather'd in;
When thou wilt turn thy wrath away,
And freely pardon all their sin.

6 When Zion shall be built again,
And all the earth thy glory see,
And every nation thou hast made
Pay their glad homage, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 445. 8s. 8s. 6s. Chatham Tune. Solid Joys-Psalm xvi. 5, 6.

1 QUIT the world's fantastic joys, Her honours are but idle toys, Her bliss an empty shade; Like meteors in the midnight sky,

That glitter for a while, and die,

Her glories flash, and fade.

2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
"Tis all too mean for me;
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold aspiring wishes rise,
My God, to heav'n, and thee!

3 Great source of glory, life, and love!
When to thy courts I mount above,
On Contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

4 Thy beauties, rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With raptures fill my breast:
Though robb'd of all my worldly store,
With thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

HYMN 446. C. M.

Joy in the God of Salvation-Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 WHAT the 'no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the clive fail,
And fields no meat supply!

2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be?

- And glory in his love,
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
- The swiftness of the roe,
 Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
 Beyond the reach of woe.
- The source of lasting joy,
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

HYMN 447. L. M. Medley. He hath done all things well-Mark vii, 37.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 How sov'reign, wenderful, and free
 Has been his love to sinful me!
 He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws, And yet he undertook my cause; To save me, tho' I did rebel; My Jesus bath done all things well.
- 4 And since my soul has known his love, What mercies has he made me prove! Mercies which do all praise excel, My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 5 Whene'er my Saviour and my God Has on me laid his gentle rod, I know, in all that has befell, My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms shall lose my breath;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 And when to that bright world I rise, And join the anthems of the skies, Above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 448. 148th. Toplady's Col. The Jubilee-Lev. xxv. 8-13.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:

The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN 449. L. M. Davies. Judgment-Isaiah xxiv. 18-20.

- HOW great, how terrible that God,
 Who shakes creation with his nod!
 He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break.
- 2 See now the glorious, dreadful day, That takes th' enormous load away! See ocean, earth, all nature's frame, Sink in one universal flame!
- Where now, O where shall sinners seek For shelter in the gen'ral wreck?

Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown? See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!

- 4 In vain for mercy now they cry; In lakes of liquid fire they lie; There on the flaming billows tost, Forever, O, forever lost!
- 5 But saints, undaunted and serene, Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene; Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire, And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 6 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,
 To thee my all I dare commend;
 Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
 When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

HYMN 450. L. M. Needham. Books opened—Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 METHINKS the last great day is come.

 Methinks I hear the trumpet's sound,

 That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,

 And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust, Aw'd by the Judge's high command; Both small and great now quit their dust, And round the dread tribunal stand.
- [3 In vain the wicked strive to shun The Judge's quick and piercing eye In vain to hills and mountains run, And to the rocks for shelter cry.]
- Behold the awful books display'd,
 Big with th' important fates of men!
 Each word and deed now public made,
 Written by heav'n's unerring pen.

- 5 To ev'ry soul the books assign
 The joyous or the dread reward;
 Sinners in vain lament and pine;
 No plea the Judge will here regard.
- 6 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold, May life's fair book my soul approve; There may I read my name enroll'd, And triumph in redeeming love.

HYMN 451. 148th. Toplady's Col. The Midnight Cry-Matt. xxv. 6.

- YE virgin souls, arise!
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your free reward;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord—
- Go, meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend:
 Your head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.
- Ye—that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his spirit liv'd,
 And thirsted for his leve:

Jesus shall claim you for his bride; Rejoice with all the sanctified.

Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 452. 8s. 7s. 4s. Swain.

Judgment—Jude 14, 15.

1 LO, he comes, array'd in veng'ance,
Riding down the heav'nly road;
Floods of fury roll before him—
Who can meet an angry God?
Tremble, sinners,
Who can stand before his rod?

2 Lo, he comes in glory shining:
Saints, arise and meet your King!

Glorious Captain of salvation,
Welcome, welcome, hear them sing!
Shouts of triumph

Make the heav'ns with echoes ring.

[3 Now despisers, look and wonder!

Hear the dreadful sound, Depart,
Rattling like a peal of thunder,
Thro' each guilty rebel's heart!
Lost forever,

Hope and sinners here must part;

4 Still they hear the awful sentence.

Hell resounds the dreadful roar;
While their heart-strings twine with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore!

Trembling on the burning shore!
Justice seals it—

Down they sink to rise no more!

5 How they shrink, with horror viewing Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide! Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing, Plunge them down the rolling tide! Now consider,

Ye who scorn the Lamb that died!]

[6 Hark! ten thousand harps resounding! Form'd in bright and grand array; See the glorious armies rising,

While their Captain leads the way! Heav'n before them Opens an eternal day.1

HYMN 453. 8s. 7s. 4s. Newton. Judgment—Rev. i. 7—vi. 14.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,

Louder than ten thousand thunders
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination.

Will surprise your trembling heart, When you hear your condemnation, "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!

" Thou with Satan

" And his angels have thy part!

5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
"See the kingdom I bestow:

"You, forever,

" Shall my love and glory know."

May this thought our courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:

HYMN 4542 C.M.

Praise to the Redefer: His coming to Judgment.—Rev. 1. 6—8.

And wash'd us in his blood.

To royal bonours rais'd our head.

And made us pricets to God.

2 To Him let ev'ry tongue be praise, And ev'ry heart be leve! All grateful bonours paid on earth.

And nobles songs above!

Behold, on flying clouds he comes !

His saints shall bless the day;

While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn In anguish and dismay.

Time centres all in me;
Th' almighty God, who was, and is,

ETAN 455. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Judgment Rev. i. 7. vi. 14-17. zzii. 20

LOI he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain?
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:

Jaco pow shall ever reign.

hab'd in dreadful majesty;

Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply waiting,
Shall the true Maniah see.

3 Ev'ry island, when demonstrain,
litter and earth shall fiee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment! come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear?
All his paints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelniah!

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit.

Hasten, Lord, the gentral doom!

Promis'd glory to inherit.

Take the greater pilotime have

Il creation

Baviour, take the pow'r and glory.

O come solickly,
Hallelujah I come, Lore, come k

HYMN 456. 10s. S-

The happy Meeting of Body and Soul-Rev. x. 5, 6.

SWIFT from the heav'ns a mighty angel flies, [skies, And bears his dread commission from the His sacred orders sound from shore to shore:

Jehovah swears that time shall be no more!

2 The solemn trumpet wakes the countless dead, [bed,
And trembling mortals leave their clay-cold
Lo! from before the dazzling throne of
God, [road]

Celestial forms come down th' ethereal

- 3 Each radiant form assumes its native mate, And looks and wonders at its glorious state; "Is this the feeble frame I left behind?
 - "So beauteous now!" exclaims the raptur'd mind:
- 4 "Before, opprest with sickness and with pain;
 - "Now life immortal runs in ev'ry vein:
 - "Are these the feet, which, often, tir'd and slow, [below?
 - "Crept trembling on to join the church
- 5 "Are these the hands I us'd to spread abroad, [God?
 - "In humble acts of pray'r and praise to
 - "What briny drops once trickled down this face, [grace!
 - Which heav'nly smiles adorn, and ev'ry

6 "Eternal scenes pour on my ravish'd sight,
"Now so much strengthen'd for the vast
delight!

" No more disease shall dart with fatal aim

" His deadly venom thro' my sickly frame:

7 " No more this body shall distress my soul-

"Impede her flight—her noblest pow'rscontrol; [trod,

" The dark, mysterious path that once I

" Now, now, I see it, was the way to God!

8 "Join, all ye heav'nly hosts, your anthems raise, [of praise;"

"Nor let one tongue be mute from songs Instant the tuneful choir, in sounding strains, Pour their melodious notes o'er all the plains.

HYMN 457. L. M. Swain.

Justification by Faith-Gal. ii. 16.

SINNERS, away from Sinai fly;
To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair;
Behold the King of glory die,
And read your peace and pardon there!

2 Search into ev'ry open wound, [spear; Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the And full salvation will be found, In golden letters written there.

3 No works of man to raise the sum, Or pay the ransom, must be brought; Helpless and poor to Jesus come, Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

4 Your faith, your hope and righteousness, Are treasur'd up in him alone; Your rich supplies of grace and peace Spring from the works your Lord has done.

- 5 Hell opens her ten thousand graves, To swallow those that die in sin; But all the great Immanuel saves, Heav'n's open gates shall welcome in.
- 6 There shall the blood-bought armies go.
 That trust the great Redeemer here;
 The plant that buds with grace below,
 Shall ripen into glory there.

HYMN 458. 148th. Scott. Kingdom of Christ—Psalm cx. 3.

ALL hail, incarnate God!

The wondrous things foretold

Of thee, in sacred writ,

With joy our eyes behold:

Still does thine arm new trophies wear,

And monuments of glory rear.

Its silver honour pays;
To thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conqu'ring King.

That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes.
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

All hail, triumphant Lord, Eternal be thy reign; Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

HYMN 459. C. M. Logan.

The progress and peace of Christ's Kingdom.

Isaiah ii. 2-5.

BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord In latter days shall rise, On mountain tops above the hills, And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall all the world command.

Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years; [swords,
To plough-shares men shall beat their
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

460, 461 KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
 To worship at his shrine;
 And, walking in the light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

HYMN 460.- C. M.

The Character of Christ, and the nature and extent of his government—Is. ix. 2—7.

1 THE race that long in darkness pin'd,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night,

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His pow'r encreasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

HYMN 461. 148th. Greenwich New Tune. Grounds of rejoicing in Christ-Phil. iv. 4.

REJOICE, the Lord is King! The Prince of Life adore;

O Sion, shout, and sing, And triumph evermore: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns;
The God of truth and love:
When he had purg'd our sins
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 He all our foes shall quell,
Shall death itself destroy:
And all his people fill
With pure celestial joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice; The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice."

HYMN 462. 148th. Bristol Col. Kingdom of Christ.

REJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men:
He breaks the pris'ners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes, his cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell In vain new projects tries, The gospel to repel, By cruelty and lies:

1

Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain; Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.

All pow'r is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:

All heav'n with smiles approve his cause; And distant isles receive his laws.

This little seed from heav'n
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever-blessed leav'n
Diffus'd abroad must be;

'Till God the Son shall come again, It must go on. Amen, Amen!

HYMN 463. L. M. Neale. Jacob's Ladder-Gen. xxviii. 12, 13.

- 1 WHEN Jacob from his brother fled, As he repos'd his weary head, He saw in vision, with surprise, A ladder reaching to the skies.
- 2 Ascending and descending here, The angels of the Lord appear; And from the top Jehovah spake, And thus in sweetest accents brake:-
- 3 "I am thy God, and thee I'll bless, " And keep thee safe in ev'ry place; " By night and day I will defend, " And be to thee a constant friend."
- 4 We in this mystic ladder trace A view of Jesus and his grace; In him all blessings are bestow'd, In him we find access to God.

HYMN 464. L. M. Fawcett. Lamenting after the Lord-1 Sam. vii. 2.

- 1 T OOK from on high, great God, and see Thy saints lamenting after thee; The tokens of thy presence give, And now thy gracious work revive.
- 2 How did thy ancient people mourn, And wish to see thy kind return! They cry'd to thee on Mizpeh's plain, "O let us see thy face again." well the het a proposition

- 3 We join our humble voice with theirs, And offer up our ardent pray'rs; Lord, with thy smiles thy churches bless, And crown thy gospel with success.
- 4 Thy cheering grace, O God, impart; Bind up and heal the broken heart; Our sins subdue, our souls restore, And let our foes prevail no more.
- 5 Thy presence in thy house afford, To ev'ry heart apply thy word; That sinners may their danger see, And now begin to live to thee.

HYMN 465. L. M. Doddridge, altered by Medley.

Law; or, the Sinner found wanting—Dan.

- RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eye,
 Behold the judgment drawing nigh:
 Behold the balance is display'd,
 Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.
- 2 See, in one scale God's holy law;
 Mark with what force its precepts draw;
 Canst thou the awful test sustain?
 Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain
 - 3 Behold the hand of God appears, And writes in dreadful characters, "Tekel! thy soul is wanting found; "With trembling hear the awful sound.
 - 4 "Let fear thy sin-bound heart embrace;
 "Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face,
 - "Conviction thre' thy conscience roll,
 - " And deep repentance fill thy soul.

One only hope can yet prevail,
Jesus for thee can turn the scale;
Can give thy guilty conscience peace,
And save thee by his righteousness."

6 Dear Saviour, now thy pow'r impart; Convince each unconvinced heart;

And thy salvation let them view, In justice wrought, and mercy too.

7 Believing this they shall employ Their hearts and lips in songs of joy; Nor e'er of wanting be afraid, When in God's holy balance weigh'd.

> HYMN 466. C. M. Kent. Love to the Law and to the Gospel.

1 WHEN from the precepts to the cross
The humble sinner turns,
His brightest deeds he counts but dross,
And o'er his vileness mourns.

2 God, on the table of his heart, Inscribes his love and fear; He loves the law in every part, But takes no refuge there.

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re.

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3 Thus gospel, law, and justice too,
Conspire to set him free:
Reflect, my soul, admire and view,
What God hath done for thee.
HYMN 467. C. M. Walkn.

Saints dead to the Law by the Body of Christ-Rom. vii. 4-6.

SING to the Lord, ye heirs of faith, Of Abrah'm's chosen seed,

The law that sentenc'd you to death, la now thro' Jesus dead.

The law's condemning pow'r,

For on himself our sins he took,

And the hand-writing tore.

3 He bore our sins and set us free;
No charge on us can lie;
His blood's an all-sufficient plea,

By legal works no more we strive

To be discharg'd from guilt:

Dead to the law, to Christ we live

Adore the Father's sov'reign love,
Who gave his only Son
Our curse and mis'ry to remove,
And make his mercy known

HYMN 468. L. M. G. Ga's Sel. Liberality.—Collection—Hag. 11. 8

All come from his propitious hand.

And must return at his command.

The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and couls employ;
For ff I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.

When I to him in want apply,

He never does my suit deny;

And shall I then refuse to give,

The cell to much from him receive?

- A Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
 And clothe himself in humble clay?
 Shall be become despis'd and poor,
 To make me rich forever more?
- 5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
 To give my silver or my gold?
 To aid a cause my soul approves,
 And save the sinners Jesus loves?
- 6 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
 To give the whole I can afford;
 That what thy bounty render'd mine,
 I may with cheerful hands resign.

HYMN 469. 88. 78. Francis.

A Collection for the Spread of the Gospet.

1. TV ITH my culstance I will benoue.

My Redeemer, and my Lord;

Were ten thousand worlds my manor,

All were pothing to his word.

- 2 While the heralds of salvation.

 His abounding grace proclaim,

 Let his friends of every station,

 Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted.

 May the world the Saviour know;

 Be my all to him devoted.

 To my Lord my all I owe.
- 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations.

 Praise nim, all ye hosts above;

 Shout, with joyful acclamations,

 His divine, victorious love.

HYMN 470. L. M. Roby's Col.

Collection for the poor—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

THE Lord who rules the world's affairs, For me a well-spread board prepares; My grateful thanks to him shall rise; He knows my wants, those wants supplies.

2 And shall I grudge to give his poor A mite from all my bount'ous store? No—Lord, the friends of thine and thee Shall always find a friend in me.

HYMN 471. C. M. Doddridge. Christ fed and clothed in his Members. Matthew xxv. 40.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum,
Or pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When earth and heav'n are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The objects of thy grace;
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O, rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

HYMN 472. S. M. Scott. Collection-1 Chron. xxix. 14.

THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own:
We bless thy providential grace,
Which show'rs its blessings down.

With joy the people bring
Their off rings round thy throne;
With thankful souls behold we pay
A tribute of thy own.

3 Accept this humble mite, Great Sov'reign Lord of all; Nor let our num'rous mingling sins, The fragrant olutment spoil.

Let a Redeemer's blood
 Diffuse its virtues wide;
 Hallow and cleanse our ev'ry gift,
 And all our follies hide.

To thee, the Lord, ascend:
An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by his hand.

Well pleas'd our God shall view
The products of his grace;
And in a plentiful reward
Fulfil his promises.

HYMN 473. L. M. Liberty of Conscience.

A BSURD and vain attempt! to bind, With iron chains the free-born min

To force conviction, and reclaim.
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.

- 2 Bold arrogance to snatch from heav'n Dominion not to mortals giv'n!
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
 Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
 Does no such cruelties approve;
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
 No arms, but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine and reasons strong, It draws the willing soul along; And conquests to thy church acquires By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

HYMN 474. L. M. Anon. Life hid with Christ in God—Col. iii, 3.

- YE saints, exult in Jesus' name,
 Make Jesus' love your darling theme;
 Sing on—you're in the heav'nly road,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God.
- 2 'Tis hid from ev'ry carnal eye,
 'Tis hid secure with God on high;
 Beyond the reach of earth or hell,
 'Tis hid with our Immanuel.
- 3 Satan may rage, the world annoy, But neither can this life destroy; That's safely lodg'd in Jesus' breast, The sinner's refuge, Christian's rest.
- 4 The seeds of grace your Lord bestows,
 From him the oil of grace still flows,

'Till you are rais'd to his abode, Your life is hid with Christ in God.

HYMN 475. L. M. Hopkins. Living to Christ—Phil. i. 21.

- That leads the soul away from God;
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live, From him, my life, my all receive; To him devote my fleeting hours, Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,
 To him I look, on him I call;
 He will my ev'ry want supply,
 In time, and thro' eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear; Soon shall I end my trials here— Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain; To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints în glory meet; Soon walk thro' ev'ry golden street, And sing on ev'ry blissful plain, To live is Christ, to die is gain.

HYMN 476. L. M. Medley. Look again—Jonah ii. 4.

1 SEE a poor sinner, dearest Lord, Whose soul encourag'd by thy word, And there would look, and look again, ... How oft deceiv'd by self and pride, Has my poor heart been turn'd aside, And, Jonah-like, has fled from thee, Till thou hast look'd again on me. Ah! bring a wretched wand reasone!
And to the foutstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and took, and look again.
Do fear and doubte the soul annoy!
Do thund ring tempests drown the joy!
And canst thou not one smile obtain!
Yet wait, and look, and look again.

- 2 Obedient to thy summons, Lord,
 We to thy sanctuary come;
 Thy gracious presence here afford,
 And send thy people joyful home.
 Of thee our King
 O may we sing;
 And none with such a theme be dumb!
- S O hasten, Lord, the day when those a Who know thee here shall see thy face a When all their sufferings shall close.

 And toil and strife and sorrow Chare.

 Then shall they rest.

 Supremely blest,

 And dwell with thee in endless peace.

HYMN 478. C. M. Kelly.

The Lord's Doy Psalm laxiv. 10.

- 1 WHEN I can see the Saviour's grace,
 And call the Saviour mine,
 I feel content in ev'ry place;
 The darkness seems to shine.
- 2 In such a frame I greatly prize
 The day the Saviour claims;
 Nor envy then the great and wise,
 Their joys and golden dreams.
- 3 With those who love the Saviour's name
 I thuse to have my part;
 And if my portion should be character.

l'il bind it to my heart

The Lord has call'd his own:

I'll go where they are wont to pray,

And worship at his throne.

And O may ev'ry Sabhath prove,
An earnest of that rest,
Of which, when we arrive above,
We hope to be possess'd.

HYMN 479. L. M. Sabbath Morning.

Ps. cxviii. 24. Matt. xxviii. 1.

1HAIL! morning, known among the blest!

Morning of hope, and joy, and love;

Of heav'nly peace and holy rest;

Pledge of the endless rest above!

- 2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
 Who from the dead hath brought his Son!
 Hope to the lost was then restor'd,
 And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun To chase the shades of night away, When Christ arose—unsetting Sun! The dawn of joy's eternal day!
- 4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye, When our Immanuel left the dead; Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high, And hope with gladness rais'd her head.
- 5 God's goodness let us bear in mind, Who to his saints this day hath giv'n, For rest and serious joy design'd, To fit the soul for death and heav'n.
- 6 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord, Thy fire to ev'ry bosom bring; Then shall our ardent hearts accord, And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

HYMN 430. 8s. 8s. 6s. Merrick.

Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in Worship. Psalm cxxii.

1 THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end, The heaven-protected tribes ascend; Their offerings hither bring: Here, eager to attest their joy, In hymns of praise their tongues employ, And hail th' immortal King.

3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O Sion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray;
How bless'd, who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand.
Distribute all her store!

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Sion, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode!
How cease the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansions of my God?

HYMN 481. L. M. J. Stennett.

The Sabbath.

- Another sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to wearied minds; Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grateful incense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose Which none but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast, Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.
- With joy, great God, thy works we view, In various scenes, both old and new; With praise, we think on mercies past; With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day.
 In holy pleasures pass away;
 How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 482. L. M. Dobell. Sabbath Morning.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day, Come bear our thoughts from earth away: Now let our noblest passions rise With ardour to their native skies.

- 2 Come, holy Spirit, all divine, With rays of light upon us shine; And let our waiting souls be blest On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our sabbaths here are o'er, And we arrive on Canaan's shore, With all the ransom'd we shall spend A sabbath which shall never end.

HYMN 483. C. M. De Courcy's Col. Sabbath Morning.

- In hymns around the throne;
 This is the day our rising Lord
 Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the sev'n;
 Type of that everlasting rest,
 The saints enjoy in heav'n.

HYMN 484. C. M. De Courcy's Col. altered. Sabbath Morning.

- THE Lord of sabbaths let us praise, In concert with the blest; And in most sweet, harmonious lays, Employ this day of rest.
- 2 O may we still remember thee, And more in knowledge grow; And may we more of glory see, While waiting here below.

3 On this sweet day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who our souls hath bought
With blood, and grief, and pain;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN 485. C. M. Berridge. Sabbath Morning—Psalm cxviii. 24.

ON this sweet morn my Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He dies to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.

[2 I bless the Lord, and hail the morn, It is my Lord's own day;

And faithful souls will surely scorn

To doze the hours away.]

3 This is the day for holy rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

4 No heav'nly fire my heart can raise
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

And saving health convey;

A sweet, refreshing Lord's day show'r

Will make them sing and pray.

6 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flock of thy own choice;
Give savour to the heav'nly breed,
And bid the fold rejoice.

HYMN 486. C. M. Mason, altered. Sabbath Morning.

COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
O bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy an heav'nly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul Are these sweet days of love; But what a sabbath shall I keep, When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace,
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 O if my soul, when death appears, In this sweet frame be found: I'd clasp my Saviour in mine arms, And leave this earthly ground.

When from this clay undrest,
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,
And made forever blest.

From the low train of mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.

- 2. Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face:
 Let sinners feel thy quick ning word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours;
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain.

HYMN 490. C. M. Brown.

Sabbath Evening.

- FREQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns—
 How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept my faint attempts to love, My frailties, Lord, forgive; I would be like thy saints above, And praise thee while I live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, my faith and hope, And fit me to ascend, Where the assembly ne'er breaks up, And sabbaths never end:
- Where I shall breathe in heav'nly air—
 With heav'nly lustre shine—
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

But sound immortal lays:
And with the bright, seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 491. 7s. Godwin.

Sabbatic Year-Lev. xxv. 1-17.

- GOD of sabbath, Israel's Lord,
 Thee we'll praise with one accord:
 Hear our humble, earnest pray'r,
 Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 2 Now thy glory to us show, Give a taste of heav'n below; Lord, to thee we bow in pray'r, Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 3 Now the captive sinners free, Now declare thy jubilee; Now accomplish this our pray'r, Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 4 Now the senseless sinner wound, Let the strong-man-arm'd be bound; Spread thy gospel, hear our pray'r, Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 5 Now thy word with pow'r endue, Let it wound and quicken too; Make them fly to thee in pray'r; Haste the great sabbatic year.
- 6 Now let the thoughtless souls awake, All their follies now forsake; Answer, Lord, our daily pray'r, Haste the great sabbatic year.

7 Bring the joyful sabbath on, Let the gospel-tidings run; Then in ceaseless praise we'll sing, Hallelujah to our King.

HYMN 492. C. M.

The Prayer which Christ taught his Disciples.

Matt. vi. 9-13.

- 1 FATHER of all! we bow to thee
 Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
 But present still, thro' all thy works,
 The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
 By all beneath the skies;
 And may thy kingdom still advance,
 'Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
 With hearts resign'd to thee;
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,
 On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
 The hand that feeds us still;
 Give us our bread, and teach to rest
 Contented in thy will.
- Our sins before thee we confess;
 O may they be forgiv'n;
 As we to others mercy show,
 We mercy beg from Heav'n.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
 From evil guard our way;
 And in temptation's fatal path
 Permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

HYMN 493. 8s. 8s. 6s. Straphan.

The Lord's Prayer-Matt. vi. 9-13.

- OUR Father, whose eternal sway
 The bright angelic hosts obey,
 Oh, lend a pitying ear,
 When on thy awful name we call,
 And at thy feet submissive fall,
 Oh! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend,
 May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
 And yield to sovereign love:
 May we take pleasure to fulfil
 The sacred dictates of thy will,
 As angels do above.
- 2 From thy kind hand each temporal good,
 Our raiment and our daily food,
 In rich abundance come:
 Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
 If thou withhold thy hand, we die,
 And fill the silent tomb.
- And call for vengeance from the skies:

 And while we are forgiven,

 Grant that revenge may never rest,

 And malice harbour in that breast

 That feels the love of heaven.

- And from the wily tempter's power,
 Oh! set our spirits free:
 And if temptation should assail,
 May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
 And lead our hearts to thee.
- Thine is the power; to thee belongs
 The constant tribute of our songs,
 All glory to thy name:
 Let every creature join our lays,
 In one resounding act of praise,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

HYMN 494. L. M. The Institution of the Lord's Supper-Matt. xxvi. 25-29.

- The eager rage of ev'ry foe,

 That night on which he was betray'd,

 The Saviour of the world took bread;
- 2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
 To Him who rules in earth and heav'n,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his foll'wers spoke:
- 3 "My broken body thus I give
 For you, my friends, take, eat, and live;
 And oft the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view."
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd, And God anew he thank'd and prais'd; While kindness in his bosom glow'd, And from his lips salvation flow'd.

- 5 "My blood I thus pour forth, he cries, To cleanse the soul in sin that lies; In this the covenant is seal'd, And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught, Let saints partake the sacred draught; Thro' latest ages let it pour In mem'ry of my dying hour!"

HYMN 495. L. M. Davies.

On the first approach at the Lord's Table.

- LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine;
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all, I yield to thee beyond recall;
 Accept thine own, so long withheld—Accept what I so freely yield!
- 3 Grant one poor sinner more a place Among the children of thy grace; A wretched sinner, lost to God, But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 4 Thine would I live—thine would I die—
 Be thine thro' all eternity;
 Be thou the witness of my vow—
 Angels and men attest it too.
- 5 Here at that cross, where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God; Thee, my new Master, now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.

6 Do thou assist a feeble worm, The great engagement to perform: Thy grace can full assistance lend, And on that grace I dare depend.

HYMN 496. L. M. Kelly.

This do in remembrance of me-Luke xxii. 19.

- OBEDIENT to our dying Lord,
 Who bid us thus remember him,
 O let us now surround his board,
 His flesh our food, his love our theme!
- 2 Let others feast on sensual sweets!
 We are supplied with richer food;
 When Jesus thus his people meets,
 They want not what the world calls good.
- 3 Sweet feast! Here love and union reign, An earnest of the joys above; And, meanest of the Saviour's train, We celebrate his dying love.
- 4 O may that love by pow'r divine, To all our hearts be now made known; Dear Saviour, on thy people shine! The people thou hast made thine own.

HYMN 497. L. M. Watts' Lyric. Lord's Supper.

1 WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God, Comes marching downward from the skies,

Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, With joy and pity in his eyes?

- 2 The Lord, the Saviour, yes, 'tis he, I know him by the smiles he wears; Dear glorious Man that died for me, Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.
- 3 Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
 I own these wounds, and I adore:
 Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
 Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore.
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
 Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
 Why for such earthly souls as mine,
 This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed, That nail'd him to the cursed tree; 'Twas his own love this table spread, For such unworthy guests as we.

HYMN 498. L. M. Dobell. Lord's Supper.

- 1 HOW pleasing to behold and see
 The friends of Jesus all agree,
 To sit around his sacred board,
 As members of one common Lord!
- 2 Here we behold the dawn of bliss— Here we behold the Saviour's grace— Here we behold his precious blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
- [3 Hear our request, while we implore
 That love may spread from shore to shore;
 'Till all the saints, like us, combine,
 To praise the Lamb in songs divine.]
- 4 To all we freely give our hand, Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;

- Here, by the bread and wine, we view What boundless curses were our due; But thro' th' atonement of our Lord, re than was lost is now restor'd.
- out love and union, by his blood,

HVMN 499. L. M. Fellows.

- AUGHTERS of Sion, ye who sing

Come, all ye happy souls, that thirst— The last is welcome as the first.

6 Come to his table, and receive
Whate'er a pard'ning God can give!
His love thro' ev'ry age endures;
His promise and himself are yours.

HYMN 500. C. M. Stennett, altered.

My Flesh in Meat indeed John vi. 53-56

HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 " Here peace and pardon sweetly flow O what delightful food;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine.

We eat the bread, and drink the wine But think on nobler good."

4 The bitter torments he endur'd
Upon the accura'd tree,
Each welcome guest may truly say,
Were borne from love to me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so diving:
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me

HYMN 501. C. M. Cole, altered.

My Flesh is Meat indeed—John vi. 55.

1 GREAT God, we now surround thy board,
To banquet and to feed;
Thy flesh and blood, dear dying Lord,
Is meat and drink indeed!

2 Thy sacred flesh and saving blood,
Do ev'ry type exceed:
And we can say this heav'nly food
Is meat and drink indeed!

3 The Paschal supper serv'd to show
How Jacob's tribes were freed:
And in a figure pointed to
This meat and drink indeed!

4 The manna and the cheering stream,
For Israel's daily need,
Did in the wilderness proclaim
This meat and drink indeed!

This is the Lord's appointed feast, Enjoin'd on all his seed; His flesh and blood, O happy guest, Is meat and drink indeed!

6 These sacred signs assist our sense;
But faith on Christ can feed;
He is the bread of excellence,
And meat and drink indeed!

HYMN 502. C. M. Stennett. Eat, O Friends, &c.—Cant. v. 1.

1 LORD, at thy table I behold The wonders of thy grace; But most of all admire, that I Should find a welcome place.

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this, That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand—
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,

The feast was made for you;

For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,

And rose, and triumph'd too.

[5 With humble faith, and thankful hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had;
What will it be above!]

6 Had I ten-thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten-thousand tongues, they all

Should join the harmony.

HYMN 503. 8s. 8s. 6s. Godwin, altered.

Christ crucified—John xix. 30.

I S this my Jesus, this my God,
Whose body all o'er stain'd with blood,
Hangs on th' accursed tree?
Who bows his head, opprest with pain
But 'midst it all doth not complain?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

2 Is this my Saviour, this my Lord, Whose feet and hands with nails are bor'd, And fasten'd to the tree; Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd, Whose pierced side receives the wound?

Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

3 Is this my bleeding sacrifice,
Who bows his head, and calmly dies,
High lifted on the tree?
Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,
Whom almost all mankind refuse?

Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

4 And shall my soul again forget
His love so free, immensely great?
Oh!—never let it be!
But let me always see the Lamb,
And truly praise his gracious name
To all eternity!

HYMN 504. 5s. 6s. 11s. Wesley. Sufferings and Death of Jesus-Lam. i. 12.

A LL ye that pass by,

To Jesus draw nigh,

To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

Our ransom and peace,

Our Surety he is,

Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.

Of his anger, did lay
Our sine on the Lamb, and he bore them
He died to atone

The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.

S For sinners, like me,

He died on the tree;

His death is accepted, the sinner is free.

My pardon I claim,
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

With joy we approve The plan of his love!

A wonder to all both below and above!
When time is no more,
We still shall adore

That ocean of love, without bottom or shore.

HYMN 505. C. M.

The Lord's Supper.
THE blest memorials of thy death,

Thy sufferings and thy grief,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave Our mournful minds to move, We come, dear Saviour, to receive,

But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

506, 507 LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 506. 7s.

The Lord's Supper.

- JESUS, once for sinners slain, From the dead was rais'd again, And in heav'n has now sat down With his Father on the throne.
- 2 There he reigns a King supreme, We shall also reign with him; Feeble souls, be not dismay'd, Trust in his almighty aid.
- 3 He hath made an end of sin, And his blood hath wash'd us clean; Fear not, he is ever near; Now, e'en now, he's with us here.
- 4 Thus assembling, we by faith,
 Till he come, show forth his death;
 Of his body, bread's the sign,
 And we drink his blood in wine.
- 5 Saints on earth, with saints above, Celebrate his dying love, And let every ransom'd soul Sound his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 507. L. M. Dr. Watts' Lyric.

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

- 1 NOW let our faith grow strong, and rise
 And view our Lord in all his love:
 Look back to hear his dying cries,
 Then mount and see his throne above.
- 2 Sec where he languish'd on the cross:

 Beneath our sins he groan'd and died;

See where he sits to plead our cause, By his Almighty Father's side.

- 3 If we behold his bleeding heart,
 There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
 He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
 And seals our pleasure with his pains.
- 4 Or if we climb th' eternal hills,
 Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd;
 Still in his heart compassion dwells,
 Near the memorials of his wound.
- How shall vile pardon'd rebels show
 How much they love their dying God?
 Lord, here we'd banish every foe,
 We hate the sins that cost thy blood.
- 6 Commerce no more we hold with hell, Our dearest lusts shall all depart; But let thine image ever dwell, Stampt as a seal on every heart.

HYMN 508. L. M. Lord's Supper.

- 1 WHEN on the cross my Lord I see,
 Bleeding to death for wretched me,
 Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart, In every groan I bear a part; I view his wounds with streaming eyes; But see, he bows his head and dies!
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God, Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood!

Behold his side, and venture near, The well of endless life is here.

- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
 Only the fountain-head above
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh! that I thus could always feel!
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear, Revives my heart, and charms my ear, Affords a balm for every wound, And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 509. 7s. 8s. Lee. Surrender to Infinite Love.

- For my sins upon the tree;
 O how wondrous!—how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me!
- 2 Floods of deep distress and anguish To impede his labours came; Yet they all could not extinguish Love's eternal, burning flame.
- 3 Now redemption is completed, Full salvation is procur'd: Death and Satan are defeated By the suff'rings he endur'd.
- A Now the gracious Mediator,
 Risen to the courts of bliss,
 Claims for me, a sinful creature,
 Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

Lays the highest claim to mine:
All my pow'rs, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

6 Jesus, fit me for thy service,
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,
Take possession of thy own.]

HYMN 510. L. M. Beddome:

Holy Admiration and Joy.

1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections, who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet?

3 Look, saints, into his opening side;
The breach how large, how deep, how wide:
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.

4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows
To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The sufferings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasures spread abroad
The mysteries of a dying God.

HYMN 511. C. M.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion. Heb. ii. 9.

1 WE sing our Saviour's wondrous death, He conquer'd when he fell:

"'Tis finish'd" said his dying breath, And shook the gates of hell.

2 "'Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries, The dreadful work is done; Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise, His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When, through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd, to reach the crown.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God!

5 Bright Angels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweetest voices raise, Let heav'n, and all created things, Sound our Immanuel's praise!

HYMN 512. L. M. Steele.

Communion with Christ at his Table.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord, [ador'd!)
(Dear name, by heaven and earth
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know Are weak, and languishing, and low;

Far, far above our humble songs, The theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet while around his board we meet, And humbly worship at his feet; O let our warm affections move, In glad returns of grateful love!
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid, To see thy wondrous love display'd, Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins, Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

HYMN 513. 8s. 7s.

Reflections on Christ's Love-Luke xxiii. 28.

- On thy wondrous love to me,
 How I have the same abused,
 Slighted, disregarded thee:
 To thy Church and thee a stranger,
 Pleas'd with what displeased thee;
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.
- 2 But unwearied thou pursu'dst me,
 Still thy calls repeated came;
 Till on Calvary's mount I view'd thee,
 Bearing my reproach and blame;
 Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
 Whilst I view each pierced limb;
 Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
 Mingling with the purple stream.

Dropping tears upon the grave,
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is he who died to save?
Dying love her heart attracted;
Soon she felt his rising power;
He who Mary thus affected,
Bids his mourners weep no more.

HYMN 514. C. M. Swain. Brotherly Love-Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

1 HOW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!

2 O may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part: May sorrows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Thro' ev'ry bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In ev'ry action glow.

The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 515. S. M. Beddome.

Christian Love-Gal. iii. 28.

LET Christians all agree,
And peace among them spread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

Among the saints on earth
Let fervent love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With common blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, (child of hell!)
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwel!,
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasu

Where streams of endless pleasure flow, And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN 516. C. M. Doddridge. Love and Unity—John xiii. 34, 35.

Hail, Governor divine!

How gracious is thy sceptre's sway;

What gentle laws are thine!

2 Thy tender heart with love o'erflow'd; Love spoke in every breath; Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all thy life, And triumph'd in thy death.

3 All these united charms how strong Our frozen souls to move!

518, 519

And force a frowning world to say,

HYMN 51B. 7s. M. Lenn's Col. Christian Love—Gal. iii. 28.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name egges;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.

Evry stumbling block remove;

Each to each, unite, endear;

Come, and sorred thy beginn her

J Make us of one heart and mind, ... Courteous, pitiful, and kind; Lowly, meek in thought and word, Altogether like our Lord.

Let us for each other care,

Each the other's burden bear;

To thy church a pattern give,

HYMN 119. B. M. Forecast

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian loved
The fellowship of kindred minds

We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our side are out,

We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMN 520. 7s. M'Lean's Col.

The grounds of Christian Unity—Eph. iv.
4, 5, 6.

Partners with thy saints and thee;
Since we have our sins forgiv'n,
Fellow citizens of heav'n;
Still the fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace,
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine.

2 Build us in one body up, Call'd in one high calling's hope; One the Spirit, heav'nly breath; One th' immersion into death; One the faith and common Lord; One the Father lives ador'd Over, through, and in us all; God incomprehensible.

3 Let us then as brethren love,
And our high vocation prove;
Mutual love doth well attest,
That from death to life we're pass'd:
When in mutual love we dwell,
Then we have the Spirit's seal,
Dwell in God, and joyful prove
That he's ours, and that he's love.

HYMN 521. 8s. 8s. 6s.

A Prayer for the Sense of Divine Love. — Luke x. 39.

O! LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my wand'ring heart
All taken up in thee?
O may I daily live to prove
The sweetness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
O may it now be shed abroad
To cheer my fainting heart;
I want to feel that love divine;
This heavenly portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

With Mary at the Master's feet:

Be this my happy choice:

My only care, delight and bliss,

My joy, my heaven on earth be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 O that I might with happy John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and fear, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

HYMN 522. C. M. Doddridge & Needham. Love to our Enemies-Luke xxiii. 34.

A LOUD we sing the wondrous grace, Christ to his murd'rers bare; Which made the tort'ring cross its throne, And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried, With his expiring breath; And drew eternal blessings down On those who wrought his death.

3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And whilst we sing admire:
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
The same celestial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we For enemies will pray:
With love, their hatred and their curse,
With blessings we'll repay.

[5 Pity shall touch our hearts to see

A hungry starving foe:

The needful bread our hands out-stretch'd

Shall joyfully bestow.]

HYMN 523. 7s. Leed's Col. Love of Jesus.

- LOVE divine, how sweet the sound!
 May the theme on earth abound;
 May the hearts of saints below,
 With the sacred rapture glow!
- 2 Love amazing, large and free; Love unknown, to think on me! Let that love upon me shine, Saviour, with its beams divine.
- 3 Better than earth's gilded toys, Or an age of carnal joys; Better far than Ophir's gold, Love that never can be told.
- 4 Better than this life of mine, Saviour, is thy love divine: Drop the veil, and let me see Rivers of this love in thee.
- B While in Mesech's tents I stay, Love divine shall tune my lay; When I soar to bliss above, Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

HYMN 524. C. M. Doddridge. Love to Christ-John xxi. 15.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart, and see:
 And turn each cursed idol out
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love:

Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy, Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a Lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest ord, But O, I long to soor Far from the sphere of mortal joys, That I may love thee more.

HYMN 525. C. M. Steele.

Love to Christ desired.

THOU levely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines, But in thy sacred word I read, in fairer, brighter lines, My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray!
Break radiant thro' the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

HYMN 526. 7s. Cowper.

Lovest thou me?--John xxi. 16.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 " I deliver'd thee, when bound,

"And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound, "Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,

" Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a woman's tender care

" Cease towards the child she bare?

"Yes, she may forgetful be, "Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,

" Higher than the heights above;

" Deeper than the depths beneath—
" Free and faithful—strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,

"When the work of grace is done;

" Partner of my throne shalt be,

"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN 527. 8s. Collyer.

The Magdalene's Hymn; or, "Go, and Sin no more!"—John viii. 11.

1 DAUGHTER of anguish, child of wee, Whose bitter tears repentant flow:

To God lift up thy melting eyes, Who bids those springs of sorrow rise: Contrition struck the rock—the stream, By Mercy guided, flows to him.

2 With care paternal see him bend—
And, from his lofty seat, attend
The whisper'd sigh, the secret moan,
The drop that falls unseen, alone—
Where Sorrow points the earnest pray't,
Compassion sheds forgiveness there.

3 When man but flatter'd to betray,
And lur'd thee from thy home away,
Soft were his words—but fraught with
guile—

Destruction lurk'd beneath his smile— He bade thy peace of mind depart, Then left thee to a breaking heart!

- 4 Far from the path of peace astray,
 With Guilt, companion of thy way,
 For thee remain'd no place of rest—
 Against thee clos'd the feeling breast:
 The downcast look, the virtuous eye,
 Withheld from thee soft sympathy.
- Ah! cease through devious paths to road.

 Lo! Charity provides a home,*

 Where Vice her blushing face may hide,

 With Hope and Pity at her side:

 Religion crowns the work with smiles,

 And Faith the mourner's heart beguiles.
- 6 Daughter of anguish—cease to grieve—

 ▲ dying Saviour bids thee live;

The Magdalene Asylum in the city of New

From his pale lips, his closing eyes,
Ascends the plea to pierce the skies;
Love smiles—where Vengeance frown'd
before—

And whispers—"Go, and sin no more!"
HYMN 528. L. M. Newton.

Man by nature, grace, and glory—Eccl. vii. 29. 2 Cor. v. 17. 1 John iii. 2.

- LORD, what is man? extremes how wide, In this mysterious nature join!
 The flesh, to worms and dust allied,
 The soul, immortal and divine.
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame
 Kindled by Heav'n's inspiring breath;
 Till sin, with pow'r prevailing, came;
 Then follow'd darkness, shame, and death.
- 3 But Jesus, O amazing grace!
 Assum'd our nature as his own,
 Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above, Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be! With honour, holiness, and love, No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
 While wond'ring angels round him throng.
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

580, 581

The Honour and Blessedness of the Suints.

Mal. iti. 16-18.

The Lord, well pleas'd, an enr affords

To those who fear his name.

2 They often meet to seek his face, And what they do, or sax,

Against another day.

3 For they by faith a day descry, And joyfully expect, When he, descending from the sk

His jewels will collect.

A Unnoticed now, because unknown,

He cames to claim them for his own, And bring them forth to view.

5 With transport then their Saviour's care

-As tender parents guard and spare The children of their toye.

C Assembled worlds shall then discoun

When wood and I have over burn.

and vencesses state the state

HYAN 501. O Se Sa Kost.

1 " TV HERE two or three together to

" And tell what I have done,

"There will I be," saith God, "to bless,

"And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
"Who worships at my throne."

2 Be thou in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free:
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

HYMN 532. L. M. Matt. 18--20.

Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise.

" There," saith the Saviour, " will I be,

" Amid that little company;

" To them unveil my smiling face,

" And shed my glories round the place.

We meet at thy command, O Lord, Relying on thy faithful word:

Now send thy Spirit from above,

To manifest thy dying love.

HYMN 533. L. M. Kelly.

For Believers worshipping-Matt. xvii. 20.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;

Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet! Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

- 3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face!
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place!
- 4 Lord, thou hast cast a pleasant lot
 For those whom thou hast call'd thine own;
 'Tis true the world esteems them not,
 But thou wilt place them on thy throne.
- 5 Then let the worldling boast his joys! We've meat to eat he knows not of; We count his treasures worthless toys, While we possess a Saviour's love.
- 6 Lord, let thy people's views be clear, And let their hearts be fill'd with love: O may their light to all appear, And prove their doctrine from above.

HYMN 534. L. M. Doddridge.

Opening a new Meeting-house—Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

- And will he, from his radiant throne,

 Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise, And sing that condescending grace, Which to our notes will lend an ear, And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 These walls we to thy honour raise; Long may they echo with thy praise?

And thou, descending, fill the place With choicest tokens of thy grace.

- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign, With all the graces of his train; While pow'r divine his word attends To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- May it before the world appear,
 That crowds were born to glory here.

HYMN 535. 148th. Francis.

On opening a place of Worship—1 Kings viii. 27. Psalm cxxxii. 13—16.

IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to shew
How God can dwell with men below.

A Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All-fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

5 Here may the attentive throng Imbibe thy truth and love, And converts join the song Of seraphim above,

And willing crowds surround thy board With sacred joy and sweet accord.

Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days:
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore.

HYMN 536. L. M. Newton.

On admission of new Members—Gen. xxiv.31.

I KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;

May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us, by grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet, Send his good Spirit from above; Make our communications sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love

- [4 Forgotten be each worldly theme, When Christians meet together thus; We only wish to speak of him, Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- Me'll talk of all he did and said, And suffer'd for us here below; The path he mark'd for us to tread, And what he's doing for us now.]
- Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

On Admission of new Members-Gen. xxiv. 31.

- Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by Welcome with us, thine hand to join [blood; As partner of our lot divine.
- With us the pilgrim's state embrace, We're trav'lling to a blissful place; The Holy Ghost, who knows the way, Conduct thee on from day to day.
- Take up thy cross and bear it on, It shall be light, and not be long; Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down, And wear an everlasting crown.

HYMN 538. 8s. 7s. Kelly.

Admission of Members—Psalm Izviii. 6.

SEE our Saviour adds another!

Let us call him friend and brother;
Names to ev'ry Christian dear;
Words they are of sacred meaning,
Shewing what believers do:
Love as brethren without feigning,
And like friends prove faithful too.

- Welcome then, our friend and brother!
 Welcome all our joys to share!
 Kind and faithful to each other,
 May we feel a brother's care!
 Here expos'd to sore temptation,
 Let us bear each other's load;
 Till we gain complete salvation
 In the presence of our God.
- 3 Christians thus together walking,
 Mutual light and strength impart:
 While of Christ, the Saviour, talking.
 Love like fire inflames the heart:
 Their's a glorious destination!
 God himself with joy to see!
 Heav'n their peaceful habitation,
 Thro' a blest eternity.

HYMN 539. L. M. Kelly.

Receiving Members—Gen. xxiv. 13.

1 "COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name:
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name 'tis hop'd already stands

Mark'd in the book of life above a And now to thine we join our bands. In token of fraternal love.

- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
 We'll seek in fellowship to prove:
 Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
 Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this veil of tears,
 We'll make our joys and sorrows known:
 We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
 And count a brother's case our own.
- S Once more our welcome we repeat;
 Receive assurance of our love:
 O may we all together meet
 Around the throne of God above!

HYMN 540. L. M. Glasgow Col. On receiving Members into a Church of Christ.

- LORD, we adore thy sov'reign grace,
 Who crown'st thy gospel with success,
 Subjecting rebels to thy yoke,
 And bringing to the fold thy flock.
- 2 May those who have thy truth confest, As their own faith, and hope, and rest, From day to day still more increase, In faith, in love, and holiness.
- As living members may they share The joys and griefs which others bear, And active in their stations prove, In all the offices of love.
- 4 From all temptations now defend, And keep them steadfast to the end, While in thy house they still improve, Until they join the church above.

HYMN 541. L. M. Kelly. Receiving Members—Acts ii. 47.

1 LET joy and thankfulness be felt,
That Jesus still subdues the foe;
He makes the frozen heart to melt;
He lets the hopeless pris'ner go.

2 Behold the trophies of his arm!
We lately saw them Satan's prey,
But Jesus has dissolv'd the charm,
And by his pow'r has set them free.

3 Such is the hope that love demands,
If right, the final day will tell,
We'll freely give to those our hands,
In whom the truth appears to dwell.

4 Come then, dear friends, and share with us, The weight and honour of the cross! They who will follow Jesus thus, Must be prepar'd for shame and loss.

5 But let us not give way to fear, Or think of flight in such a cause; Jesus will guard his people here, And then receive them with applause.

HYMN 542. C. M. Knight.

Reviewing the Mercies of God-2 Sam. vii. 18.

1 FAIN would my soul with wonder trace
Thy mercies, O my God;
And tell the riches of thy grace—
The merits of thy blood.

2 With Israel's King, my heart would cry, While I review thy ways,

a 500 16 29 300

Tell me, my Saviour, who am I, That I should see thy face?

3 Form'd by thine hand, and form'd for thee,
I would be ever thine:
My Saviour, make my spirit free,
With beams of mercy shine.

4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell On thy redeeming grace; O for a thousand tongues to tell

O for a thousand tongues to tell My dear Redeemer's praise.

HYMN 543. S. M.

I will sing of Mercy and judgment-Ps. ci. 1.

THY mercy, Lord, we'll praise,
While we of judgment sing,
For all the treasures of thy grace
Our grateful tribute bring.

Mercy may justly claim
 A sinner's thankful voice;
 And judgment joining in the theme,
 We tremble and rejoice.

Thy mercies bid us trust;
Thy judgments strike with awe;
We fear the last, we bless the first,
And love thy righteous law.

Who can thine acts express,
Or trace thy wondrous ways?
How glorious is thy holiness!
How terrible thy praise!

Thy goodness how immense,
To those who fear thy name!
Thy love surpasses thought or sense,
And always is the same.

HYMN 544. C. M.

Divine Mercies and Judgments compared— Isaiah liv. 7—10.

IN thy rebukes, all gracious God, What soft compassion reigns, What gentle accents of thy voice Assuage thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons, "A father's bowels move;

"One transient moment bounds my wrath, "But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear, And view thy smiling face; And hope amidst our sighs, shall tune An anthem to thy grace.

4 Bring home at length my weary soul,
To join thy saints above;
For I would learn a song of praise
As lasting as thy love.

HYMN 545. C. M. Steele.

Praise for the Mercies of God—Psalm cxxxix.

14—18.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord, Kind guardian of my days, Thy mercies let my heart record In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

- S Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store;
 But ah! in vain my lab ring thought
 World count thy mercies o'era-
- 4. While sweet reflection, through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise.
 The blessings of thy mace.
- For favours more diviso;

 That I have known thy secred words of
- Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 - Complete the wonders of thy grace,
- Then shall my joyful pow'm unite, In more exalted layer.

And join the happy source light to everlasting praise.

HYMN 548. L. M. Ander

TOOK up, my soul, with sweet surprise,

When Josus shall descend the skies, ..

and that in a day be born, the like doves, to Jean fly in the doves, to Jean fly in the same shall know to doubt return

The same of the sa

The last participation of the same of the

And Zion, blest with heavinly bread. Of pinching wants no more complain.

- 4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free, Shall boust their several rights no more:
 But join in sweets tharmony,
 Their Lord, their Sovereign, to adore.
- 5 Thus fill a thousand years are past, And Satan must be locald again; Short is the time his reign shall last, Ere he's confin'd in endless pain.
- 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
 Where their deliving Prince is gone;
 Angels at God's command shall fly,
 To bless them with the conqu'ror's crown

HYMN 547. L. M. Gibbone.

The Minister's Wish for his People Phil. iv. 1.

- 1 MY brethren, from my heart belov'd, Whose welfare fills my daily care My present joy, my future crown, The word of exhortation hear:
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
 Adom the gospel with your lives,
 And practice what your lipe profes
- With pleasure meditate the hour,
 When he, descending from the skins,
 Shall bid your bodies, ween and vile.
 In his all-glorious image rise.
- To him inviolably closes:

 Your all he purchased by his blood,

 Nor let him less than all receives.

5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge, Whose soul desires not yours, but you; O may be at the Lord's right hand, Himself, and all his people view!

HYMN 548. C. M. Newton.

Minister's Farewell Charge-Acts xx. 26, 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends,
It was a weeping day:
But Jesus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 In heav'n they meet again with joy, Secure no more to part; Where praises ev'ry tongue employ, And pleasure fills each heart.

Thus all the preachers of his grace Their children soon shall meet; Together see their Saviour's face, And worship at his feet.

[4 But they who heard the word in vain, Tho' oft and plainly warn'd, Will tremble when they meet again The ministers they scorn'd.

If any perish here;
The preachers, who have told you all,
Shall stand approv'd and clear.

8 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone, Is not their utmost view;

O hear their pray'r, thy message own, And save their hearers too.]

HYMN 549. S. M. Clark.

Minister going a Journey.

[1 SINCE we are call'd to part From our beloved friend, We take our leave as one in heart, And him to God commend.]

2 Go with thy servant, Lord, His ev'ry step attend; All needful help to him afford, And bless him to the end.

Preserve him from all wrong,
Stand thou at his right hand;
To keep him from the sland'rous tongue,
And persecuting band.

And do thou to the list'ning crowd
His faithful labours bless.

Shine on his work below,
With ever gracious beams;
'Till thou in heav'n his crown bestow
Adorn'd with brighter gems.

We for his journey pray,
Nor may our prayers cease,
That God would bless him in his way,
And bring him back in peace.

Farewell, dear pastor, go—
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
O may we meet above.

HYMN 550. L. M. Collyer.

- A Missionary Hythn.—For the opening of the Services.
- A SSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
 The voice that marshall'd every star,
 Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 Constrain'd by love to him who died, Thy churches pour th' o'erflowing tide; 'Midst congregated thousands here, In all thine ancient power appear!
- 3 We meet, through distant lands to spread The truth for which the martyrs bled; Along the line—to either pole— The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 4 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway,
 Then give thy growing empire way;
 O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood,
 Till all mankind shall be subdu'd:
- 5 Our prayers assist—accept our praise— Our hopes revive—our courage raise— Our counsels aid—and oh! impart, The single eye—the faithful heart!
- Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
 Recall the wandering spirit home:
 From Zion's mount send forth the sound
 To spread the spacious world around!

HYMN 551. L. M. Voke.

Missionaries-Dan. ii. 45.

EXERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain, Insulted, everlasting King!

The influence of thy crown increase, And strangers to thy footstool bring.

- 2 We long to see that happy time, That dear, expected, blessed day, When countless myriads of our race The second Adam shall obey.
- 3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,
 Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the blended image fall, Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay, And superstition's gloomy reign To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one sweet symphony of praise, Gentile and Jew shall then unite; And infidelity, asham'd, Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 6 Soon Afric's long-enslaved sons
 Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,
 To celebrate, in diff'rent tongues,
 The glories of redeeming grace.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,
 Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
 And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,
 Shall meet a brother, and a friend.

HYMN 552. L. M. Voke.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word, And wait the smilings of thy face, Assemble round thy mercy-seat, And plead the promise of thy grace.

- 2. We consecrate these hours to thee, Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat; And feel some animating hope, We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son,
 To be a light to Gentile lands;
 To open the benighted eye,
 And loose the wretched pris'ner's bands?
- 4 Hast thou not said from sea to sea
 His vast dominions shall extend?
 That ev'ry tongue shall own him Lord,
 And ev'ry knee before him bend?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear, The time to favour Zion come; Send forth thy heralds far and near, To call thy banish'd children home.

HYMN 553. L. M. Voke.

Prospect of Success-John iv. 35, 36.

- BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear
 The barren wilderness assume
 The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events, with prophecies, conspire To raise our faith, our zeal to fire: The rip'ning fields, already white, Present an harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know The joy the gospel will bestow;

The exil'd slave waits to receive The freedom Jesus has to give.

- [4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart, In the blest labour share a part, Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring, To aid the triumphs of our King.
- Dur hearts exult in songs of praise,
 That we have seen these latter days,
 When our Redeemer shall be known,
 Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 6 From eastern to the western skies, Sweet incense to his name shall rise; And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew, By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

HYMN 554. L. M. Voke.

Fall of Babylon predicted-Rev. xiv. 6-8.

- PROUD Babylon yet waits her doom,
 Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,
 'Till some blest messenger arise,
 The ransom'd heathen world to call.
- 2 Now see the glorious time approach!
 Behold the mighty angel fly,
 The gospel tidings to convey
 To ev'ry land beneath the sky!
- [3 See the kind native of Pelew With rapture greet the sacred sound; And, for a Saviour's precious name, Throw his mean idols to the ground.]
- And Africa's unhappy shore,
 The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
 And hearing, wonder and adore.

- 5 See what delight, unfelt before,
 Beams in his fixt, attentive eye;
 And hear him ask—" For wretched me,
 " Did this divine Redeemer die?"
- 6 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come, Thy curst foundation shall give way; And thine eternal overthrow The triumphs of the cross display!

HYMN 555. L. M. Voke. Prayer for the Success of Missions.

- GO, heralds of the cross, preclaim
 The kind Redeemer you have found;
 And speak his ever precious name,
 To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Go, tell th' unletter'd, wretched slave,
 Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
 You bring a pardon thro' the blood
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.
- 3 Go, tell the panting sable chief, On Ethiopia's scorching sand, You come with a refreshing stream, To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell the distant isles afar,
 Of Otaheite and Pelew,
 That in the covenant of grace,
 Their unknown names are written too.
- Of a rich treasure, more refin'd;
 And tell them, the they'll scarce believe,
 You come, the friend of turns a kind.
- 6 Say, the Religion you profess Is all benevolence and love a

And by its own divine effects,
Its heav'nly origin will prove.

HYMN 556. L. M. Missionary Col.

Prayer for the Success of Missions.

- INDULGENT God, to thee we pray,
 Be with us on this solemn day;
 Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
 By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,
 And love unite our hearts in one;
 Let all we have and are, combine
 To aid this glorious work of thine.
- [3 Point us to men of upright mind,
 Devoted, diligent, and kind;
 With grace be all their hearts endow'd,
 And light to guide them in the road.
- 4 With cheerful steps may they proceed, Where'er thy providence shall lead; Let heav'n and earth their work befriend, And mercy all their paths attend.]
- 5 Great let the bands of those be found Who shall attend the gospel sound;
 And let Barbarians, bond and free,
 In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 6 Where Pagan altars now are built, And brutal blood, or human spilt, There be the bleeding cross high rear'd, And God, our God, alone rever'd.
- 7 Where captives grown beneath their chain, Let grace, and love, and concord reign; The aged and the infant tongue. Unite in one harmonious song.

HYMN 557. L. M. Dobell.

Prayer on the Scarcity of Gospel Missionaries.

Luke x. 2.

1 LORD, when we cast our eyes abroad, And see on heathen altars slain, Poer helpless babes for sacrifice, To purge their parent's dismal stain;

We can't behold such horrid deeds
Without a groan of ardent pray'r;
And while each heart in anguish bleeds,
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.

3 For them we pray, for them we wait, To them thy great salvation shew; Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great, But faithful labourers are few.

4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord, Among that dark, bewilder'd race; Open their eyes, and bless thy word, And call them by thy sov'reign grace.

5 Then shall they shout thy honour'd name, And sound thy matchless praise abroad; And we will join them in the theme, Salvation to our risen God.

HYMN 558. C. M. Gibbons.

Zion's Increase promised and pleaded-Ps. ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd To thine exalted Son,

That thro' the nations of the earth Thy word of life shall run?

* Ask, and I give the heathen lands For thine inheritance;

"And to the world's remotest shores, "Thine empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

[4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception giv'n?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!

6 Asia and Africa resound
From shore to shore his fame;
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim!
HYMN 559. C. M. Gibbons.
Missionaries—Psalm ii. 8.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent Thy gospel to mankind; Unveiling what rich stores of grace Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
'Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
 Enjoy the heav'nly word;
 And vassals, long-enslav'd, become
 The freemen of the Lord?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes, A dark bewilder'd race, Sit down at our Immanuel's feet, And learn and feel his grace?
- 6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform
 Their cruelty to love;
 Convert the tiger to a lamb,
 The vulture to a dove!
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
 To spread the gospel's rays,
 And build on sin's demolish'd throne
 The temples of thy praise.

HYMN 560. C. M. Gibbons.

Missionaries.—Psalm lxxii. 7, 8.

- LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
 Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
 Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
 And bless the saving hour.
- Beneath the influence of thy grace,
 The barren wastes shall rise,
 With sudden greens, and fruits array'd,
 A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
 In each regen'rate heart;
 Shall in a growth divine arise,
 And heav'nly fruits impart

- 4 Peace, with her elives crown'd shall stretch
 Her wings from shore to shore;
 No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
 Nor murd'rous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
 Are in thy word foretold;
 Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
 This promis'd age of gold!
- 6 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's
 Unnumber'd myriads cry;
 Amen, with joy divine, let heav'n's
 Unnumber'd choirs reply!

HYMN 561. S. M. Voke. Address to Missionaries.

- YE messengers of Christ,
 His sov'reign voice obey;
 Arise, and follow where he leads,
 And peace attend your way.
- The Master whom you serve
 Will needful strength bestow;
 Depending on his promis'd aid
 With sacred courage go.
- Mountains shall sink to plains,
 And hell in vain oppose;
 The cause is God's, and must prevail,
 In spite of all his foes.
- And tell his matchless grace

 To the most guilty and depray'd

 Of Adam's num'rous race.
- We wish you in his name, The most divine success;

Assur'd that he who sends you forth, Will your endeavours bless.

[6 'When you from us depart,
To cross the boist'rous main;
We then will bear you on our hearts,
And hope to meet again.']

HYMN 562. L. M. Kelly.

A Missionary Hymn; for the opening of the Services.—Isaiah xliii. 5, 6.

1 MY soul, with sacred joy survey,
The glories of the latter day:
Its dawn already seems begun,
And promises a future sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
(A chosen, consecrated band:)
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."

3 " Behold the way to Zion's hill,

"Where Isra'l's God delights to dwell;

" He fixes there his lofty throne,

" And calls the sacred place his own.

4 "Behold the way." Ye heralds cry; Spare not, but lift your voices high; Convey the sound from shore to shore, And bid the captive sigh no more.

5 Swift on the wings of heav'nly zeal They fly, nor seem their toils to feel: But faithful to their Master's will, Their sacred embassy fulfil.

The North "gives up;" The South no more "Keeps back" her consecrated store;

From East to West the message runs, And either India yields her sons.

7 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray.
With joy I view, and hail the day:
Thou sun arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.
HYMN 563. C. M. Steele, altered.

Morning Song.

1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise:
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

2 Preserv'd by thy Almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night;
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
To see the morning light.

3 While numbers spent the night in sight And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

5 O let the same Almighty care
Thro' all this day attend:
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

MAOMI.

3 When on Calvary I rest, God in flesh made manifest, Shines in my Redeemer's face, Full of beauty, truth, and space.

Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou are beaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mountful, Calvary.

HYMN 566, 7s. Brackenbury's Col.

Noomi's Address to her two Daughters in law or, a View of Sovereign Grace.

1 TURN again, my daughten, turn,
Wherefore would you go with me?
O forbear, forbear to mourn
Jesus wills it so to be:
"Why," when God would have us part.

2 See—thy sister is gone back.
To her gods and people dear;
Weeping soul 1 a wretch forsaks,
Why should at thou my sorrows bear?

Go, return, my child, in person

Let me always to the start of t

This shall be my made about ;

Thine shall be my weal or woe, Thine my people and my God; Where thou diest, there will I Lay my weary head and die.

5 There will I my burial have,
(If it be the Saviour's will:)
Sleeping in a common grave,
'Till the quick'ning trump I feel:
Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
Summon'd to our happy home.

HYMN 567. C. M. For a Public Fast.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand Thy dreadful power display; Yet mercy spares this guilty land, And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spar'd, Ungrateful as we are!
 - O make thy awful warnings heard, While mercy cries "Forbear."
- 4 What land so favour'd of the skies, As these apostate states!
 - Our numerous crimes increasing rise, Yet still thy vengeance waits.
- For error, guilt, and shame!

What impious numbers, bold in sin, Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face;

8 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

HYMN 568. C. M. S-

A Hymn for a Fast-day-Gen. xviii. 23-33.

1 WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe, Before Jehovah stood, And with an humble fervent prayer, For guilty Sodom sued;

With what success, what wondrous grace, Was his petition crown'd!

The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Columbia, guilty as she is, Her numerous saints can boast: And now their fervent prayers ascend, And can those prayers be lost?

Now as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrah in its crimes?

6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence bless'd our land;
Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN 569. L. M. Steele.

Prayer for Peace.

Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r
With fear, and trembling we adore.

Where shall we fly but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

3 While peace and plenty blest our days, Where was the tribute of our praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent!

4 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
Tho' loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.

5 Encourag'd by thy sacred word, May we not plead thy promise, Lord; That when an humble nation mourns, Thy rising wrath to pity turns?

- 6 O let thy sov'reign grace impart Contrition to each rocky heart; And bid sincere repentance flow, In general, undissembled woe.
- 7 Fair smiling peace again restore; With plenty bless the pining poor: And may a happy thankful land, Obedient own thy guardian hand.

HYMN 570. L. M. Davies.

Prayer for Peace-Amos iii. 1-6.

- We view the terrors of thy sword,
 O whither shall the helpless fly?
 To whom but thee direct our cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears
 Are grown familiar to thine ears:
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee, our guardian God, we call—Before thy throne of grace we fall; And is there no deliverance there? And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn—
 To our forsaken God we turn!
 O spare our guilty country—spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God; We plead thy Son's atoning blood;

We plead thy gracious premises—And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe:
Let them prevail to save us too.

HYMN 571. L. M. Beddome. Peace prayed for.

ON us, oppress'd beneath thy stroke,
And overwhelm'd with guilt and shame,
Deign, mighty God, once more to look;
The same thy power, thy grace the same.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing, And all its blessings round her shed; Her liberties be well secur'd; And commerce lift its fainting head:

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands The useless sword, the glittering spear; And join in friendship's sacred bands, Nor one dissenting voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore;
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise from shore to shore.

HYMN 572, L. M. Newton. Confession and Prayer-Isa. i. 2.

- OH may the pow'r which melts the rock
 Be felt by all assembled here!
 Or else our service will but mock
 The God whom we profess to fear!
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land, Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee! We own thy just uplifted hand, Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
 On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot;
 While other nations, far and near,
 Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.
- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt, The glorious gospel brightly shone; And oft our enemies have felt That God has made our cause his own.
- 5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard Our vile requital of his love!
 We, whom like children he has rear'd, Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defied, And legions of the blackest crimes, Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride, Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord displeas'd, has rais'd his rod;
 Ah! where are now the faithful few
 Who tremble for the ark of God,
 And know what Israel ought to do.
 - Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where, Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;

The nation and thy churches spare, And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

HYMN 573. L. M.

For a Day of Public Humiliation.

- DREAD Sovereign! at thy feet we bow, While round thy bolts of fury fly; We fall before thy dreadful brow, Before the lightning of thine eye!
- 2 For who can stand, when thou dost rise In ire, to shake a guilty land?
 Fierce pestilence before thee flies,
 And ruin waits thy stern command!
- 3 While nations round us feel the weight Of thine uplifted vengeful rod; We fall before thy judgment-seat, And own thee righteous, dreadful God!
- 4 Yet, 'mid thy wrath, remember love; And hear the humble sufferers mourn; Their tears of penitence approve, And let thine anger cease to burn!
- 5 Oh! speak—and bid the furious fray, Of long contending nations, cease: Thy gentle sceptre, Jesus, sway, And reign forever, "Prince of Peace."

HYMN 574. L. M.

Praise for National Peace-Psalm xlvi. 9.

A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down, And marks their course, and bounds their Thy word the angry nations own, [pow'r: And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing, (Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!) Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing, Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord, All moves subservient to thy will; And peace and war await thy word, And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore;
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
 Confess thy goodness, and adore.

HYMN 575. L. M.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement of it—Luke i. 74, 75.

- PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear Propitious to his people's prayer, And, though deliverance long delay, Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong;
 His power and grace shall be our song;
 The tribute of our love we bring
 To thee, our Saviour and our King!

- 3 Our temples guarded from the flame, Shall echo thy triumphant name; And every peaceful private home To thee a temple shall become.
- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
 To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
 Hence in thy precepts and thy fear,
 Till life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN 576. 8s. A general Thanksgiving.

- SAY, should we search the globe around, Where can such happiness be found As dwells in this much-favour'd land? Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds Her choicest blessings on our heads: By God supported still we stand.
- Which comes from every foreign shore;
 Science and art their charms display;
 Religion teacheth us to raise
 Our voices to our Maker's praise,
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- These are thy gifts, Almighty King!
 From thee our matchless blessings spring;
 Th' extended shade, the fruitful skies,
 The raptures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues
 To God we raise united songs;
 His power and mercy we proclaim;

And still, through ev'ry age, shall own Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne, And triumph in his mighty name.

5 Long as the moon her course shall run. Or man behold the circling sun, May'st thou o'er fair Columbia reign; Still crown her counsels with success. With peace and joy her borders bless, And all her sacred rights maintain.

HYMN 577. L. M.

Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates, &c.

d.

ore

- CREAT Lord of all, thy matchless power Archangels in the heavens adore; With them, our Sov'reign thee we own, And bow the knee before thy throne.
- 2 Let dove-ey'd peace with odour'd wing, On us her grateful blessings fling, Freedom spread beauteous as the morn, And plenty fill her ample horn.
- 3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down, His days with heavenly wisdom crown; Resolve his heart, where'er he goes, "To launch the stream that duty shows."
- 4 Over our Capitol diffuse, From hills divine thy welcome dews; While Congress in one patriot band, Prove the firm fortress of our land.
- Our Magistrates with grace sustain, Nor let them bear the sword in vain; Long as they fill their awful seat, Be vice seen dying at their feet.

Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain, Nor let us seek thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn:
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls and dear to thee!

HYMN 580. L. M. Doddridge.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Inrael, thou don't keep
 With constant care thy humble sheep
 By thee julicitor pastors rise
 To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
 Resembling thy own gracious heart:
 Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
 Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
 And, by their fair example led,
 The way to Zion's pastures tread!
- 4. Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
 And scatter'd blessings on thy bouse;
 Thy saints are succour'd, and no more.
 As sheep without a guide deplote.
- And bless the shopherd and the flock;

 Confirm the hopes thy marcies raise,

 And own this tribute of our probe.

People's Proper for their Minister.
Will heavely power, O Lord, doing

His person bless, his soul secure, And make him to the end endure.

- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace; Direct his feet in paths of peace: Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil, And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send, O love him, save him to the end: Nor let him, as a pilgrim, rove Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart; In him thy mighty pow'r exert; That thousands yet unborn may praise The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN 582. C. M. Newton.

Prayer for Ministers .- 1 Tim. iv. 12.

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep, From death and sin set free, May all thy under shepherds keep Their eye intent on thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare To execute thy will: Compassion, patience, love and care,

And faithfulness and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach,
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

The acest step pupping O. London.

HYMN 583. C. M. Doddridge.

After the Charge—Heb. xiii. 17.

- LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' alarm they give;
 Now let them from the mouth of God
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord Did heav'nly bliss forego; For souls which must for ever live In raptures, or in woe.
- And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
 That they may watch for thee.

HYMN 584. 7s. Hammond.

After the Charge.—Prov. xi. 30.

WOULD you win a soul to God?

Tell him of the Saviour's blood;
Say, how Jesus' bowels move;
Tell him of redeeming love.

Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crown'd.

And his heart in sorrow drown'd.

Tell him how he suffer'd death—
Freely yielded up his breath,

Died, and rose to intercede, As our advocate and head.

- 4 Tell him it was sov'reign grace
 Wrought on you to seek his face—
 Made you choose the better part—
 Brought salvation to your heart.
- Tell him of that liberty,
 Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
 Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n—
 Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

HYMN 585. L. M. M'Lean's Col. On the appointment of Deacons. 1 Tim. iii. 8-15.

- GREAT Zion's King, we humbly pray For blessings to attend our choice: The holiest deacons are thy own, With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 By purest love to Christ and truth, O may they win a good degree Of boldness in the Christian faith, And meet the smile of thine and thee.
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord, May they his sacred table spread, The table of their pastors fill, And fill the boly poor with bread.
- 4 When pastors, saints, and poor they serve May their own hearts with grace be crown'd While patience, sympathy, and love Adorn, and through their lives abound
- The work of love, is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy heav'nly throne.

HYMN 586. L. M. Gibbons.

Divine Forgiveness.—Luke vii. 47. Isa. xliii. 25. Micah vii 18, 19.

- 1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound To malefactors doom'd to die! Publish the bliss the world around, Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine; 'Tis full, erasing ev'ry crime; Unbounded shall its glories shine, And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 For this stupendous love of Heav'n, What grateful honours shall we show! Where much transgression is forgiv'n, Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 4 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With various holiness be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

HYMN 587. C. M. Steele.

Pardoning Love .- Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord;
How off my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet, sov'reign mercy calls, 'Return.'
Dear Lord, and may I come !
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?

And shall a pardon'd rebel live To speak thy wondrous love?

Almighty grace, thy healing power How glorious, how divine! That can to life and bliss restore So vile a heart as mine.

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Saviour, I adore; O keep me at thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.

(MN 588. C. M. Jones. ecessful Resolve-Esther iv. 16.

A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,
And make this last resolve:

I go to Jesus, tho' my sin

Math like a mountain rose:
know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

And there my guilt confess; if tell him I'm a wretch undone

is sov'reign grace.

hould the Lord reject my plea,

6 "But should I die with mercy sought, "When I the King have tried;

" I there should die, (delightful thought !)

"Where ne'er a sinner died."

HYMN 589. L. M. Davies. Pardoning God-Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, Godlike, and divine:
But the fair glories of thy grace
More Godlike and unrivall'd shine:

CHORUS.

Who is a pard'ning God like thee? Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive— Such guilty, daring worms to spare, This is thy grand prerogative, And none shall in the honour share:
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim To pity, mercy, love, and grace: These glories crown Jehovah's name With an incomparable blaze:
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy, We take the pardon of our God:
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye
 A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:
- A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:

 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace.
 This Godlike miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic choirs above!

HYMN 590. C. M. Green.

Parents' Prayer for their Children. O that Ishmael might live before thee-Gen. xvii. 18.

1 THUS did the pious Abrah'm pray
For his beloved son:
Let parents in the present day
His language make their own.

2 Tho' they with God in cov'nant be, And have their heav'n in view; They are unhappy till they see Their children happy too.

3 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed When all attempts prove vain; And they pursue those paths that lead To everlasting pain.

4 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
While tears in torrents flow;
And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech'
To tell the griefs they know.

5 See the fond father clasp his child; Hark! how his bowels move:

"Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd "From God my Father's love?

6 "Shall cruel spirits drag thee down "To darkness and despair;

"Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown, "To dwell forever there?

7 "Kind heav'n, the dreadful scene forbid "Look down, dear Lord, and bless;

"I'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did-"May I obtain success!"

HYMN 591. L. M. Gibbons. Patience-Luke xxi. 19.

- 1 PATIENCE! O 'tis a grace divine,
 Sent from the God of pow'r and love;
 That leans upon its Father's hand
 As thro' the wilderness we move.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear The troubles of our mortal state, And wait contented our discharge, Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Tho' we, in full sensation, feel
 The weight, the wounds, our God ordains,
 We smile amidst our heaviest woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest pains.
- 4 O for this grace to aid our souls!

 And arm with fortitude the breast;

 'Till life's tumult'ous voyage is o'er,
 We reach the shores of endless rest!
- 5 Faith into vision shall resign,
 Hope shall in full fruition die;
 And Patience in possession end
 In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

HYMN 592. L. M. Beddome. Patience under trouble-John xviii, 11.

- DEAR Lord, the bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up:
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Mix it with thy unchanging love, Let not a drop of wrath be there; The saints, for ever bless'd above, Were often most afflicted here.

3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son, I'll learn obedience to thy will; And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod, When its severest strokes I feel.

HYMN 593. L. M. Kelly. Seek Peace!-Psalm xxxiv. 14.

- O may I live the friend of peace!

 The sacred mine of scripture search,
 And learn from man, vain man, to cease:
- 2 O teach me, Lord, thy truth to know, And separate from all beside! This I would guard from ev'ry foe, Nor fear the issue to abide.
- 3 But keep me, Lord, from party-zeal,
 That seeks its own, and not thy praise!
 This temper I would never feel,
 Or when I do, would own it base.
- 4 Be mine to recommend thy grace!
 That sinners may believe and live!
 That they who live may run the race;
 And then a crown of life receive.
- 5 Lord, search thy servant, search him thro', Detect, destroy what's not thine own:
 Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,
 O may I seek thy praise alone.

HYMN 594. C. M. Wardlaw's Col.
The death of Christ the only source of true and
steady Peace of mind—Ps. Ixxvii. 7—11.
Rom. v. 11.

WHEN to my sight the Lord shines forth, I'm filled with awe and fear; Thy justice, with uplifted arm, O'erwhelms me with despair.

2 Not former signs of grace can then Relieve my troubled heart; Ah! past experiences of love Add torture to my smart!

3 What shall I do? my pray'rs and tears
Are sinful in thy sight:
Remov'd, alas! from thee as far

As darkness is from light.

Is there no room for mercy left?
Is grace for ever gone?
I'll mind the years of thy right hand,
And wonders thou hast done:

5 When to be one with sons of men
Immanuel did not scorn,
And when from Jesse's humble house
The holy child was born:

Which glow'd within his breast,
When all the wrath of God for sin
His boly soul oppress'd:

7 When God's own well-beloved Son
Went mourning to the grave,
And died beneath the curse, that grace
Might dying sinners save.

8 This sign of love my soul relieves;
"Tis ease from all my pain;
I will not dread to see the Lord,
For Christ the Lamb was slain!

HYMN 595. L. M. Peacock. Stephen's Death—Acts vi. 15, ch. vii. 56—59.

- 1 WHAT tender pity, love and care, For suffring saints doth Jesus bear; While they his glorious name confess, 'Midst persecution and distress.
- 2 Tho' by th' oppressor's rod they smart, See the Redeemer still impart His consolations all divine, With cheerful beams their faces shine.
- 3 Thus Stephen, the first martyr, dies, To truth a joyful sacrifice; To vindicate the cause of God, He seals the gospel with his blood.
- 4 Lo! on his countenance appears
 Such radiance as an angel wears;
 Reflected rays of glory bright,
 Meet the spectator's wond'rous sight.
- 5 Not death, with all its dread array,
 His heav'n-born soul could e'er dismay;
 Jesus, the saint expiring, cheers,
 And to his raptur'd sight appears.
- 6 "Behold," he cries, "heav'n's gates ex"Exalted see, at God's right hand, [pand;
 "The Son of man, with glory crown'd,
 "And the bright seraphim around."
- 7 Thus would the view of Jesus' face, Each fear disarm, each terror chase; Thus blest with joy, we yield our breath, Triumphing o'er the monster, death.

HYMN 596. C. M. Newton. Perseverance—John x. 28.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm:
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die!
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho' now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 597. C. M. Doddridge.

Prayer for Grace and Perseverance.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again, When, by his sacred blood,

Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore, Th' eternal cov'nant stood.

- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in thine eyes.

HYMN 598. L. M. Kelly.

The Saints in this world, are only Pilgrim.

Hebrews xiii. 14.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here,
This may distress the worldling's mind:
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here, Sad truth were this to be our home: But let this thought our spirits cheer, We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here, Then let us live as pilgrims do; Let not the world our rest appear, But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here,
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name,—we'll soon be there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5

5 Zion!—Jehovah is her strength! Secure she smiles at all her foes:

And weary travellers at length Within her sacred walls repose.

- O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
 Had I the pinions of the dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 7 But hush my soul, nor dare repine!
 The time my God appoints is best:
 While here to do his will be mine;
 And his to fix my time of rest.

HYMN 599. L. M. Kelly. Poor and Afflicted—Zeph. iii. 12.

1 "POOR and afflicted," Lord, are thine;
Among the great unfit to shine;
But the the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

2 "Poor and afflicted." Yes, they are;
They're not exempt from grief and care;
But he who sav'd them by his blood,
Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.

3 "Poor and afflicted." 'Tis their lot;
They know it, and they murmur not:
'Twould ill become them to refuse,
The state their Master deign'd to chuse.

4 "Poor and afflicted." Yet they sing, For Jesus is their glorieus King: "Thro' suff'rings perfect." Now he reigns: And shares in all their griefs and pains.

5 "Poor and afflicted." But e'er long, They'll join the bright celestial throng; Their suff'rings then will reach a close, And heav'n afford them sweet repose.

6 And while they walk the thorny way, They're often heard to sigh and say; "Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come! And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

HYMN 600. L. M. Elliot.

Power of God-Jer. xxxii. 27-Rom. viii. 32.

- IS any thing too hard for God?
 What wont he for his children do?
 Dear in his sight is Jesus' blood,
 And dear the purchase of it too.
- 2 Believe, and ask whate'er thou wilt, Believing ask, thou shalt obtain; For lo! Immanuel's blood was spilt, Because thou shouldst not ask in vain.

HYMN 601. L. M. Wardlaw's Col. Thou art my God, and I will Praise thee. Psalm exviii. 28.

- 1 ETERNAL Sov'reign, Lord of all,
 Prostrate before thy throne I fall,
 While here my claim and song I raise,
 "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."
- 2 Hence all my comfort, safety, peace, And all those joys which never cease; Thou Guide and Strength of all my ways, "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."
- 3 In all my trials and my fears, In all my sorrows and my tears,

In all my dark and gloomy days, "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

4 Thro' Christ I view thy wrath appeas'd, In him I see thee fully pleas'd, My soul on this foundation stays; "Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise."

5 Be this my glory when I rise
To that bright world above the skies;
For ever there this song I'll raise,
"Thou art my God, and thee I'll praise!"

HYMN 602. C. M. Wardlaw's Col.

Praise for Divine goodness.

Psalm lxvi. 8. cxiii. 1.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our soul inspir'd;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fir'd!

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains Our feeble frame, encompass'd round
With death's unnumber'd pains.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought!

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes!

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's transporting ray, That lights, thro' darkest shades of death, To realms of endless day!

HYMN 603. C. M. Kelly.

Praise to the Saviour—Ps. cviii. 1.

1 AWAKE our souls! awake our tongues!
The subject is divine:

A Saviour's love demands our songs; Let all his people join.

2 This Saviour is the mighty God,
Who fills the throne above:
Reveal'd in flesh he shed his blood,
And thus declar'd his love.

3 Jesus, thy love exceeds our thought,
But this at least we see;
The soul that feels its pow'r is taught
To part with all for thee.

4 And tho' thy love be faintly seen,
What's seen demands our praise;
Without this view we still had been
Engag'd in folly's ways.

And gain the realms of light;

Obscuring clouds no more shall hide

Thy glory from our sight.

6 Then to the praise of love divine,
We'll strike our golden lyres;
With heart and voice we'll sweetly join
The everlasting choirs.

HYMN 604. L. M. Kelly.

Praise is comely for the upright.

Psalm xxxiii. 4.

HOW pleasant is the sound of praise!
It well becomes the saints of God;
Should they refuse their songs to raise,
The stones might tell their shame abroad.

2 For him who wash'd you in his blood, Ye saints your loudest songs prepare; He sav'd you, wand'ring far from God, And now preserves you by his care.

3 There is a string of sweetest tone, A string which angels cannot touch: 'Tis for the ransomed alone, Nor yields its sound except to such.

4 Tho' angels may with rapture see
How mercy flows in streams of blood;
It is not theirs to prove as we
The cleansing virtue of this flood.

5 While angels praise the heav'nly King, And worship him, as God alone; The saints with exultation sing, "He wears our nature on the throne."

HYMN 605. L. M. Kelly.
Who can show forth all his Praises.
Psalm cv. 2.

TO God my Saviour praise is due;
A debt I never can discharge;
For when I bring the sum to view,
I find it infinitely large.

- 2 "Goodness and mercy" have pursu'd My steps since I have seen the light; Favours each day have been renew'd: My sun has shone benignly bright.
- 3 But since the Saviour's name I've known, And seen how bright his glories shine; My mercies centre all in one; That I am his, and he is mine.
- 4 With other things I can dispense, The world and all its joys forego; But O! my loss would be immense, If I should cease the Lord to know.
- 5 This is the central point of bliss:
 'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I need:
 My soul is rich, possess'd of this;
 Without it I am poor indeed.
- 6 Nor need I grieve because I owe A debt that may the world amaze; Thro' endless years my praise shall flow, And what is heav'n but endless praise?

HYMN 606. C. M. Newton. On opening a place for Social Prayer.

- Thy presence now display;
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 And may the Gospel's joy ful sound, Enforc'd by mighty grace, Awaken many sinners round, To come and fill the place.

HYMN 607. L. M. Hart.

Pray without ceasing—1 Thess. v. 17.

- 1 PRAY'R was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give;
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites, He speaks as prompted from within; The Spirit his petition writes, And Christ receives and gives it in.
- [3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie, When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r? My soul, thou hast a friend on high; Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress—
 If cares distract, or fears dismay—
 If guilt deject—if sin distress,
 The remedy's before thee!—pray.]
- The thought be broken—language lame;
 Pray if the canst, or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.



Invites us by his holy word, To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear; We never plead in vain; Yet we must wait till he appear, And pray, and pray again.

Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gain'd at last her end.

And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

HYMN 611. 148th. Newton.

Hannah's Prayer-1 Sam. i. 18.

WHEN Hannah, prest with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
May we approach a throne of grace.

When she began to pray;
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble, what a resting place
Have they who know the throne of grace!

The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r.

Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor has been one deny'd;
Then why should I or you?
Let us, by faith, their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace!

HYMN 612. 8s. 7s. Newton.

Ruler's Daughter-Mark v. 39-42.

1 COULD the creatures help or ease us; Seldom should we think of pray'r; Few, if any, come to Jesus, 'Till reduced to self-despair.

2 Long we either slight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at last to him we cry.

Suffer'd much, the' Christ was nigh, Still deferr'd it, till he thought her At the very point to die. Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is still the same.

5 Can his pity or his power
Suffer thee to pramin vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.
HYMN 613. 7s. Beddome.

A Prayer for Humility-Matth. v. 3. 1 Pet. v. 5.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild, Chang'd into a little child; Pleas'd with all the Lord provides, Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

HYMN 614. S. M.

Prayer for the extension of the good

Psalm lxsiv. 20—22. Hab. iii. 2.

O LORD our God arise, The cause of truth maintain; And wide o'er all the peopled world Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

And bless the earth with peace.

Thou, Holy Ghost, arise,

Expand thy quick'ning wing, And o'er a dark and ruin'd world Let light and order spring.

3

All on the earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to beav'n,
Let echoing anthems ring!

HYMN 615. S. M. Elliot & Harrison.

Prepare to meet thy God.
Amos iv. 12-Matt. xxiv. 44.

PREPARE me, O my God,
To stand before thy face:
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

I can't prepare my heart,
 Eternal life to gain;
 'Tis thou must all the strength impart,
 Or all I do is vain.

I can't one sin atone—
I swell with pride no more;
All the best duties I have done,
I've reason to deplore.]
In Christ's obedience cloth'd,
And wash'd in his own blood

Then shall I lift my head with joy, Among the sons of God.

Thy sov'reign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

Let me attest thy pow'r—
Let me thy goodness prove,
'Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.

HYMN 616. 12th. Kelly.

I go to Prepare a place for you-John xiv. 2.

AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile,
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not;
Thro' fear of such a one, shall I,

The Lord of Heav'n and Earth deny!

4 No! let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if they will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still:

For thee, my God, I all resign, Content if I can call thee mine.

What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my worthless name wilt own;
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear, and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in thee.

HYMN 617. L. M. Fawcett.

Promises-Deut. xxxiii. 25.

AFFLICTED soul, to Christ draw near;
The Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond, and say, "How shall I stand the trying day?" He has engag'd, by firm decree, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong, And if the conflict should be long, Thy Lord will make the tempter flee; For as thy days thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame, Still trust in thy Redeemer's name: In fi'ry trials thou shalt see, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

When call'd to bear the weighty cross, Or sore affliction, pain, or loss— Or deep distress or poverty, Still as thy days thy strength shall be. 6 When ghastly death appears in view, Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue; He comes to set thy spirit free, And as thy days thy strength shall be.

HYMN 618: 11s. K---

Precious Promises-Isajah xli. 10-2 Peter i. 4.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said?

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health, In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth; At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days may demand, so thy succour shall be.
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd, [aid;

" I, I am thy God, and will still give thee

" I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand.

4 "Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent

"When thro' the deep waters I cause thee to go, [o'erflow;

"The rivers of sorrow shall not thee

"For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,

"And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When thro' fi'ry trials thy path-way shall lie,

" My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;

"The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design [refine.

"Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to E'en down to old age, all my people shall

prove

"My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples

"And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [borne.

"Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,

" I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;

"That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,

"I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

HYMN 619. L. M. Kelly.

The Promise of Christ; the believer's support.
2 Cor. xii. 9.

- THY promise, Lord, just suits my case;
 I sought assurance from thy mouth;
 That one like me, so poor and base,
 Would persevere to keep thy truth.
- 2 When to my heart I turn my eyes,
 I see but motives to despair;
 Whatever charm the world supplies,
 It finds a kindred temper there.
- 3 Sufficient ground thy promise yields, On which a worm may rest his hope; And he who on thy promise builds, May give his confidence full scope.

- A worm upon thy pow'r is stay'd;
 The weaker he, the greater thou.
- 6 On everlasting arms I lean;
 These only can sustain my hope;
 These have 'till now my refuge been,
 And these thro' life will hold me up.
- 7 I can look forward now with joy, Tho' in myself a feeble worm; For Jesus will his pow'r employ, And save my soul in ev'ry storm.

HYMN 620. 112th. President Davies.

Prophet, Priest, and King-1 Pet. ii. 7.

- The great Jehovah's darling, thou!
 Oh, let me catch the immortal flame,
 With which angelic bosoms glow!
 Since angels love thee, I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
 Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
 The words, that from thy lips proceed,
 Oh, how divinely sweet they are!
 Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.

- 3 My great High-Priest, whose precious blood
 Did once atone upon the cross;
 Who now dost intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
 In thee I trust; thee I would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.
- 4 My King supreme, to thee I bow
 A willing subject at thy feet;
 All other lords I disavow,
 And to thy government submit:
 My Saviour King this heart would love,
 And imitate the bless'd above.

HYMN 621. L. M. Fawcett.

Elijah fed by Ravens-1 Kings xvii. 6.

1 WHEN God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies:
Thus when Elijah faints for bread,
A raven to his succour flies.

2 At God's command, with speedy wings, The hungry bird resigns its prey; And to the rev'rend prophet brings The needful portion day by day.

[3 This method may be counted strange; But happy was Elijah's lot; For nature's course shall sooner change, Than God's dear children be forgot.]

And saints by sweet experience find Their evils over-ruled for good—
Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.

5 Who can distrust that mighty hand, Which rules with universal sway; Which nature's laws can countermand, Or feed us by a bird of prey!

HYMN 622. L. M. Holloway's Col.

Dark Providence-Eph. i. 11.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design, Are fram'd upon thy throne above; And ev'ry dark and bending line, Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure, Poor mortals thy arrangements view: Not knowing that the least are sure, And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care, Tho' now bey seem to roam uney'd, Are led, or driven only where They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know, nor trace the way, But, trusting to thy piercing eye, None of their feet to ruin stray, Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 Our favour'd souls shall meekly learn To lay their reason at thy throne: Too weak thy secrets to discern, We'll trust thee for our guide alone.

HYMN 623. C. M. Fawcett.

Dark Providence—1 Cor. xiii. 9—12.

1 THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I cannot trace:
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense, My captive soul surround; Mysterious deeps of providence My wand'ring thoughts confound.

3 As thro' a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above?

4 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 624. C. M. Cowper.

Mysteries of Providence-John xiii. 7.

GOD moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
 - His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
 - And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 625. C. M. Addison.

Providence-Pealm ciii. 1-5.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys:
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- Thy providence my life sustain'd And all my wants redress'd:
 When in the ailent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- When in the slipp'ry paths of youth With beedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness l'll adore;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Thy mercy still explore.

7 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 626. S. M. Gibbons.

National Evils the Punishment of God.

Amos iii. 6.

THERE'S not an evil flies,
And pours its wees abroad,
Thro' country, kingdom, city, town,
But what is sent of God?

Should plagues, should fevers shoot
Swift poison thro' my veins,
They take their orders from the skies,
With all their burning pains.

3 Lord, at thy feet I bow, And own thy righteous rod, And beg that ev'ry stroke I feel May bring me near to God!

4 O may thy providence
Promote the life divine,
And brighter through the midnight shade
May all my graces shine t

HYMN 627. L. M.

Providence-Phil. iv. 6, 7.

GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
On Thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

For all our blessings here below:
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
Our starving souls thy grace relieves.

3 To Thee we now glad homage bring, In grateful hymns thy praises sing; Direct to thee our joyful eyes, And humbly look for fresh supplies.

4 On Thee we'll evermore depend, The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend: Thy wisdom shall our portion chuse, Nor will we once thy choice refuse.

5 Smile on us—we will sing thy praise; Correct—we'll still commend thy ways; We'll our own thoughts and wills resign, And still approve each choice divine.

HYMN 628. C. M. Beddome.

Providence mysterious-1 Cor. xiii. 12.

1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light!

2 But in the world of bliss above, Where thou dost ever reign, Thy myst'ries shall be all unveil'd, And not a doubt remain.

3 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

HYMN 629. C. M.

Trust in God's wise Providence for the supply of our wants-Matt. vi. 8, 31-34.

AUTHOR of good, to thee I turn,
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O let thy fear within me dwell, Thy love my footsteps guide; That love shall vainer loves expel, That fear all fears beside.

3 And Oh! by error's force subdu'd, Since oft my stubborn will Madly rejects the solid good, And grasps the tempting ill;

4 Not to my wish, but to my want
Do thou thy gifts apply;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

HYMN 630. S. M. Dr. S. Stennett. The pleasure of Social Worship.

HOW charming is the place, Where my Redeemer God Unveils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love abroad! Not the fair palaces,
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compar'd with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.

With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.

To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts:
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

HYMN 631. 7s. D. Turner.
The Excellency of Public Worship.

1 LORD of Hosts, how lovely fair, E'en on earth, thy temples are! Here thy waiting people see Much of heaven and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes:
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne, Here thou mak'st thy glories known; Here we learn thy righteous ways, Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with festive songs of joy, We our happy lives employ: Love, and long to love thee more, Till from earth to heaven we soar.

HYMN 632. L. M. Newton. Prayer to God the Spirit-Ex. xvfi. 6.

O THOU, at whose almighty word, The glorious light from darkness sprung! Thy quick'ning influence afford, [tongue. And clothe with pow'r the preacher's

2 'Tis thine to teach him how to speak, 'Tis thine to give the hearing ear; 'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break. And make the careless sinner fear.

3 'Tis also thine, almighty Lord, To cheer the poor, desponding heart; O speak the soul-reviving word, And bid the mourner's tears depart.

4 Thus while we in the means are found We still on thee alone depend; To make the gospel's joyful sound Effectual to the promis'd end.

> HYMN 633. C. M. Kelly. Before Sermon-Acts iii. 37.

ME sing thy power, victorious Lord. O may it here be known;

And by the hammer of thy word, Break every heart of stone.

2 Thy voice divine awakes the dead, And bids the sleeper rise; The guilty conscience learns to dread The death that never dies.

3 But quick relief thy gospel grants, It points to Jesus' blood; It meets and answers all our wants, It takes away our load.

4 What can we give for love so great,
That shews our sins forgiv'n;
Our songs on earth the grace repeat
Till we arrive in heaven.

HYMN 634. L. M. Steele.

Delight in God's House-Psalm xxvii.

1 THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light;
What terrors can my soul affright?
While God, my strength, my life is near,
What potent arm shall make me fear?

2 Should num'rous foes besiege me round, My steadfast heart no fear shall wound: Tho' war should rise in dread array, God is my strength, my hope, my stay.

[3 This only gift my heart desires, For this my ardent wish aspires; This will I seek with restless care, 'Till God attend my humble pray'r.

4 In his own house to spend my days, My life devoted to his praise:

There would my soul his beauties trace, And learn the wonders of his grace.]

5 Should ev'ry earthly friend depart, And nature leave a parent's heart; My God, on whom my hopes depend, Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in ev'ry strait, On God with sacred courage wait; His hands shall life and strength afford, Ye trembling saints, wait on the Lord.

HYMN 635. C. M. Pearce. My Love is Crucified.

1 WARM was his heart, his faith was Who thus in rapture cry'd [strong,* When on his way to martyrdom, " My Love is crucify'd."

Warm also be my love for him, Who thus for sinners died; Long as I live be this my theme. My Love is crucify'd.

What lover e'er to win my heart So much has done beside; To him I'll cleave, and never part: My Love is crucify'd.

Dead be my heart to all below. In Christ may I abide; Why should I love the creature so?

My Love is crucify'd.

Ne'er may my dear despised Lord By me be once deny'd; * Ignatius.

636, 637 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

My joy, my crown, my boast be this, My Love is crucify'd.

6 Oh! that in Jesus' wounds, my soul
Secure may ever hide;
And sing, as changing seasons roll,
My Love is crucify'd.

HYMN 636. L.M. Fellows. Delight in Public Worship.

THE food on which thy children live,
Great God, is thine alone to give:
And we, for grace receiv'd, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

How vast, how full, how rich, how free, Dear Jesus, thy rich treasures be:
To the full fountain of our joys,
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this, we wait upon thee, Lord,
For this we listen to thy word;
Descend like gentle show'rs of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

Short Devotions the Revival of Religion.
Matt. yi. 7, 8.

LORD, in thy courts we now appear.

And bow before thy throne;

Before our lips begin to move,

The meaning of a sigh;

Dear Father, hear our humble pray's,

And bring thy blessings nigh.

3 Few be our words, and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

HYMN 638. C. M. Hockins. Prayer for the Spirit's Influence,

IN thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
O pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt;
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

[6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal;
Thy glorious righteousness.]

639, 640, 641 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 639. C. M. Radford's Col. Before Sermon-1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 IN vain Apollos' pleasing tongue, And Paul's with strains profound, Diffuse among the list'ning throng, The gospel's glad'ning sound.
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine, To form the heart anew; Now let thy sov'reign grace divine Each stubborn soul subdue.

HYMN 640. 7s. Hoskins. Before Sermon—Rev. ii. 29.

- Give us ears to hear thy word,
 Give us hearts to love and fear,
 Give us now to find thee near.
- 2 Let us know and praise thee more; Let us live on mercy's store; Let us sing our Saviour's love, 'Till we join the saints above
- 3 Then we'll praise thee and adore, On the happy blissful shore; Praise with all the heav'nly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 641. 7s. Hammond.

Humble Request—Jer. xxix. 13.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;

Dealo not our suit disdain;
An we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

- 2 In thine own appointed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord, we cannot let thee go, 'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full salvation to each heart.
- [4 Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return; Those who are cast down, lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope.]
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God supremely kind; Heal the sick, the captive free, Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 642. 148th. Beck's Col.

This is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven-Gen. xxviii. 17.—Matt. xviii. 20.

- WHAT dreadful spot is this,
 And yet what pleasing place;
 Sure here Jehovah is
 In majesty and grace;
 Here let our souls devoutly wait—
 'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 2 'Tis here the saints abide, On richest dainties fed; And Christ doth here reside, Their Master and their Head; His life and love he here conveys [praise. And owns their pray'rs, and hears their

PART SECOND.

- 3 Wherever two or three
 Are met in Jesus' name,
 God in the midst will be,
 Nor let them meet in vain;
 In stately courts, or open air,
 They still shall find him present there.
- 4 When in the open field,
 As Jacob sleeping laid,
 The Lord to him reveal'd
 His presence and his aid:
 Thro' Christ, the way, the angels trod,
 From God to men, and men to God.
- The Lord is never bound
 To any time or place;
 But always may be found
 Among his chosen race;
 Then tread his courts with holy fear,
 For God himself is present here.

HYMN 643. 8s. 7s. 4s. Jay's Col. Sower and the Seed-Matt. xiii. 3-23.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit:

Raise the weak—the hungry feed:

From the gospel Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give!
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive:
And forever

To thy praise and glory live.

HYMN 644. C. M. Kelly. Before Sermon-Psalm lxxx. 19.

- LORD, we esteem the favour great,
 And give the praise to thee;
 That we can thus together meet,
 And none to make us flee.
- 2 But all our meetings barren prove, Except thou shew thy face; Come then, dear Saviour, from above, And consecrate this place.
- 3 O let the blessings of thy love
 The purest joys impart!
 Let all our deadness now remove,
 And zeal fill ev'ry heart!
- 4 Zeal to confess thy glorious name, In spite of earth and hell! Thy loving kindness to proclaim, And all thy goodness tell!
- That all the world may see,
 And own its origin divine,
 And give the praise to thee.

HYMN 645. 8s. Fawcett. Before Sermon—Psalm lxxxv. 7, 8.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
CHORUS.

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless, And crown thy Gospel with success.

649, 650, 651 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 649. C. M. Newton.

1 THY promise, Lord, and thy command Have brought us here to day,
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say.

2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace, And fill our hearts with love; That from our follies we may cease, And henceforth faithful prove.

HYMN 650. S. M. Newton.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor, Behold us, Lord, again, Assembled at thy mercy's door, Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we must starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh! hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live.

HYMN 651. C. M. Needham. After Sermon-Matt. xiii. 3-23.

1 NOW, Lord, the heav'nly seed is sown,
Be it thy servant's care,
Thy heav'nly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent pray'r.

2 In vain we plant without thine aid, And water too in vain: Lord of the harvest, God of grace, Send down thy heav'nly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues Begin this song divine;

Thou, Lord, hast giv'n the rich increase, And be the glory thine.

HYMN 652. 148th. Newton. Minister's Complaint—Gal. iv. 19.

WHAT contradictions meet, In ministers' employ!

It is a bitter sweet—
A sorrow full of joy:
No other post affords a place
For equal honour or disgrace!

Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel?
Or who can tell the pleasure felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and strive—their rest departs,
'Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd;
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!

vn.

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harvest-joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

PAUSE.

On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

HYMN 653. S. M. Hammond. The Saints excited to joy and praise. Psalm xxxiii. 1—3.

AWAKE and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransom'd sinners, sing, Sing on, rejoicing every day, In Christ th' eternal King.

Ye blessed children, Come;
Soon will be call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

HYMN 654. 7s. Newton. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 NOW may He, who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safety keep!
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight;
 Perfect us in all his will,
 And preserve us day and night!
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise, Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood, Let our hearts and voices raise Loud thanksgivings to our God.

HYMN 655. C. M.

The Christian's Happiness-Ps. xxxii. 1, 2.

- HOW happy is the Christian's state!
 His sins are all forgiv'n;
 A cheering ray confirms the grace,
 And lifts his hope to heav'n.
- 2 Though in the rugged path of life, He heaves the pensive sigh; Yet trusting in his God, he finds Deliv'ring grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
 He feel the chast'ning rod;
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes
 To call his soul away,
 His soul, in raptures, shall ascend
 To everlasting day

HYMN 656. S. M.

Glorying in the Lord-Isa. xlv. 25.

THE sons of earth delight
To spread their fame abroad;
To glory in their worth and might;
But such are not of God.

2 The heav'nly word declares,
And faithful is the word,
'That Israel's seed, the royal heirs,
Shall glory in the Lord.

3 In Jesus they shall trust
From first to last, each one;
Though Jesus shall be counted just,
And boast in him alone.

Amen! the word is good,
My boast is in his name;
I have redemption thro' his blood,
And I will shout his fame.

HYMN 657. C. M. Doddridge. The Christian Race-Phil. iil. 12-14.

And press with vigour on:

A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

HYMN 658. C. M.

The Christian Race-Heb. xii. 1-3. 11, 12.

1 BEHOLD what witnesses unseen Encompass us around;
Men once like us by suff'ring tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

2 Let us, with zeal like their's inspir'd, Pursue the Christian race, And freed from each incumb'ring weight, Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path:
Jesus, at once the Finisher
And Author of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
So gen'rous was his love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur or complain?

6 No; let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

HYMN 659. C. M.

The death of Christ.—" It is finish'd."

John xix. 30.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow.

Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
 These sacred accents o'er,
 He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
 And suffer'd pain no more.

3 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.

4 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.

5 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.
HYMN 660. 8s. 7s. 4s. F—

"It is finish'd;" or, Redemption completed.

John xix. 30.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
Rending rocks the words attesting,
Shaking earth and veiled sky:
"It is finish'd!"

Was the Saviour's dying cry.

That which prophets long predicted,
That which legal sacrifice
Only shadow'd, not effected,
That which justice satisfies,
Now is finish'd!
So the dying Saviour cries.

Now Redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
As his rising fully prov'd;
All is finish'd;
Here our hopes do rest unmov'd.

O the life, the peace, the pleasure,
Which these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us thro' Christ the Lord;
"It is finish'd!"
Let our joyful songs record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame;
All creation swell the chorus,
These delightful words proclaim,
"It is finish'd!"
Glory to his worthy name!

HYMN 661. 8s. 7s. 4s. Kelly.

"It is finish'd."—John xix. 30.

I' I' is finish'd!" sinners hear it!

"Tis the dying victor's cry:

"It is finish'd! angels bear it,

Bear the joyful truth on high!

"It is finish'd!"

Publish thro' the earth and sky!

TEDENTION.

morey! love unknown!

5 He took the dying traiter's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace 1)

For man the Saviour bled.

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders divali

By this are sinners match'd from hell, And rebels brought to God.

To love so full, so free :
And may I hope that love extends

6 What glad return can I impart

O take my all—this worthless heart, And make it only thins.

HYMN 603. C. M. Stinle, allered.
Redoming Love-Phil. H. 6-0.

COME, his valy love, impire my soul

And leach my heart, and teach my tings.

2 The Serious I O when endland them I. Dwell in the blands and I is a serious

In informative for the latest and the

3 Host pardon, Why will joys divise,

For guilty rebels lost in sin, And doom'd to endless woe.

- 4 God's only Son, (stupendous grace!)
 Forsook his throne above,
 And swift to save our wretched race
 He flew on wings of love.
- 5 Th' Almighty former of the skies
 Stoop'd to our vile abode:
 While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 6 O the rich depths of love Divine!
 Of bliss a boundless store!
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
 I cannot wish for more.
- 7 On thee alone my hope relies;
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my all.

HYMN 664. 7s. Wardlaw's Col.
Redeeming Love—Titus iii. 4.

- 1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme, Sing aloud in Jesus' name, Ye, who his salvation prove, Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face, As to Canaan on ye move, Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears, Banish all your guilty fears;

See your guilt and curse remove, Cancell'd by redeeming love.

- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been Willing slaves to death and sin, Now from bliss no longer rove, Stop and taste redeeming love.
- Welcome all by sin opprest,
 Welcome to his sacred rest;
 Nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his Spirit leads us home, When we to his glory come, We shall all the fulness prove Of our Lord's redeeming love.

HYMN 665. 8s. Swain. Redeeming Love-Zech. xii. 10-John xix. 37.

- 1 WHEN on my beloved I gaze,
 So dazzling his beauties appear;
 His charms so transcendently blaze,
 The sight is too melting to bear!
- When from my own vileness I turn To Jesus, expos'd on the tree, With shame and with wonder I burn, To think what he suffer'd for me.
- 3 My sins, O how black they appear,
 When in that dear bosom they meet!
 Those sins were the nails and the spear,
 That wounded his hands and his feet.
- 4 'Twas justice that wreath'd for his head The thorns that encircled it round;

Thy temples, Immanuel, bled, That mine might with glory be crown'd!

5 The wonderful love of his heart, Where he has recorded my name, On earth can be known but in part— Heav'n only can bear the full flame.

6 In rivers of sorrow it flow'd, And flow'd in those rivers for me; My sins are all drown'd in his blood; My soul is both happy and free.

HYMN 666. C. M. Steele The Refuge—Heb. xv. 16.

DEAR Refuge of the weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word affords a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

And shall I seek in vain?

And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

No: Still the ear of sov'reign grace.
 Attends the mourner's prayer;

O may I ever find access

To breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble trust attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 667. C. M.

The Refuge, River, and Rock of the Church.
Isaiah xxxii. 2.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains;
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide With sure unerring skill; And countless worlds, extended wide, Obey his sov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise, In yonder world above; His saints on earth admire his ways, And glory in his love.

4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.

5 This land, through which his pilgrims go, Is desolate and dry: But streams of grace from him o'erflow, Their thirst to satisfy.

6 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this high Rock for rest they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

7 How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 668. 7s. Cennick.
Rejoicing in Hope.

Isaiah xxxv. 10-Luke xii. 32.

- As ye journey, sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'lling home to God, In the way the fathers trod: They are happy now, and ye Soon their happiness shall see.
- [3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad! Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes— Brother to our souls becomes.]
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest, You on Jesus' throne shall rest: There your seat is now prepar'd— There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our leader be, And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 669. 7s. Musters. True Religion-James i. 27.

1 TIS religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Tis religion must supply Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be Lasting as eternity; If the Saviour is my friend, Then my bliss shall never end.

HYMN 670. C. M. Wardlaw. Grateful Remembrance of Christ. Luke xxii. 19.

REMEMBER thee! remember Christ,
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of Life,
Who saves us by his grace.

2 The Lord of Life, with glory crown'd On heaven's exalted throne, Forgets not those for whom, on earth He heav'd his dying groan.

3 The promis'd joy he then obtain'd
When he ascended hence,
Up from the grave to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince!

4 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.

5 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was giv'n;
For this he fought and vanquish'd Death;
For this he pleads in heav'n!

6 Join, all the saints beneath the sky, Your grateful praise to give;

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671, 672 REQUEST-RESIGNATION.

Sing loud hosannas to the Lord, Who died that you might live!

HYMN 671. L. M. Newton.

What shall I give thee?-1 Kings iii. 5.

[1] ORD, dost thou say, 'ask what thou wilt?"

I gladly seize the golden hour;

I pray to be releas'd from guilt,

And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.]

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart— More of thy image let me bear; Erect a throne within my heart, And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength—
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more, But to thy care the rest resign; Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor, All shall be well, if thou art mine.

HYMN 672. C. M. Beddome.

Resignation-Psalm xxxi. 15.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thine hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet I should not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Tho' the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world, with all its joys?
'Tis but a bitter-sweet;
When I attempt a rose to pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found;
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

HYMN 673. C. M. Green. Resignation: It is the Lord, &c. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the Lord, enthron'd in light, Whose claims are all divine, Who has an undisputed right, To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, who gives me all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—should I distrust, Or contradict his will? Who cannot do but what is just, And must be righteous still.

4 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

- 5 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill, Can from afflictions raise Matter, eternity to fill With ever growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord, my cov'nant God,
 Thrice blessed be his name,
 Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
 Must ever be the same.
- 7 His cov'nant will my soul defend, Should nature's self expire; And the great Judge of all descend In awful flames of fire.
- 8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
 Be sullen or repine?
 No—let the Lord take what he please;
 To him I all resign!

HYMN 674. L. M. Beddome.

The wisdom of God, a reason for Resignation. Psalm xcvii. 2. lxxxix. 14.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will, Tumultuous passions, all be still! Nor let a murm'ring thought arise; His ways are just, his councils wise.
- 2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws, His work performs, conceals the cause; But, though his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heav'n and earth, and air, and seas, He executes his firm decrees; And by his saints it stands confest, That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HYMN 675. C. M. Newton. Christ the Resurrection and the Life.

1 "I AM, (saith Christ,) your glorious Head, Let us attention give, The resurrection of the dead, The life of all that live.

2 By faith in me the soul receives

New life, though dead before;

And he that in my name believes,

Shall live to die no more.

3 The sinner from the death of sin Shall at my voice awake; And when to save I once begin, My work I ne'er forsake."

4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here;
Send forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.

5 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive
In those who love thy name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

6 Thy pow'r and mercy first prevail'd,
From death to set us free:
And often since our life had fail'd,
If not renew'd by thee.

7 To thee we look, to thee we bow, To thee for help we call; Our life and resurrection thou, Our hope, our joy, our all.

HYMN 676. S. M. Kent.

It shall be well with the Righteous-Isa. iii. 10.

Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity
'Tis with the righteous well.

In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.

Tis well when joys arise,
 Tis well when sorrows flow;
 Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.

[4 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dying love; And 'tis as well in God's account, When they the furnace prove.]

They wrestle, weep, and pray;
Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
From earth and sin, arise,
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise.

HYMN 677. L. M. Gibbons.

Rising to God-Eccl. xii. 7.

- NOW let our souls, on wings sublime, Rise from the vanities of time;
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth? Why grasp at transitory toys, So near to heav'n's eternal joys?
- 3 Should aught beguile us on the road, When we are walking back to God? For strangers into life we come, And dying, is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge, That sets our longing souls at large; Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell, And gives us with our God to dwell.
- Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
 And the sweet expectation now,
 Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

HYMN 678. C. M. Dobell.

Road to Heaven and Hell-Matt. vii. 13, 14.

- SINNERS, behold that downward road, Which leads to endless woe; What multitudes of thoughtless souls Down to perdition go!
- 2 But yonder see that narrow way, Which leads to endless bliss;

There see a happy, chosen few, Redeem'd by sov'reign grace.

3 They from destruction's city came, To Zion upward tend: The Bible is their precious map,

And God himself their friend.

4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
Be banish'd from thy sight.

5 'Tis happiness to see thy face;
I long to dwell above;
To feast on thy unbounded stores,
And sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN 679. L. M. Budden. Sabbath School.

Cong. 1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
Which we would to thy honour raise;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God

Chil. 2 Next to our God, our thanks are due
To those who did compassion shew,
In kindly pointing out the road
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

Cong. 3 We claim no merit of our own;
Great God, the work is thine alone!
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To carry on this great design.

Chil. 4 Now we are taught to read and pray, To hear God's word, to keep his day; Lord, here accept the thanks we bring, Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

Cong. 5 With those dear children, we'll unite;
Their songs inspire us with delight;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join the notes above.

Chil. 6 Great God, our benefactors bless, Cong. And crown thy work with great success; Both. O may we meet around thy throne, To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

Glory, honour, praise, and power, &c. Hal.

HYMN 680. C. M. J---. Sabbath School.

Boys. 1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day,

That saw the Saviour rise;
Once more we tune our infant song
To him that rules the skies.

Girls. 2 What numbers vainly spend these hours,

That are to Jesus due;

Children and parents, how they live!

And how they perish too!

Boys. 3 But we, a happier few, are taught
The ways of heav'nly truth;
We hail once more the plan of love
That pities wand'ring youth.

1.

y,

Girls. 4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err;
Too oft we find it so;

Richly our benefactor gives: We'll praise him all the day.

Both. 7 Beyond the azure sky,
We'll praise thee more and more;
And thro' a long eternity,
A God in Christ adore. Hal. Amen.

HYMN 683. 5s. 5s. 11s. Phippard. Sabbath School.

In harmonious lays,
For all thy rich grace;
O give us the knowledge of pardon and peace:
On thee we rely,
All our wants to supply;
O keep us each hour,
From snares and temptations, by thy mighty pow'r.

Girls. 2 O may we improve,
In knowledge and love,
Of Jesus our King, [to sing;
'Till to glory we're brought his praises
While below, if we stray,
From the source of true joy,
Let thy merciful hand
Return and incline us to obey thy
command.

Both. 3 Our friends, may they share
Thy blessings while here,
And crown them above;
Where joys will increase, from the
fountain of love;

May we shortly there meet, Around thy blest seat; Thy love to adore, Where pleasure and praise

abound evermore. Hal.

HYMN 684. 148th. Budden. After Sermon.

Chil. 1 COME, let our voices join
To sing a song of praise:
For favours so divine,
Our grateful notes we'll raise:

Cong. To God alone the praise belongs, His love demands your noblest songs.

Chil. 2 When wand'ring far astray,
In paths of vice and sin,
You kindly pointed out
The danger we were in:

Cong. To God alone be all the praise, Who turns your feet from sinful ways.

Chil. 3 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

Cong. To God alone the praise is due, Whose sacred book is sent to you.

Chil. 4 Within this sacred house
Our youthful feet are brought,
Where pray'r and praise abound,
And heav'nly truths are taught:

Cong. To God alone your praises bring, And in the church his glories sing. Chil. 5 For favours such as these,
Our grateful thanks receive:
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

Cong. Great God, accept their infant songs, To thee alone the praise belongs.

Cho. 6 Lord, let this glorious work

Be own'd with large success!

May thousands yet unborn

This institution bless! [high,

Then shall thy praise be sounded

Throughout a vast eternity.

HYMN 685. C. M. Newton.

Will ye also go away-John vi. 67-69.

1 WHEN any turn from Sion's way,
(Alas what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

[3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secur'd,
By promise and by blood.

The help of men and angels join'd Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.

And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer—no!

HYMN 686. 112th. Livingstone. The Sailor's Hymn-Ps. cvii. 25-28.

The trackless ocean to explore;
With joyful hearts adore his name,
His wonders in the deep proclaim;
At his command the tempest lowers,
And all its fury round you pours.

2 The winds contend, the billows rise,
And your tall vessels touch the skies;
'Till dash'd from the tremendous height,
Low in the deep ye look for fate;
From side to side impetuous tost,
All hope of human aid is lost:

3 And every heart becomes the prey,
Of wild affright, or cold dismay;
In pale despair, on heaven ye gaze,
To heaven your ardent vows ye raise;
And he who bade the tempest rave,
Is still omnipotent to save!

HYMN 687. C. M. Newton.

Salvation-Ps. lxxxv. 9, 10. Isa. lv. 8, 9.

- SALVATION! what a glorious plan!
 How suited to our need!
 The grace that raises fallen man
 Is wonderful indeed!
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design,
 To ransom us when lost;
 And love's unfathomable mine
 Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice, with approving look,
 The holy cov'nant seal'd;
 And truth and power undertook
 The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r, and love, In all their glory shone, When Jesus left the courts above, And died to save his own.
- 5 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r, and love,
 Are equally display'd,
 Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
 Our Advocate and Head.
- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,
 Most hateful and abhorr'd;
 And yet the sinner lives by faith,
 And dares approach the Lord.
 HYMN 688. L. M. Kella

HYMN 688. L. M. Kelly. Salvation in the name of Jesus.

THERE'S not a name beneath the skies,
Nor is there one in heav'n above,
But that of Jesus can suffice,
The sinner's burden to remove.

- 2 Sweet name! when once its virtue's known, How weak all other helps appear; The sinner trusts to it alone, And finds the grand specific there.
- 3 'Twas long before I knew this truth,
 And learn'd to trust the Saviour's name;
 In vanity I spent my youth:
 The thought now fills my heart with shame.
- 4 But since I've known the life and pow'r With which his name is richly stor'd; The world can keep my heart no more, Nor can its joys content afford.
- 5 The things I once esteem'd the most, I now account as worthless dross;
 Thy name, dear Saviour, is my boast,
 For which the world appears but loss,
- 6 Lord, grant me boldness to proclaim, (Unmov'd by any fear but thine,)
 The saving virtues of thy name,
 And shew its influence divine.
- 7 Nor let its favour be confin'd!
 Thro' ev'ry region let it spread!
 Impart its blessings to mankind!
 And by its pow'r revive the dead.

HYMN 689. L. M. Doddridge.

Salvation brought near; and obtained in believing the Gospel—Rom. x. 6—10.

A ND is Salvation brought so near, Where guilty men expiring lie?

Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear, And shout it, joyous, to the sky.

- 2 I ask not, who to heav'n shall scale, That Christ the Saviour thence may come; Or who earth's inmost depths assail, To bring the Saviour from the tomb?
- 3 From heav'n on wings of love he flew, And conqu'ror from the tomb he sprung; My heart believes the record true, And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- A I sing Salvation thus brought near, No more on earth expiring lie; I teach the world my joys to hear, And shout them to the echoing sky.

HYMN 690. 7s. Wilks.

Wells of Salvation-Isaiah xii. 3.

- JESUS' precious name excels,
 Jordan's streams, and Salem's wells;
 Thirsty sinners, come and draw,
 Quench the flames of Sinai's law.
- Pearful sinners, come and try— Draw and drink with inward joy; Christ is fresh, and full, and free; Sinners, come, whoe'er you be.
- To revive your languid hope; Fill your vessels, as it rolls, And refresh your weary souls.
- Lo! the Spirit now invites!
 Lo! the happy Bride unites!
 Jesus calls, be not afraid,
 Lo! For you the well was made!

- 5 Justice made it in the Lamb, Mercy grants it thro' his name; Faith receives a full supply; Those who drink it cannot die.
- [6 Careless sinner, let me tell, Not a drop is found in hell; Not a drop to ease your smart, Not a drop to cool your heart.
- 7 Haste you to the Lamb of God, Seek Salvation in his blood; In it there is boundless store, For ten-thousand thousands more.]
- 8 Constant tributes let us bring, For this soul-refreshing spring; Constant let our praises rise, 'Till we drink above the skies.

HYMN 691. C. M. Watts' Lyric. God glorified in the Salvation of Sinners.

Isaiah xliv. 23.

- FATHER, how wide thy glory shines, How high thy wonders rise! Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies.
- 2 But when we view thy grand design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their sublimest forms;
- Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe.
 We love and we adore;
 The first archangel never saw
 So much of God before.

4 Here each divine perfection joins,
And thought can never trace,
Which of the glories brightest shines,
The justice or the grace.

5 Tho' language fails, we must proclaim Jehovah's wondrous ways; And thro' eternity, the same Shall be our theme of praise.

HYMN 692. C. M. Newton. Salvation by Grace-1 Cor. xv. 10.

- A MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
 That sav'd a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears reliev'd;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home:
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me, His word my hope secures; He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.
- Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;
 I shall possess within the vail,
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

HYMN 693. C. M. Doddridge. Full Salvation drawing near. Rom. xiii. 11, 12.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
Which shews salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.

3 Not many years their rounds shall run, Nor many mornings rise, Ere all its glories stand reveal'd To our admiring eyes.

Ye wheels of nature speed your course:
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 694. C. M.
Satisfaction and Security.
Psalm iv. 6, 7. Psalm lxiii. 3.

1 YES, 'tis enough—I'm safe and blest,
If God be truly mine;
To worldlings I can leave the rest,
Nor at their stores repine.

- 2 I shall not live without my share Of all that's good below, Beneath his providential care Shall still securely go.
- 3 Or should I suffer for his sake,
 He'll needful strength impart;
 Peace to my troubled soul he'll speak,
 And raise my sinking heart.
- 4 And when I pass the vale of death,
 With horrors overspread,
 He on my soul will vigour breathe,
 And heav'nly comforts shed.
- 5 Soon as the bonds of life untie, Shall full release be giv'n; Kind angels will be waiting by To bear my soul to heav'n:
- 6 To heav'n, where boundless glories shine, And boundless pleasures flow; Where bliss consummate and divine No period e'er shall know.
- 7 Lord, 'tis enough—I'm safe and bless'd,
 If thou art truly mine;
 Nor am I of myself possess'd,
 Till I am wholly thine.

HYMN 695. 112th.

Jesus a complete Saviour-Isa. xii. 2.

1 NOW I have found the blessed ground
Where my soul's anchor may remain;
The Lamb of God, who for my sin
Suffered and died, and rose again;

Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation now I'm free;
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!
- 3 Through faith I plunge me in this sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!
 Whither, when hell assails, I flee,
 And look unto my Saviour's breast:
 Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
 Mercy is only written there!
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head, Though strength, and health, and friends be gone, Though joys be wither'd all and dead,

Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn, Steadfast on this my soul relies, Father, thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundation melts away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

HYMN 696. C. M. Logan, altered by Wardlaw.

The Office and Character of the Saviour.
Isa. xlii. 1-4.

BEHOLD my servant! see him rise Exalted in my might! Him have I chosen, and in him I place supreme delight.

- 2 On him in rich effusion pour'd,
 My Spirit shall descend;
 My truths and judgments he shall shew
 To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
 No threats from him proceed;
 The smoking flax he shall not quench,
 Nor break the bruised reed.
- The feeble spark to flames he'll raise,
 The weak will not despise;
 Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
 And make the fallen rise.
- The progress of his zeal and pow'r Shaft never know decline, Till foreign lands and distant isles Receive the law divine.

HYMN 697. L. M. H-

On the Four Seasons-Gen. viii. 22.

- 1 THY providence, great God, we praise;
 How good and great are all thy ways!
 Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
 And dissipates our anxious fears.
- Thy promise stands forever fast,
 While sun, and moon, and earth shall last;
 The laws of seasons shall endure,
 Till time and stars are known no more.
 Summer and winter, cold and heat,
 And night and day in order meet 4

Seed-time and harvest, each succeed, To prove thy love—supply our need.

[4'When years are past, and seasons o'er, We still shall prove thy cov'nant sure; And in the shining realms of bliss, Adore thy goodness and thy grace.']

HYMN 698. L. M. Steele.
On the four Seasons of the Year—Pe. cxlvil.

- PRAISE ye the Lord—O blissful theme,
 To sing the honours of his name!
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
 And praise is lovely in his sight.
- 2 He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs, On earth the plent'ous blessing pours; The mountains smile in lively green, And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.
- [3 He speaks! and swiftly from the akies, To earth the sov'reign mandate flies; Observant nature hears the word, And bows obedient to her Lord.
- 4 Now thick descending flakes of mow,
 O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
 Now glitt'ring frosts o'er all the plains,
 Extends its universal chains.]
- 5 At his fierce storms of icy hail,
 The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail;
 Before his cold, what life can stand,
 Unshelter'd by his guardian hand!
- 6 He speaks I the ice and snow obey, And nature's fetters melt away:

Now vernal gales soft rising blow, And murm'ring waters gently flow.

7 But nobler works his grace record, To Israel's sons he sends his word: Ye favour'd tribes, your voices raise, And bless your God in songs of praise.

HYMN 699. S. M. Gibbons-Spring.

1 GREAT God, at thy command Seasons in order rise: Thy pow'r and love in concert reign Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.

2 How balmy is the air,
How warm the solar beams!
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

With grateful praise we own Thy providential hand,

While grass for kine, and herb and corn For men, enrich the land.

A But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son:
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Thro' endless ages run.

HYMN 700. L. M. Davies.

Prayer for rain just before harvest. 2 Chron. vi. 26.

GREAT God, we view thy chast'ning hand,
The earth's like brass thro' all our land;

The heav'n its fruitful show'rs denies, And nature round us fades and dies.

- 2 Revive our with'ring fields with rain; Let fruitful show'rs descend again; On thee alone our hopes rely, Lord, hear our humble, earnest cry.
- O let the fruits in clusters bend, Thro' all our land from end to end: And let the saints and sinners see, Our all depends, O Lord, on thee.

HYMN 701. L. M. T-

Prayer for dry weather in harvest.

- LORD of the earth, and seas, and skies, Thou sov'reign source of all supplies;
 Now thy preparing hand employ,
 Our hearts to fill with food and joy.
- 2 Let not deserved wrath destroy Our high-rais'd hopes of harvest-joy; Thy care o'er ev'ry crop extend, And all our fruits of earth defend.
- 3 May rip'ning suns, and fertile dews,
 Their genial influence diffuse,
 And each kind element combine,
 Our hearts to cheer with corn and wine.
- 4 Lord of the harvest, thee we own:
 Pour an abundant blessing down;
 Say, as in ancient days, "I'll give
 " More than your garners can receive."
- 5 Ye sons of need, with fervour pray, To see a blest, in-gath'ring day:

Then shall our joy-inspiring lays, Shout, harvest-home, in songs of praise.

6 And while we plead for earthly bread,
That ev'ry creature may be fed,
O let eternal thanks be giv'n
For Christ, th' immortal bread of heav'n.

HYMN 702. C. M. Needham. Summer—Harvest Song.

1 TO praise the ever-bount'ous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest bours.

2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
(My tongue his goodness sing;)
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well-pleas'd, the toiling swains behold The waving yellow crop: With joy they bear the sheaves away, And sow again in hope.

[4 Thus, teach me, gracious God, to sow The seeds of righteousness; Smile on my soul, and with thy beams The rip'ning harvest bless.

6

5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.]

HYMN 703. C. M. Needham. Summer; or, the Sluggard reproved. Prov. vi. 6. chap. x. 5.

SEE, how the little toiling ant Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, thro' all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.

2 Sagacious she, without a guide, By instinct only led; Fearful of want, in harvest hours, Provides her winter bread.

3 Ne'er be it said, that toiling ants, Lay up their stock of grain; And man neglect his great concern, Eternal life to gain.

While life remains, our harvest lasts;
But youth of life's the prime;
Best is this season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.

5 "To-day attend," is wisdom's voice—
"To-morrow"—folly cries—
And still to-morrow 'tis—when O!
To-day the sinner dies!

6 When conscience speaks, its voice regard;
And seize the present hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the pow'r.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;

As time, with rapid pinions flies, May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days, And summer shed again its rays; No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd, No blasting winds our path assail'd.

3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd, And fill'd our fields with waving gold; Our tables spread, our garners stor'd! Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?

The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace;
Time of decision, awful hour!
Around it let no tempests low'r!

5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine, Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine: Then shall our happy souls above, Reap the full harvest of thy love!

HYMN 705. C. M. Steele. Winter-Job xxxviii. 29, 30.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains Encircling nature round; How bleak, how comfortless the plains, Late with gay verdure crown'd!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams, And light and warmth depart; And drooping, lifeless nature seems An emblem of my beart.

3 My heart, when mental winter reigns, In night's dark mantle clad; Confin'd in cold, inactive chains, How desolate and sad!

Return, O blissful sun, and bring The soul-reviving ray; This mental winter shall be spring,

This darkness cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode, · Where spring eternal reigns; And perfect day, the smile of God, Fills all the heav'nly plains.

6 Great source of light, thy beams display; My drooping joys restore: And guide me to the seats of day. Where winter chills no more.

> HYMN 706. C. M. Newton. O that I were as in Months past! Job xxix. 2.

SWEET was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood Apply'd, to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd, His praises tun'd my tongue; And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd, His love was all my song.

[3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles, The world no more could charm; I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles, And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r, my soul drew near the Lord. And saw his glories shine:

And when I read his holy word, I call'd each promise mine.]

5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey:
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail;
O come without delay!

HYMN 707. C. M. Kirkham. Self-denial; or, taking up the Cross.

Mark viii. 38.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame, And bear the Cross for me? And shall I fear to own thy name, Or thy disciple be?

2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

3 'Let mockers scoff, let men defame, And treat me with disdain; Still may I glorify thy name, And count their slander, gain.'

To thee I cheerfully submit, And all my pow'rs resign; Let wisdom point out what is fit, And I'll no more repine.

HYMN 708. 7s. Rayland.

Prayer for strayed Sheep-Psalm cxix. 176.

- PITY, Lord, thy straying sheep,
 Prone to wander from the fold;
 Bring them back, and safely keep—
 In thine arms the stragglers hold.
 Heal their wand'rings, Son of God—
 Bless the purchase of thy blood.
- 2 Fond to stray, but ign'rant quite, When once lost, to find their home; Wand'ring on by day and night, Farther, farther, still they'd roam.
- 3 Lord, thy wand ring sheep restore, To thy pastures, ever fair; Keep them, lest they wander more; Let thy love confine them there.

HYMN 709. L. M. Kelly. Christ the good Shepherd—John x. 10.

- JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep!
 Thy "little flock" in safety keep!
 The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n;
 The flock for which thy life was giv'n.
- 2 Thou saw'st them wand'ring far from thee, Secure as if from danger free; Thy love did all their wand'rings trace, And bring them to "a wealthy place."
- 3 O guard thy sheep from beasts of prey, And keep them that they never stray;

Cherish the young, sustain the old: Let none be feeble in thy fold.

- 4 O hide them from the scorching beam!
 And lead them to the living stream:
 In verdant pastures let them lie,
 And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 5 O may thy sheep discern thy voice, And in its sacred sound rejoice! From strangers may they ever flee, And know no other guide but thee!
- 6 Lord, bring the sheep that wander yet, And let the number be complete! Then let thy flock from earth remove, And occupy the fold above.

HYMN 710. 8s. 8s. 7s. Shiloh—Isa. liii. 1—3.

- Shiloh come is not received?

 Shiloh come is not received,

 Not received by his own:

 Promis'd branch from root of Jesse,

 David's offspring sent to bless you,

 Comes too lowly to be known.
- 2 Tell me, O thou favour'd nation,
 What is thy fond expectation:
 Some fair spreading lofty tree?
 Let not worldly pride confound thee,
 'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
 Mark the lowest—that is he.
- 3 Like a tender plant, that's growing Where no waters friendly flowing, No kind rains refresh the ground;

Drooping, dying, ye shall view him, See no charms to draw you to him; There no beauty will be found.

- 4 Lo! Messiab, unrespected,
 Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected,
 Wounds his form disfiguring:
 Marr'd his visage more than any;
 For he bears the sins of many,
 All our sorrows carrying.
- 5 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
 Blameless he no law had broken,
 Yet was number'd with the worst:
 For, because the Lord would grieve him,
 Ye who saw it did believe him
 For his own offences curst.
- 6 But, while him your thoughts accused,
 He for us alone was bruised;
 Yéa, for us the victim bled!
 With his stripes our wounds are cured,
 By his pains our peace secured,
 Sealed with the blood he shed.
- 7 Love amazing, so to mind us!
 Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
 Silly sheep all gone astray;
 Lost, undone, by our transgressions,
 Worse than stript of all possessions,
 Debtors without hope to pay.
- 8 Death our portion; slaves in spirit; He redeem'd us by his merit, To a glorious liberty.

Dearly first his goodness bought us, Truth and love then sweetly taught us, Truth and love have made us free.

Glory be to him who gave us—
Freely gave his Son to save us;
Glory to the Son who came;
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb!

HYMN 711. L. M. K-. Evan's Col. Prayer for a Sick Minister-John xi. 3.

- O THOU, before whose gracious throne, We bow our suppliant spirits down:

 View the sad breast, the streaming eye, And let our sorrows pierce the sky.
- 2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel, And all our trembling lips would tell; Thou only canst assuage our grief, And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.
- With pow'r benign, thy servant spare, Nor turn aside thy people's pray'r; Avert thy swift descending stroke, Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 4 Restore him sinking to the grave;
 Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
 Back to our hopes and wishes give,
 And bid our friend and father live.
- Bound to each soul by tend'rest ties,
 In ev'ry breast his image lies;
 Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
 Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

6 Yet if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears can nought prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

HYMN 712. L. M. Brown. Sickness and Death.

- 1 MY soul, the minutes haste away,
 Apace comes on th' important day,
 When in the icy arms of death
 I must give up my vital breath.
- Look forward to the moving scene;
 How wilt thou be affected then?
 When from on high some sharp disease
 Resistless shall my vitals seize.
- 3 When all the springs of life are low,
 The spirits faint, the pulses slow;
 The eyes grow dim, and short the breath.
 Presages of approaching death.
- 4 When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,
 Shew life's retreating to the heart;
 Its last resistance there to make,
 And then the breathless frame forsake.
- 5 When all eternity's in sight—
 The brightest day, or blackest night;
 One shock will break the building down,
 And let thee into worlds unknown.
- 6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!

 How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay!

 And how the unknown regions try,

 And launch into eternity!

HYMN 713. C. M. Leech.

For a time of general Sickness.

1DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd, Now hastens to his arms; In awful state he takes the field, And sounds his dire alarms.

And wait his dread command;
And pains and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Look up, ye heirs of endless joy, Nor let your fears prevail; Eternal life is your reward, When life on earth shall fail.

5 What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around;
And heaps of putrid carcasses
O'erload the cumber'd ground;

6 The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

7 These with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too;
But heavenly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.

Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
And all in triumph rise,

To the fair palace of their God, And mansions in the skies.

HYMN 714. L. M. Boyce.

Deceitfulness of Sin.

SIN, in ten-thousand treach'rous ways,
Dazzles and blinds both young and old;
Around the pit the sinner plays,
And they that trembled once, grow bold,

2 Saviour divine, stretch out thy hand, And fill their souls with deep amaze; Pluck from the fire the flaming brand, And form new trophies of thy grace.

HYMN 715. L. M. Harrison.

Hating Sin.

O COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.

When to the throne of grace I flee, He stands between my God and me, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest, I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils his glory to mine eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe, Which keeps my faith and hope so low; I long to dwell in heav'n, my home, Where not one sinful thought can con

HYMN 716. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Indwelling Sin lamented.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament, Here at thy feet, my God, My passion, pride, and discontent, And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base, So false as mine has been: So faithless to its promises, So prone to every sin!

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
And harder yet to love.

5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the charm, And set the captive free: Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm, And haste to rescue me.

HYMN 717. C. M.

Inconsistency of Sin with the Christian profession—2 Cor. xiv. 15.

JESUS, my Saviour and my God, My Life, my Sacrifice: My hopes, deep founded in thy blood, Reach far above the skies.

2 Up to the highest heav'n's they soar, Where round thy dazzling throne, Seraphs lie prostrate and adore, And thee their Sov'reign own.

3 Thou hast these happy seats possess'd
Both for thyself and thine;
There all thy foll'wers shall be bless'd,
And in thy glory shine.

Among these foll'wers, Lord, am I,
 Thy glorious name I bear;
 My brightest hopes are still on high,
 My richest treasure there.

5 But shall I bear thy sacred name,
And yet oppose thy will?
A subject's highest priv'lege claim,
And act the rebel still?

6 Forbid it, Lord! no, I abhor
The base the trait'rous thought:
I own thy sov'reign right and pow'r,
And what thy blood hath bought.

7 I would to thee devoted live, And all thy laws approve; The fullest homage freely give, And proofs of loyal love.

> HYMN 718. 104th. Newton. Address to Sinners.

1 No words can declare, No fancy can paint, What rage and despair,
What hopeless complaint,
Fill Setan's dark dwalling.
The prison beneath;
What weeping and yelling.
And grashing of teeth!

- This dreadful abode,

 Each madly pursues
 The dangerous road;
 The God gives them warning,
 They coward will go,
 They answer with scorning,
 And rush amon woo.
- S How sad to behold
 The rich and the poor,
 The young and the old,
 All blindly secure!
 All posting to ruin,
 Refusing to stop;
 Ah! think what you're doing,
 While wat there is hope!
- How weak is your hand,
 To fight with the Lord!
 How can you withstand
 The edge of his sword!
 What hope of escaping
 Yor those who oppose,
 Wass hell is wide goping
 - · Imalinitian

Yet still you are spar'd
To hear of his grace;
Oh may you repentance,
And life giving faith,
Find, ere the just sentence
Consign you to death.

To Jesus to flee,

His mercy is great,

His pardon is free!

His blood has such virtue.

For all that believe,

That nothing can burt you.

If him you receive.

HYMN 719. 7s. 6s. Newton.

1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and table
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wee?

Once again I charge you stop?

For unless you warning take,

Kre you are aware, you drop

Into the huming lake !

That you his will oppose?

Feat you not that from rod

With which he breaks his foce?

Can you stand in that dread day;

When he judgment shell proclaim.

And the earth shall melt away

Like way before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply!

Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face:

You may his mercy know;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be deny'd,
He says, "There still is room."

HYMN 720. L. M. James' Sel. Address to Sinners-Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

Wilt thou despise eternal fate?
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;

Madly attempt th' infernal gate, And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold!

HYMN 721. 8s. 8s. 6s.

The Sinner wwakeped and relieved-John iii. 3.

- AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My son in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go;
 O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
 . Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near;
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
 It pour'd its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find;
 This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- A Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast unwieldy load;
 Alas! I read and saw it plain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 Or drink the wrath of God.

- The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare,
 Yet, when I found this truth remain,
 The sinner must be BORN AGAIN,
 I sunk in deep despair.
- G But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
 And felt his pity move;
 The sinner by his justice slain,
 Now, by his grace, is BORN AGAIN;
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
 The angels tun'd their harps anew,
 And loftier notes did raise:
 All hail, the Lamb who once was slain!
 Unnumber'd millions, BORN AGAIN,
 Shall shout thine endless praise.

HYMN 722. C. M.

Sinai and Sion-Heb. xii. 18-24.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke,
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,

 The city of our God,

 Where milder words declare his will,

 And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 Saints here, and those in Jesus dead, But one communion make; All join in Christ, their living Head, And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 723. L. M. Cowper.

Looking upwards in a Storm-Psalm xlii. 7, 8.

- GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee, And thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not that word still fix'd remain, That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer pray'r:
 But a pray'r-hearing, answ'ring God,
 Supports me under ev'ry load.

- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with thee;
 They whom the world caresses most,
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 724. L. M. Cowper. Safety in a Storm-Psalm lxix, 15.

THE billows swell, the winds are high, Clouds overcast my wintry sky: Out of the depths to thee I call, My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves—say, "peace, be still."

Amidst the roaring of the sea, My soul still hangs her hope on thee; Thy constant love, thy faithful care, Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of ev'ry shape and name, Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb; Who leave the world's deceitful shore, And leave it to return no more.

Tho' tempest-tost, and half a wreck, My Saviour thro' the floods I seek; Let neither winds nor stormy main. Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN 725. C. M. Wardlaw's Col.

Strength from Heaven-Isa. xl. 27, to the end.

1 WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint
Despairing of relief,

As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause, And did not heed thy grief.

- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
 That firm remains on high
 The everlasting throne of him
 Who form'd the earth and sky?
- 3 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail When comes the evil day; And can an all-creating arm Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom, as in pow'r,
 The Rock of ages stands,
 Tho' him thou canst not see, nor trace
 The working of his hands.
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 Supports the sinking heart,
 And courage in the evil hour,
 His heav'nly aid impart.
- 6 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
 And youthful vigour cease;
 But they who wait upon the Lord
 In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They with unwearied feet shall tread The path of life divine, With growing ardour onward move, With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love;
Till past the cloudy regions here
They rise to heav'n above.

HYMN 726. C. M. Wood's Col. Submission.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God, I all to thee resign; And bow before thy chast'ning rod— I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?

3 How short are all my suff'rings here,
How needful ev'ry cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
1'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
Forever is the same!

HYMN 727. C. M. Kelly.

Submission-Psalm iii. 8.

Yet are their comforts great;
Nor are they left without relief,
Thy time is never late.

2 If, when affliction's waves run high, Deliverance should be slow; Thy purpose is, their faith to try, And make their patience grow.

3 In sorrow's sev'nfold furnace tried,
This thought may yield them joy:
Thou, Lord, art walking by their side,
Nor can the fire destroy.

4 Yea, ev'n the flame's destructive pow'r Directed, Lord, by thee;
Shall nothing but their bands devour,
And leave their bodies free.

Of trial, then I faint;
And feel that nothing but thy pow'r
Can keep me from complaint.

6 Howe'er a mother loves her own;
I know beyond a doubt,
Her love by thine is far outdone;
Thy love that changes not.

7 Whatever light in man may shine, And guide a father's care: 'Tis but a shadow, Lord, of thine: Thy wisdom cannot err.

8 Of this convinc'd I would "Be still, And know that thou art God;" Would give up my rebellious will, And kiss thy chast'ning rod.

9 O teach thy worm whate'er his state,
Therewith to be content;
Thine hand to bless, thy time to wait,
And leave to thee th' event.

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HYMN 728. C. M. Comper.

DEAR Lord, my best desires fulfil,

Life, health, and comfort to thy will.

And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or trembin at the gracious hand

What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,

The favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
The batter still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way :

A poor blind creature of a day, And crush'd before the moth:

But ab t my inment spirit cries,

Else the next cloud that veils my skies. Drives all these thoughts away.

HYDRI 729. .. C. M.

Stading of Companions Where disposition

Q LORD, thy Edy Spirit send,

To form in our obedient souls.

The image of thy love.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts

 That gen'rous pleasure know,
 Kindly to shate in others' joys,
 And weep for others' woe.
 - 3 When weak and helpless some of grief,
 In deep distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
 - 4 So Jeans look'd on dying men,
 And pitied their distress;
 He brought salvation by his death,
 And will for ever bless.

Sun, Moon, and Stere, display the Bring of

- 1. THE specious firmament on high,
 With all the blue otherest sky;
 The spangled heaving, a shiring frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2' Th' unwearied sun, from day to day.

 Does his Creator's pow'r display;

 And publishes to ev'ry land.

 The work of an Almanty hand.
- S Soon as the evining shades prevail,

 The moon takes up the wondrots tale.

 And nightly to the list'ning carth,

 Repeats the story of her birth t
 - 4 While all the staw that round her burn And all the planets in their turn,

Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

- Move round this dark, terrestrial ball— What the no real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found:
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 731. 148th. Doddridge. Spiritual Temple—Zech. iv. 7.

- 1 SING to the Lord above,
 Who deigns on earth to raise
 A temple to his love,
 A monument of praise:
 Ye saints around, thro' all its frame,
 Harmonious sound the Builder's name.
- [2 He form'd the glorious plan,
 And its foundation laid,
 That God might dwell with man,
 And mercy be display'd:
 Who great and good, his Son he sent,
 Made his own blood the sweet cement.]
- Beneath his eye and care
 The edifice shall rise
 Majestic, strong, and fair,
 And shine above the skies:
 There shall be place the polish'd stone,
 Ordain'd the work of grace to crown.

HYMN 732. C. M. Wright.

Best Things-1 Cor. xii. 31.

- 1 THE best of wisdom is to know
 The Father in the Son;
 The best of power is to bow
 To what the Lord has done.
- The best of prayer, is to pray
 That we may still believe;
 The best of patience, is to stay,
 'Till we a crown receive.
- [3 The best of watching, is to watch Against he world and sin;
 The best of preaching, is to preach Jesus, and nought but him.]
- Who shall in grace excel;
 The best of thriving, is to thrive
 By that which feedeth well.
- For that is best for me;
 And let me find no lasting rest,
 But when I rest in thee.

HYMN 733. C. M. Anon, altered. Thunder Storm—Job xxxvii. 5.

- 1 JEHOVAH sits upon the clouds,
 And blackens all the sky;
 He rolls the thunders round the globe,
 And bids the lightnings fly.
- 2 Th' impending clouds asunder part, And burst in sable frame;

And from the quick expansion, dart A momentary flame.

3 Around the vaults of heav'n on high, Thick peals of thunder roll; And loudly rumbling o'er the sky, They shake the solid pole.

4 But ah? how will the nations quake,
When in that dreadful day,
'Midst nature's universal wreck,
The heav'ns shall pass away.

5 The sun and moon, and stars on high, Shall lose their wonted rays; The earth beneath, and all the sky, Will then be in a blaze.

When mountains down are hurl'd;
When earth and sea shall be no more,
And flames shall end the world.

HYMN 734. C. M. Hoskins. Time is short—1 Cor. vii. 29.

THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

The time is short! sinners beware, Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear, While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels, now To Christ the Lord submit; To mercy's golden sceptre bow, And fall at Jesus' feet.

The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

The time is short! it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short '— the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

HYMN 735. C. M. Addison.
The Traveller's Psolm—Psalm xci. 1.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And death, when death shall be our lot, Shall join our souls to thee.

HYMN 736. L. M. Scott.

Barren Fig Tree-Luke xiii. 6-9.

1 GOD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart—the grateful song;
Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath, And chas'd the gloomy shades of death; The venom'd arrows vainly fly, When God, our great deliv'rer's, nigh.

Why does thy hand thus kindly rear A useless cumb'rer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found?

And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath,
Thro' life, and in the arms of death:
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

HYMN 737. L. M. Fawcett.

Trials, the Christian's lot-Deut. viii. 2.

- 1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known:
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Thro' this wide wilderness I roam, Far distant from my blissful home; Lord, let thy presence be my stay, And guard me in this dang'rous way.
- 3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy, And sins and snares my peace destroy; Sore conflicts interrupt my rest, And daily wound my anxious breast.
- 4 Afflictions press my spirit down;
 Under their weight I sigh and groan;
 My earthly joys are from me torn,
 And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 5 My soul, with various tempests toss'd, Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd, Sees ev'ry day new straits attend, And wonders where the scene will end:
- 6 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
 Which leads us to the mount of God?
 Are these the toils thy people know,
 While in the wilderness below?
- 'Tis even so—thy faithful love
 Doth all thy children's graces prove:
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
 That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMN 738. L. M. Newton. Prayer answered by Trials.

- I ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow In faith and love, and ev'ry grace— Might more of his salvation know, And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray, And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r; But it has been in such a way, As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour, At once be'd answer my request; And by his love's constraining pow'r, Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel The hidden evils of my heart, And let the angry pow'rs of hell Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- Intent to aggravate my woe—
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
 - "Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
- " I answer pray'r for grace and faith:
- 7 " These inward trials I employ,
 - " From self and pride to set thee free;
 - "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 - "That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN 739. 7s. Cowper.

Trials-Heb. xii. 8.

1 'TIS my happiness below, Not to live without the cross; But the Saviour's pow'r to know, Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

2 Trials must and will befall: But-with humble faith, to see Love inscrib'd upon them all-This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds Of affliction, pain, and toil: These spring up, and choke the weeds Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet; Trials give new life to pray'r; Trials bring me to his feet-Lay me low, and keep me there.

[5 Did I meet no trials here-No chastisement by the way; Might I not, with reason, fear I should be a cast-away?

6 Bastards may escape the rod, Sunk in earthly, vain delight: But the true-born child of God Must not, would not, if he might.]

HYMN 740. C. M. Doddridge.

Support in God's Covenant under domestic Troubles-2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love Abides forever sure,

And in its matchless grace I feel My happiness secure. What the my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire? To pobler joys than nature gives.
Thy servant doth aspire. Thy covinant in the darkest gloom.

Shall beavinly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death, sall warm my chilling heart, HYMN 741. 104th. Newtonic will Trust-Isaiah xii. 2. BEGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near, And for my relief will surely appear; y pray'r let me wrestle, and he will p Villa Christ in the vessel, I smile at the Tho' dark be my way, since he is a nine to obey, 'lis his to provide,' cisteens be broken, and creature

TRUST.

TRUST, TYPES OF CHRIST. 742, 743

Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before And then, O how pleasant the conqu'ror's long.

HYMN. 742. 104th. Wingrove. Trust in the Lord.

YE tempted and tried, to Jesus draw nigh-He suffee'd and died your wants to Trust him for salvation, you need not to There's no condemnation to them that be

2 By day and by night his love is made KROWA: It is his delight to succour his own; He will have compassion, then why should

There's no condemnation to them that Tho' Satan will seek the sheep to annoy

re's no condemnation to them that be

- 743 The paschal sacrifice, And blood-besprinkled door, Seen with enlighten'd eyes, And once apply'd with pow'r, Would teach the need of other blood, To bring the sinner near to God.
 - The lamb, the dove, set forth His perfect innocence, Whose blood of matchless worth Should be the soul's defence; For he who can for sin atone, Must have no failings of his own.
 - The 'scape-goat on his head, The people's trespass bore, And, to the desert led, Was to be seen no more: In him our Surety seem'd to say, "Behold I bear your sins away.
 - 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood, The living bird went free: The type, well understood, Express'd the sinner's plea-Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd, And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.
 - Jesus, I love to trace Throughout the sacred page, The footsteps of thy grace, The same in ev'ry age! O grant that I may faithful be To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

HYMN 744. 8s. 7s. Braithwait's Col. Types of Christ. Paschal Lamb-Heb. ix. 12.

1 PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins on thee were laid: By Almighty love anointed. Thou hast full atonement made.

2 All thy people are forgiven, Thro' the virtue of thy blood! Open'd is the gate of heaven-Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory, There forever to abide; All the heav'nly hosts adore thee, Seated at thy Father's side.

4 There, for sinners, thou art pleading-There thou dost our place prepare; Ever for us interceding, 'Till in glory we appear.

5 Glory, honour, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art worthy to receive; Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give.

6 When we join th' angelic spirits, In their sweetest, noblest lays, We will sing our Saviour's merits-Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

HYMN 745. L. M.

Union with Jesus-Rom. viii. 35.

WIXT Jesus and the chosen race. Subsists a bond of sovereign grace. That hell, with its infernal train, Shall ne'er dissolve, or rend in twain

- 746 VILLAGE WORSHIP. 2 This sacred bond shall never break, Though earth should to her centre shake; Rest, doubting saint, assur'd of this, For God has pledg'd his holiness.
 - 3 He swore but once, the deed was done, Twas settled by the great Three One; Christ was appointed to redeem All that the Father loved in him.
 - 4 Hail, sacred union, firm and strong! How great the grace, how sweet the song! That worms of earth should ever be One with incarnate Deity!
 - 5 One in the tomb, one when he rose, One when he triumph'd o'er his foes, One when in heaven he took his seat, While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.
 - 6 This sacred tie forbids their fears, For all he is, or has, is theirs; With him, their Head, they stand or fall, Their life, their Surety, and their all.
 - 7 The sinner's peace, the day's-man he, Whose blood should set his people free; On them his fond affections ran, Before he drew creation's plan.
 - 8 Blest be the wisdom, and the grace, The eternal love and faithfulness, That's in the Gospel scheme reveal'd, And is by God the Spirit seal'd. Madan's Col.

HYMN 746. 8s. 7s. Village Worship-2 Cor. iii. 17, 18.

LOVE divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down:

Fix in us thy humble dwelling— All thy faithful mercies crown.]

Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation—
Enter ev'ry trembling heart!

[3 Come, thou holy, loving Spirit, Enter ev'ry troubled breast; Let us all in thee inherit Peace, and joy, and holy rest.

Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our souls at liberty.]

5 Carry on thy new creation;
Happy, holy may we be!
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by thee.

6 Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

HYMN 747. L. M. Doddridge. Vision of dry Bones—Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye, See Adam's race in ruin lie; Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground, And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

And can these mould'ring corpses live?

And can these perish'd bones revive?

n:

That, mighty God, to thee is known! That wondrous work is all thine own.

- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
 - 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;
 Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
 They move—they waken—they rejoice.
 - So when thy trumpet's awful sound,
 Shall shake the heav'ns, and rend the
 ground,
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN 748. C. M. Cowper. Walking with God—Gen. v. 24.

- O FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb.
 - Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view,
 Of Jesus, and his word?
 - What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!

 How sweet their mem'ry still!

 But they have left an aching void,

 The world can never fill.
 - Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest;

I hate the sins that made thee mourn. And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 749. 8s. Beck's Col. altered.

My God shall supply all your Need.

Phil. iv. 19.

- THO' boundless your wants may appear,
 Tho' sorrow and pain you may feel;
 Yet do not, ah! do not despair,
 But rest on the Lord and be still.
- 2 The Lord thro' the desert shall lead, And hold up your steps as you go a My God shall supply all your need, And riches of glory bestow.
- 3 No more let impatience then move Your murmuring lips to complain; For he who is wisdom and love, Will not send a trial in vain.
- And still he hath blessings in store;
 My God shall supply all your need,
 And you shall his goodness adore.

HYMN 750. C. M. Needham. Warfare-Eph. vi. 11-17.

Against your mighty foes;
Your Jesus fought the hosts of hell,
And conquer'd when he rose.

2 Put on the armour of the Lord,
With truth gird up your loins;
No earthly armour, e'er so bright,
With such a lustre shines.

In vain the prince of darkness strives

To give a mortal wound;

Quench'd by the shield of faith, his darts

Fall harmless to the ground.

Stand fast in ev'ry evil day,
Stand, and your foes defy;
Victorious faith shall gain the field,
And all your foes shall fly,

The pow'rs of death and hell;
Dying, he conquer'd all his foes,
And triumph'd when he fell.

A bright, immortal crown;
Fight on, for this shall grace your brow,
Whene'er your warfare's done.

HYMN 751. C. M. Newton.

Heaven, a rest from Warfare—1 Tim. vi. 12.

COURAGE, my soul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides!

Eternal life beyond the skies For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked cease from troubling there, The weary are at rest; Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care,

No more approach the blest.

3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,

With Satan now are join'd, Each acts a too successful part In harassing my mind.

4 Yet fighting in my Saviour's strength,
Though mighty are my foes,
I shall a conqu'ror be at length
O'er all that can oppose.

Then why, my soul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory see!
The more I toil and suffer here,
The sweeter rest will be.

HYMN 752. C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer-Matth. xxvi. 41.

1. A LAS, what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
Of these, my soul, be still apprized,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 The world, the devil, and the flesh,
My feeble soul invade;
I find my own resistance vain,
Without my Saviour's aid.

3 Whene'er temptations would allure, Or fill with dread my heart, My God, to help in time of need, Thy pow'rful grace impart.

4 May fear of thee, and hate of sin My wary soul possess; And lively faith and joyful hope

My vigilance increase.

5 Help me to pray, and watch, and strive;
O bid the tempter flee;

And let me never, never stray From happiness and Thee.

HYMN 753. S. M. Doddridge.

Christian Diligence and Watchfulness.

Luke xii. 35-38.

YE servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait; Observant of his heav'nly word, And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins as in his sight, For awful is his name.

3 Watch—'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see;
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread With his own bounteous hand; And raise that fav'rite servant's head Amidst th' angelic band.

HYMN 754. L. M. Cowper. The narrow Way-Matt. vii. 13, 14.

1 WHAT thousands never knew the road! What thousands hate it when 'tis known?

None but the chosen tribes of God Will seek or choose it for their own.

- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end, One only leads to joys on high; By that my willing steps ascend, Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask, or hope to find, Delight or happiness below; Sorrow may well posses sthe mind That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me, I seek immortal joys above; There glory, without end, shall be Enjoy'd by saints thro' Jesus' love.
- 5 Cleave to the world ye sordid worms, Contented lick your native dust: But God shall fight, with all his storms, Against the idol of your trust.

HYMN 755. L. M. Scott.

On the loss of Friends.

1 THE God of love will sure indulge The flowing tear, the heaving sigh, When righteous persons fall around—When tender friends and kindred die.

- 2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought, Should with our mourning passions blend; Nor would our bleeding hearts forget 'Th' Almighty, ever-living friend.
- 3 Beneath a num'rous train of ills, Our feeble flesh and heart may fail: Yet shall our hope in thee, our God, O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.
- 4 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
 Thou art each tender name in one;
 On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
 And comfort seek from thee alone.
- Our Father God, to thee we look, Our Rock, our portion, and our friend; And on thy cov'nant-love and truth Our sinking souls shall still depend.

HYMN 756. L. M. Swain.

Confidence of Heaven-Titus iii. 7.

- AND may I hope, that when no more
 My pulse shall beat with life below,
 I shall the God of grace adore,
 And all the bliss of glory know?
- 2 I who deserve no place but hell,
 No portion but devouring fire,
 Shall I with Christ, my Saviour, dwell,
 Possess'd of all I now desire?
- 3 Will Jesus own a wretch like me?

 And tell to saints and angels round,

That when he suffer'd on the tree, My sins augmented ev'ry wound?

- 4 He will!—I read it in his word, And in my heart the witness feel; I shall be with, and like my Lord, Tho' sin oppose, in league with hell.
- Triumphant down the pathless skies;
 And when his voice breaks up the tombs,
 Among his children I shall rise.

HYMN 757. C. M. Needham.

The rich Fool surprised—Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 DELUDED souls, who think to grasp
 A solid bliss below!
 Bliss! the fair flow'r of paradise,
 On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
 T' increase his worldly store;
 Too narrow now he finds his barns,
 And covets room for more.
- 3 "What shall I do?" distrest, he cries;
 "This scheme will I pursue;
 - "My scanty barns shall now come down"I'll build them large and new.
- 4 " Here will I lay my fruits, and bid "My soul enjoy her ease;
 - "Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store "Shall yield what joys I please."
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! from heav'
 Th' Almighty made reply;

- Thou fool, for whom dost thou provide, Since thou this night shalt die!"
- 6 Teach me, my God, that earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream;
 And let me find my all of bliss in thee, the good Supreme.

HYMN 758. C.M.

Creatures rain, and God the salvation of his people.—Jer. iii, 23.

W long shall dreams of creature bliss Our flatt'ring hopes employ, mock our fond deluded eyes h visionary joy ?

Why from the mountains and the hills is our salvation sought, While our eternal Rock's forsook,

Israel's God forgot?
ving spring neglected flows

Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare-

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Shine with deceifful light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- Where we possess delight.

 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love.
 How strong it strikes the sense!
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be My soul's eternal food, And grace command my heart away From all created good.

HYMN 760. 10s. Brainard. World's Farewell—Job vii. 16.

1 FAREWELL, vain world, your charms I bid adieu;

My Saviour taught me to abandon you; Your smiles may gratify a carnal mind, But not a soul for heav nly joys design'd.

2 Forbear t' entice, cease now my soul to call— [my all :
"Tis fixt thro' Grace—my God shall be While thus my soul does heav'nly glories view.

[for you

[3 Earth can no comfort to my soul afford,
While I possess my Saviour and my Lord,
He, my dear God, shall freely have my
heart,

Nor shall he evermore from thence depart.]

HYMN 761. L. M.

Help obtained of God-Acts xxvi. 22. New-Year's Day.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shews:
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God; By his incessant bounty fed, By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

He scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs, And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our Helper, God, in whom we trust, In better worlds our souls shall boast.

> HYMN 762. L. M. Shoveller. New Year.

BLEST be th' Eternal Infinite!
Whose skill conducts this rolling sphere

Who rules our day, who guards our night, And guides the swift, revolving year!

- 2 Our race are falling ev'ry hour, While we distinguish'd yet appear; 'Tis of thy matchless love and pow'r That we are spar'd another year.
- 3 Oh! for a sweet refreshing time; Father! thy children wish thee near; Come, and our joys shall be sublime, While we begin another year.
- 4 Strengthen our faith, increase our love, Fill us with godly, filial fear; And to thy waiting children prove Thy grace thro' ev'ry fleeting year.
- 5 This truth impress on ev'ry soul,
 That vast eternity is near—
 That time's swift moments onward roll,
 To bring the last—the closing year.
- 6 When nature in a blaze shall die, Or death conclude our being here, Then to our Jesus may we fly, To spend a never-ending year.

HYMN 763. 7s. Newton. New-Year-Jer. xxviii, 16.

- 1 LO! another year is gone!
 Quickly have the seasons pass'd!
 This we enter now upon,
 Will to many prove their last.
- 2 Some, we now no longer see, Who their mortal race have run,

Seem'd as fair for life as we, When the former year begun.

- 3 Some, (but who, God only knows.)
 That are here assembled now,
 Ere the present year shall close,
 To the stroke of death may bow.
- 4 If from guilt and sin set free,
 By the knowledge of thy grace,
 Welcome then the call will be,
 To depart and see thy face.
- To thy saints while here below,
 With new years new mercies come;
 But the happiest year they know,
 Is their last, which leads them home.

HYMN 764. C. M. Cowper.

The importance and excellence of early Piety.

- 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth The gift of saving grace; And let the seed of sacred truth Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,'
 Of pure and heavenly root:
 But fairest in the youngest shews,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sov'reign love!
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone Within the youngest breast,

Or half the crimes which you have done Would rob you of your rest.

5 For you the public pray'r is made, Oh! join the public pray'r! For you the secret tear is shed, O shed yourselves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
1 he Spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.

HYMN 765. C. M. Cowper. Pleading for and with Youth.

SIN has undone our wretched race, But Jesus has restor'd, And brought the sinner face to face With his forgiving Lord.

2 This we repeat from year to year, And press upon our youth; Lord, give them an attentive ear, Lord, save them by thy truth.

3 Blessings upon the rising race!
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine Almighty pow'r.

4 We feel for your unbappy state,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour out pray'r for you.

We see, though you perceive it not, The approaching, awful doom; O tremble at the solemn thought, And flee the wrath to come!

6 Dear Saviour, let this new-born year Spread an alarm abroad; And cry, in ev'ry careless ear, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

HYMN 766. 7s. Newton. Prayer for a Blessing on Youth.

1 NOW may fervent pray'r arise,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent pray'r shall bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

2 Give, O Lord, the hearing ear,
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep!
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee!

4 Let the minds of all our youth Feel the force of sacred truth; While the gospel-call they hear, May they learn to love and fear.

5 Shew them what their ways have been, Shew them the desert of sin; Then thy dying love reveal, This shall melt a heart of steel.

6 Where thou hast thy work begun, Give new strength the race to run; Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears, Wipe away the mourner's tears.

7 Bless us all, both old and young; Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue; Let the whole assembly prove All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

HYMN 767. L. M. Newton.

Casting the Gospel Net.

Had often cast his net in vain;
Soon as the Lord appear'd in sight
He gladly let it down again.

Once more the gospel net we cast, Do thou, O Lord, the effort own; We learn from disappointments past To rest our hope on thee alone.

- 3 May this be a much-favour'd hour, To souls in Satan's bondage led; O clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r To break the rocks and raise the dead!
- 4 Have mercy on our num'rous youth, Who young in years are old in sin; And by thy Spirit and thy truth, Shew them the state their souls are in.
- Then, by a Saviour's dying love
 To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
 Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
 And be their sun, their strength, and shield.

Luke y. 4.

- 6 To mourners speak a cheering word, On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine; Let poor backsliders be restor'd, And all thy saints in praises join.
- 7 O hear our pray'r, and give us hope, That when thy voice shall call us home, Thou still wilt raise a people up, To love and praise thee in our room.

HYMN 768. C. M. Doddridge. Youth invited to love Christ—Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm, In smiling crowds, draw near; And turn from ev'ry mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you; And lays his radiant glories by, Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 Is sure my love to gain;
 And those that early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."
- What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see?
- Vain tempters of the mind!
 Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

HYMN 769. L. M. Kelly.

A blessing sought on religious instruction to young people—Deut. vi. 7.

SWEET is the task to lead the young
In wisdom's salutary ways:
Lord, touch with hallow'd fire the tongue
That shews them what thy gospel says!

2 Now bid the children come to thee!
Call them, and seal them for thine own;
From Satan's cruel bondage free,
O may they live to thee alone!

3 Lord, snatch them as an early prey, Which thou wilt take and safely keep; Reveal thyself to each this day, The Shepherd dying for the sheep.

4 O let them understand thy word!
Explain its import to their hearts:
Thy word alone can light afford:
Where'er it shines the night departs.

5 Let not thy servant speak in vain,
Jesus, apply the sacred truth:
Take to thyself thy pow'r, and reign
Within the hearts of all our youth!

HYMN 770. C. M. Kelly.

Children praising Jesus in the Temple.

Matt. xxi. 16.

The voice of praise was heard:
The very children own'd his claim,
And in his train appear'd.

- 2 Hosannas made the temple ring,
 For many tongues agreed,
 Hosanna to the heav'nly King!
 To David's promis'd seed!
- 3 When some would have rebuk'd their zeal, Thou, Lord, the thought didst check: If they were harden'd, stones would feel; If silent, stones would speak.
- 4 O let those scenes be now renew'd,
 When children lisp thy praise!
 Thou art as powerful and good
 As in the former days.
- 5 Work, Lord, on all our children's hearts, For this will loose their tongues, The love which heav'nly truth imparts, Will animate their songs.

HYMN 771. C. M. Logan.

Heavenly Wisdom.

Prov. viii. 10, 11, 18-21, & 33-36.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far,
 Than east or west unfold;
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy years;
 And in her left, the prize of fame
 And honour bright appears.

- A She guides the young with innocence, In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows
 - Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 772. 8s.

Divine Instruction and Peace; or, a hymn for Young persons—Is. liv. 13.

- 1 FROM nature's caves, and sin's dark cells,
 Where the imprison'd spirit dwells;
 Surrounded by a frightful gloom,
 And dreading fiercer ills to come;
 From chains of woe, and haunts of vice,
 To liberty and life we rise.
- 2 Thanks to the hand that set us free, Eternal Spirit, thanks to thee! Whose power resistless, unconfin'd, Subdues the passions of the mind; Rules in the heart with strong control, And pours instruction o'er the soul.
- 3 Religion like a sun appears,
 And shines upon our dawning years;
 We follow still the guiding ray,
 That kindles into perfect day;
 Conducted safe along the road,
 That leads to peace—that leads to God.
- With active feet, with ardent eyes, We seek our home above the skies;

Subdu'd by love, and taught of God, Rejoicing in redeeming blood, We press to find that happy shore, Where sin and sorrow reign no more.

HYMN 773. L. M. Collyer.

The World forsaken; or, the Young Man's hymn.

- I LEAVE the world with willing feet, Great God, to find repose in thee; Once its enchantments, soft and sweet, Threw silken fetters over me.
- 2 Imagination lent her aid
 To strengthen every dangerous snare;
 But soon the flattering vision fled,
 And gave its victim to despair.
- S Vice pointed to a flowery vale,
 Where streams of pleasure seem'd to roll,
 And every sweet on every gale
 Press'd through the senses to the soul.
- 4 I thought to find unceasing good,
 My passions bade my heart confide;
 I tasted the forbidden food—
 Tasted—and but for thee had died!
- 5 Still had I wander'd o'er the waste,
 But for the friendship of thy word;
 Thy hand the "faithless phantom" chas'd,
 And reason to my mind restor'd.
- 6 My youth preserv'd from fatal wiles, Has learn'd temptation's power to fear; To dread the world's delusive smiles, And 'scape the fowler's cruel snare.

7 ["The world can keep my heart no more, Since Jesus has reveal'd his love; And when life's pilgrimage is o'er I hope to see my Lord above."]

HYMN 774. 148th. Newton. Zaccheus-Luke xix. 1-6.

ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown,
But how surpris'd was he,
When Jesus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

Wonder and joy at once
Were painted on his face;
"Does he my name pronounce,
"And does he know my case?

" Will Jesus deign with me to dine?

" Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."

Thus when the gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to hear,
The hearts of some are reach'd
Before they are aware;

The word directly speaks to them, And seems to point them out by name.

Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say;
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind.

5 His long-forgotten faults Are brought again to view, And all his secret thoughts
Reveal'd in public too:
Tho' compass'd with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fill his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart;
Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

HYMN 775. L. M. Missionary Col. Zion's Increase prayed for-Isaiah li. 9.

- ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
 Put on thy strength, the nations shake!
 And let the world, adoring, see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne, "I am Jehovah, God alone!"

 Thy voice their idols shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground.
- No more let human blood be spilt,
 Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
 But to each conscience be applied
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Arm of the Lord, thy pow'r extend, Let Mahomet's impostures end; Break superstition's Papal chain, And the proud scoffer's rage restrain!
- Det Zion's time of favour come;
 O bring the tribes of Israel home;
 And let our wond'ring eyes behold
 centiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

6 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim In ev'ry land of ev'ry name!
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

HYMN 776. L. M. Swain.

Zion's Pilgrims.

- PILGRIMS, we are to Canaan bound, Our journey lies along this road; This wilderness we travel round, To reach the city of our God.
- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years, In this dark desert to complain; A few more sighs, a few more tears, And we shall bid adieu to pain.

HYMN 777. 148th. Needham,

Going to Church-Psalm cxxii.

- 1 WHAT joy possess'd my heart,
 What transport did I feel,
 To hear my pious friends
 Express their holy zeal!
 To Zion's hill let us repair,
 To pay our vows and worship there!
- With willing feet we'll go;
 Within her gates we'll stand;
 Zion, thy courts we love,
 The glory of our land;
 In our esteem thy buildings are
 Divinely rich, divinely fair.
- How pleasant 'tis to see The thronging tribes ascend !

With holy longings there
The sacred hours to spend;
Where God records his gracious name,
His saints may lay their humble claim.

- 4 Here David's greater Son,
 Maintains his royal throne;
 The King of righteousness
 Here makes his glories known;
 To earth he came from realms above,
 To rule his church with truth and love.
- For Zion's peace, ye saints,
 Your fervent pray'rs unite;
 Be this your work by day—
 Your pleasure this by night:
 Zion, thy sons which love thee best,
 Shall in thy peace be greatly blest.
- G For our dear brethren's sake,
 Zion, we wish thee peace;
 Prosper, O prosper long,
 And may thy sons increase;
 We seek thy good, we love the road
 Which leads us to God's blest abode!

HYMN 778. L. M. Beddome.

The Increase of the Church-Isaiah Ix. 3-6.

- 3 SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns, Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread; And sinners, freed from Satan's chains, Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters, from afar, Daily at Sion's gates arrive; Those who were dead in sin before, By sov'reign grace are made alive.

- 3 O may his conquests still increase, And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue! While angels celebrate his praise, And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb, From all below and all above! In lofty songs exalt his name, In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 779. 8s. 7s. Cowper.

The future peace and joy of the Church.

Isaiah lx. 15—22.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 O my people, faint and few:
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls, Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow:
 Still, in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign,
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- Waning moons no more shall see; But, your griefs for ever ending, Find eternal noon in me:

God shall rise, and shining o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night; He, the Lord, shall be your glory, God, your everlasting light.

HYMN 780. 8s. 7s. 4s. Wardlaw's Col.

Longing for the spread of the Gospel.

Psalm xxii. 27, 28. Isa. Ixii. 6, 7.

Look, my soul, be still and gaze:

All the promises do travail

With a glorious day of grace;

Blessed jubilee,

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Gospel

Let the Gospel Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption

Freely purchas'd win the day.

4 By the beams of gospel-mercy,
Let the path of life be shown;
To the idol-serving nations
Let thy holy name be known:
For possession
Give the Heathen to thy Son.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominious
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

HYMN 781. L. M. Rooker's Col.

Spread of the Gospet.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze, Vast as the blessings he conveys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And permanent as his control.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come, Then sin and hell's terrific gloom Shall, at his brightness, flee away, The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 'Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe, Learn the blest knowledge of thy law: And antichrist, on ev'ry shere, Fall from his throne to rise no more.'
- [4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound On Afric's shore—thro' India's ground: And islands of the southern sea Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.]
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
 In pure devotion at thy feet:
 And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
 Her fulness and her glory too.
- 6 Let Christian churches all combine To send th' light of truth divine: 'Till the whole universe shall be But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

HYMN 782. L. M. Barnard.

At parting. Farewell-Acts xviii. 21.

- 1 O! HAPPY day, when saints shall meet To part no more—the thought is sweet; No more to feel the rending smart, Oft felt below, when Christians part.
- 2 O happy place I still must say, Where all but love is done away; All cause of parting there is past; Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain, As there, in ev'ry heart, will reign; There separations can't compel The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
 And find the passing moments sweet;
 Time's rapid motions soon compel,
 With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
 Of parting from his weeping flock;
 His feelings for them, none can tell,
 When forc'd to say—my friends, farewell.
- 6 The happy season soon will come,
 When saints shall meet in heav'n, their
 home;
 Eternally with Christ to dwell,
 Nor ever hear the sound, Farewell.

HYMN 783. C. M. C. Wesley.

The union of Christians with one another in Christ, a union of Spirit.

1 Cor. xii. 12, 13, 25-27.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head, -We wait his will to know, That we in his right steps may tread, And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him, And nothing know beside; Nothing desire, nor ought esteem, But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov'd embrace;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
 HYMN 784. L. M. Hart.

Prayer at parting.

- DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy word; All that has been amiss, forgive, And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good; Wash all our works in Jesus' blood: Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN 785. C. M. Miller. Church Union-Col. ii. 2.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'T'is heav'n on earth begun.

Our hearts have burn'd, while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

Chorus, L. M.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing!

"A Saviour!" let all heaven ring!

He's God with us, we feel him ours,

His fulness on our souls he pours;

"Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,

We're joining them who're gone before;

We then shall meet to part no more.

The little cloud increases still,

The heavens are big with rain;

We haste to catch the teeming show'r,

And all its moisture drain.

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!

But pour a mighty flood;

Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,

Till all proclaim thee God.

Cho. " A Saviour," 4c.

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'et thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own.

6 May we, the little band of love,
We, sinners, sav'd by grace;
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face!

HYMN 786. S. M. Griffin's Sel.

Dismission.

ONCE more, before we part, Great God, attend our pray'r; And seal the gospel on the heart Of ev'ry person here.

And if we meet no more
On Zion's holy ground;
O may we reach that blissful shore,
Where all thy saints are bound.

HYMN 787. 78. Newton.

At parting-Acts xx. 32.

I FOR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble pray'r;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and the cure
All our souls in safety seep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong; Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain; Give us, if we live, ere long. Here to meet in peace again.

[4 Then if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
And our auths shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.]

788, 789, 790 DISMISSIONS.

HYMN 788. 8s. Hart.

God an unchangeable Friend-Ps. xlviii. 14.

- THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last, Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home; We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 789. L. M. Newton.

Peace of God-Phil. iv. 7.

- 1 THE peace which God alone reveals, And by his word of grace imparts, Which only the believer feels, Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts;
- 2 And may the holy Three in One, The Father, Word, and Comforter, Pour an abundant blessing down On ev'ry soul assembled here.

HYMN 790. L. M. H. K. White.

Dismission; or, a parting Hymn.

- Join ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart,
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more, But there is yet a happier shore; And there releas'd from toil and pain, Brethren, we shall meet again.

3 New to God, th' holy Three in One, Be everlasting glory done; Raise, all ye saints, the sound again, Ye nations join the loud AMEN.

> HYMN 791. 8s. 7s. Newton. At parting-2 Cor. xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the holy Spirit's favour, Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 792. 8s. 7s. 4s.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence!
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's giv'n, Us from earth to call away; Borne on angels' wings to heaven, Glad the summons to obey,
May we ready
Rise and reign in endless day.

HYMN 793.

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us all depart in peace;
 Still on gospel manna feed us,
 Pure seraphic love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation;
 Up to thee our voices raise;
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise:
 And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb
 For ever and ever, for ever and ever:
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah. Ames

HYMN 794. L. M. Kenn.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here below, Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 795. L. M. Anon.

PRAISE God the Father, and the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One: Ye hosts above, his praise proclaim, And ev'ry creature say Amen.

HYMN 796. C. M. Wallin.

TO God the Father, God the Son, Your grateful voices raise; And God the Spirit, Three in One, Give an immortal praise.

HYMN 797. C. M. Hudson's Col.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom we adore, Be everlasting honours paid, Henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN 798. C. M. Maxwell.

ALL glory to th' Eternal Three,
And undivided One;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal bonours done.

HYMN 799. L. M. Humphrey's Col.

WE bless the Father's name,
Who chose us in his love;
To God the Son we give the same,
Our Advocate above.

2 The Spirit, too, we bless,
And raise his honours high,
Who conquers by his sov'reign grace,
And brings us, strangers, nigh.

HYMN 800. S. M. Maxwell.

To the Eternal Three, In will and essence One; To Father, Son, and Spirit, be Co-equal honours done

HYMN 801. 7s. Mead's Col.

SING we to our God above, Praise eternal as his love: Praise him, all ye heav'nly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 802. 8s. 6s. 8s. Boden's Col.

1 TO God, who chose us in his Son;
Ere time its course began;
To Christ, who left his radiant throne,
And died for wretched man;
To God the Spirit, who applies
The Lamb's atoning sacrifice—

2 To the Eternal, equal Three,
The undivided One,
Let saints and angels both agree
To give the praise alone;
In earth, in heav'n, by all ador'd—
The holy, holy, holy Lord.

HYMN 803. 148th. Hawker's Col.
TO God the Father's throne,
Your highest honours raise;

Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

HYMN 804. 8s. 8s. 6s. Hart.

YE saints of God, your voices raise, And sing th' eternal Father's praise, And glorify the Son: Give glory to the Holy Ghost, And join with all th' angelic host, To bless the great Three-One.

HYMN 805. 10s. Brown.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addrest;
From age to age, ye saints his name adore,
And spread his fame, till time shall be no
more.

1. L. M. Whitfield's Col.

PRAISE ye the Lord, hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, hallelujah, Hallelujah, hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

2. C. M. Stennet.

TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
A grateful off'ring bring:
When he's the subject of the song
Who can refuse to sing?

3. S. M. Fawcett.

O 'TIS a sweet employ, B DE 63'
To join in worship here;
But when in heav'n, how great the joy,
To see each other there!

4. 8s. 4s. 7s. Symond's Col.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever; Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

THE END.

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Christ's glory. 2 Cor. iv. 6. Col. i. 27.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true and only light, Sun of Righteousness, arise, Triumph o'er the shades of night: Day-spring from on high, be near:

Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see.
Lord, thine inward light impart,
C'accring each benighted heart.

Visit ev'ry soul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief:
More and more thyself display.

